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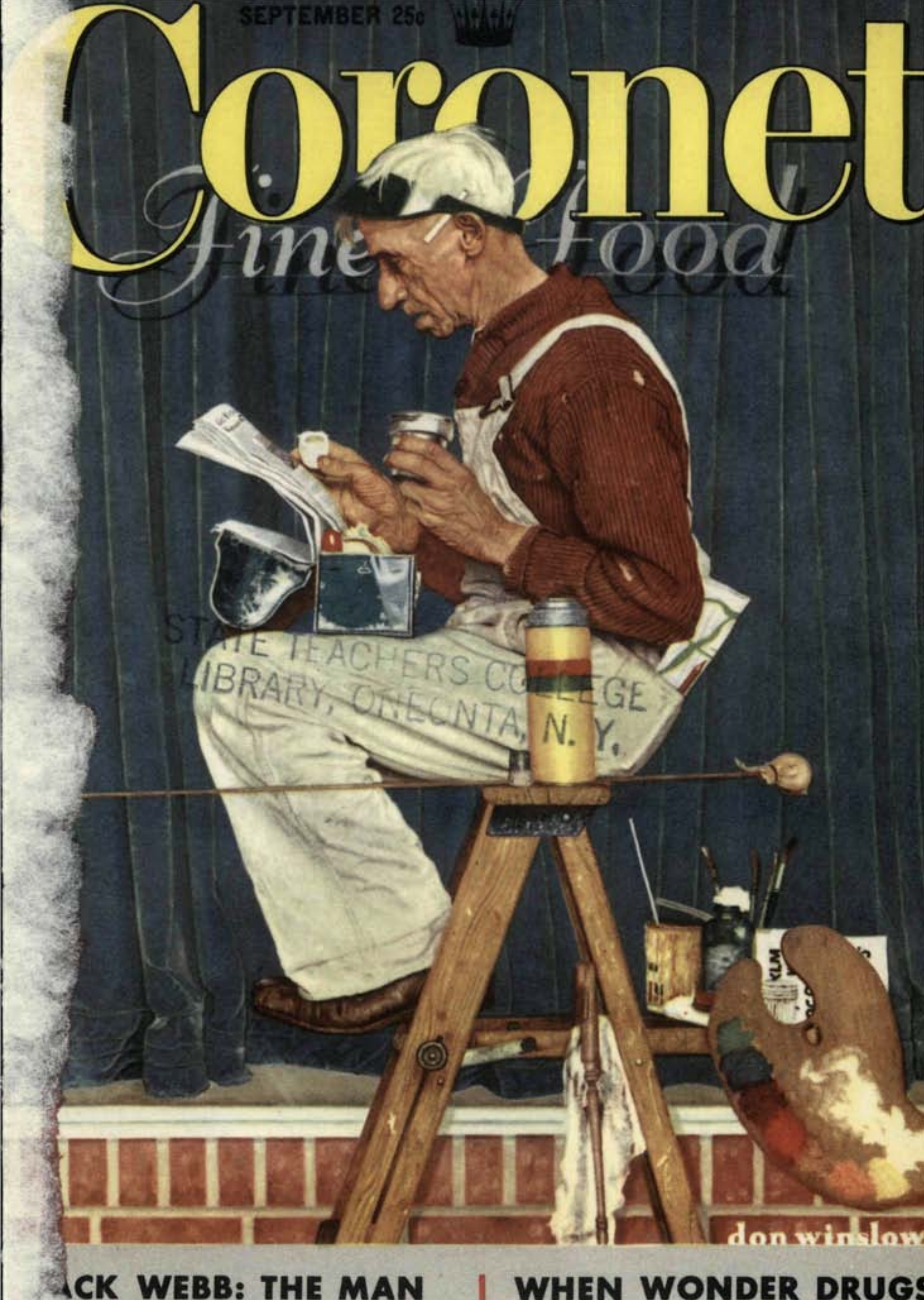
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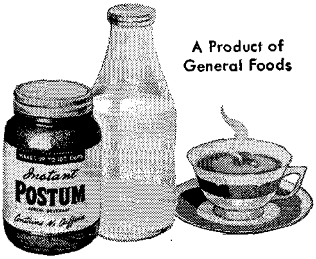

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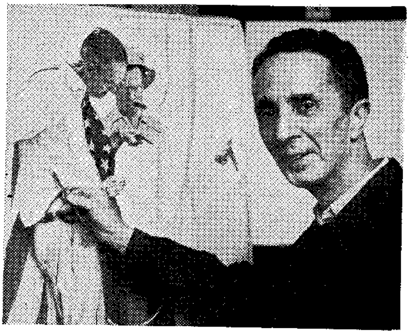

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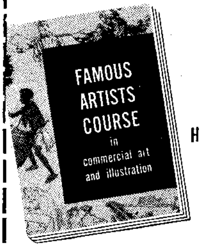

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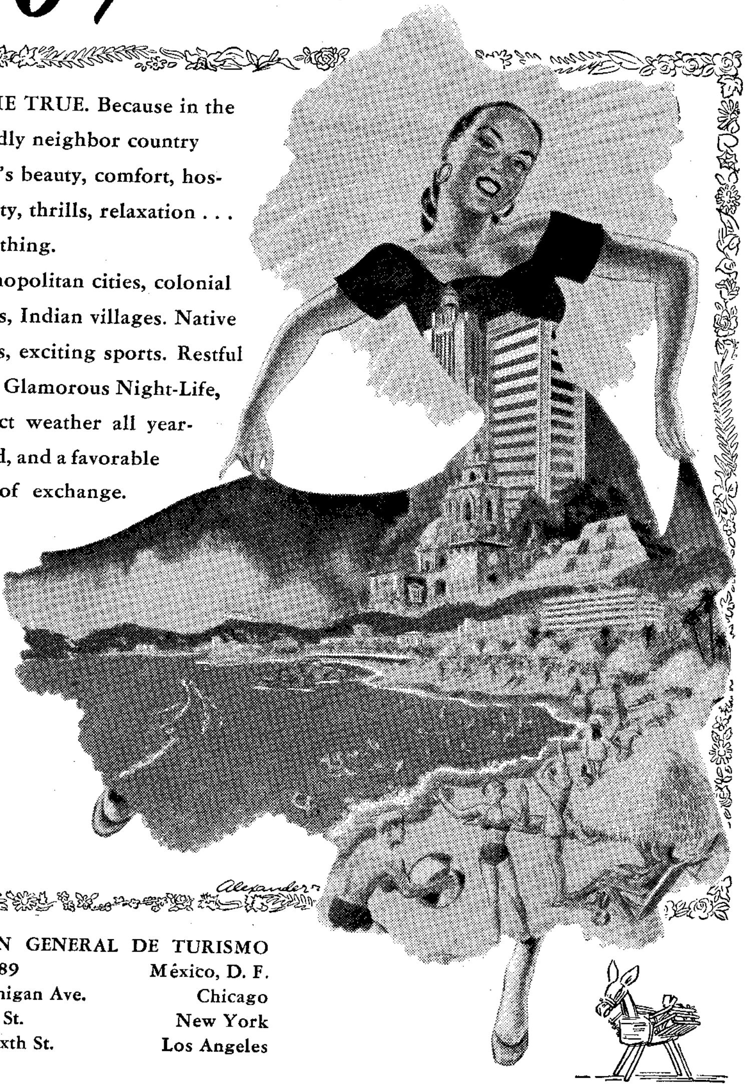

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THE MUSIC MAKERS

No SNAP, No PUNCH, No ZOOM, No CRUNCH

"WHY," exclaimed a friend of ours who describes himself as a marginally musical type, "do there have to be so damn many conductors that I can't keep them straight?"

The question is a reasonable one, and should not be fobbed off with an evasive answer such as, "There have to be so damn many conductors because there are so damn many orchestras." What our friend wants explained is not, we suspect, the multiplicity of conductors but their diversity. Why is it necessary to have some conductors who play the music a little too fast, and some who play it a little too slow, and some who stir it up while others gentle it down? To our way of thinking, there is everything to be said for a world in which some people play the music as written while others play it faster or slower or drier or juicier; but we are aware that our way of thinking may not be your way of thinking. So we put the question to a Qualified Person, a performing musician from whom we have swiped some of our most intelligent opinions, and were rewarded with our favorite answer of the year. "There have to be a lot of conductors," said this advisor, "so that there can be one Bruno Walter."

Mr. Walter may very well be the only conductor in history at whom no performer has ever got really mad, and for whom musicians regularly blow or fiddle their hearts out from motives not of self-preservation but of reverence and love. To appreciate this fact you should remember that the conductor of a symphony orchestra is to a second flautist what Henry Ford II is to a drill-press operator; he is strictly The Boss. Mr. Walter, though a man of commanding presence, is less a Boss than a wise and kindly father, a mild shepherd nudging his lambs to where the musical grass is greener. A Walter alumnus recalls a rehearsal at which the musicians fell to chattering among themselves

(ADVERTISEMENT)

while the maestro was explaining a point—practically a hanging offense under musical law. Mr. Walter tapped his baton sharply on the music stand, and the musicians cowered into their chairs to await an explosion of irony, scorn, fury and dismissals. They got, instead, ten seconds of crushing silence. "Gentlemen," then said Mr. Walter, "I cannot speak." This, according to all available evidence, was Bruno Walter's most violent outburst.

From a musical rather than a humanitarian point of view, it is Mr. Walter's distinction to be beyond dispute the greatest living conductor in the Viennese tradition. "Viennese tradition" is one of those enormously meaningful terms of which it is very difficult to tell the meaning. On one level, it means Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Mahler, Strauss and other sturdy monopolists of the concert hall, so that Walter's performances of the works of these spiritual compatriots have exceptional authenticity and interest. More generally, "Viennese tradition" can be said to mean a spirit of grace, lyricism, serenity, and the gentle pursuit of happiness. It means wine rather than benzedrine, and sparkle rather than crackle. Mr. Walter, who is 77, carries into music the atmosphere of a time when people spent three hours over a cup of coffee at a sidewalk cafe, and when families strolled in the woods listening for songbirds on a Sunday afternoon instead of furiously stalking each other's fenders on Route 9. He is songful, thoughtful, powerful and poetic rather than snappy, punchy, zoomy or crunchy. He strolls rather than marches. To experience a symphony with Mr. Walter is to saunter through it on foot, taking time to observe the flowers, to gaze at the sky, to inhale the air, to think about the sweet mystery of life, and to hold hands with your girl. If this strikes you as pretty fanciful, let's see *you* define "Viennese tradition."

Mr. Walter has performed all nine Beethoven symphonies on Columbia Records, and when you get around to the Ninth, there's a story you should know. Soon after recording the Ninth for Columbia, Walter conducted the piece again at a Pension Fund Concert for the musicians of the New York Philharmonic. During the last movement, with its powerful interplay of voices and instruments, there occurred one of those cases of spontaneous combustion, or natural grooviness, that sometimes take place when everybody is feeling just right. Mr. Walter was so pleased with this reading of the movement that he suggested it be inserted in his original earlier recording. Columbia took up the suggestion, and you can now learn a lot about Mr. Walter, Beethoven, music, and life by grabbing a booth at your friendly record dealer's and comparing the two versions. If you happen to own the original recording and should decide that you prefer the new one, Columbia Records will be glad to swap with you, without cost, sullenness, or air of doing you a favor. They just want you to be happy. It's an old Viennese tradition.

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No longer are the voices of great singers silenced upon the artists' deaths. Enrico Caruso sings great scenes from Gounod's *Faust* with Geraldine Farrar (*Caruso in Faust*, *RCA Victor LCT 1103*). The lyric mastery of Heinrich Schlusnus, foremost interpreter of German *lieder*, is preserved in a series of records offering songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Wolf and Brahms (*Schlusnus Sings, Decca DL 9620-9624*). Giuseppe De Luca, the Metropolitan's unforgettable baritone, reveals his refined culture in *Italian Art Songs* (*Decca DL 7505*). *Muzio Song Recital* (*Columbia ML 4634*), old and recent concert songs, represents the favorite program of the once widely-acclaimed soprano, Claudia Muzio.

Although Lotte Lehmann is no longer giving concerts, her unexcelled artistry of soulful interpretation shows at its best in *A Tribute to Lotte Lehmann* (*RCA Victor LCT 1108*), a recording of *lieder*, and in *Lotte Lehmann Sings* (*Decca DL 9523/4*) a collection of operatic arias.

Two of the most forceful dramatic singers of our time can be enjoyed in selections from Wagner—Helen Traubel in *Brünnhilde's Immolation* from *Die Götterdämmerung*, directed by Toscanini, (*RCA Victor LCT 1116*), and Kirsten Flagstad, with Lauritz Melchior, in the Bridal Chamber Scene from *Lohengrin* and the Kundry-Parsival duet (*RCA Victor LCT 1105*).

In a different mood, Traubel is heard interpreting the simple sentiments of American, English and Italian folksongs and ballads (*RCA Victor LM 7013*). Marian Anderson projects perception and devotion into an inspired recording of Bach arias (*RCA Victor LCT 1111*).

Schumann's song cycle, *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love), is given a masterly performance by the French baritone Pierre Bernac, accompanied by another Frenchman, Robert Casadesus (*Columbia ML 2210*).

Jennie Tourel's mezzo-soprano renders Offenbach's *La Vie Parisienne* and arias from Bizet's *Carmen* with dashing verve (*Columbia ML 4608*). Martyn Greene, the superb comedian of the D'Oyly Carte Company, sings his famous Gilbert and Sullivan numbers with inimitable bravura (*Columbia ML 4643*).

There is also an impressive array of brilliant young singers, which includes Rumanian tenor Petre Munteanu in Franz Schubert's song cycle *Schwanengesang* (*Westminster WL 5165*) and American baritone William Warfield in folksongs and ballads (*Deep River*, *Columbia AAL 32*).

Of new female voices, the Italo-Hungarian soprano Magda Laszlo gives an impeccably pure rendition of 16th and 17th-century *Italian Songs* and *Mozart's Concert Arias* (*Westminster WL 5119 and 5179*), and the Greek contralto Elena Nikolaidi, now of the Metropolitan, offers *Songs of Beethoven and Schubert* (*Columbia ML 4628*). —FRED BERGER

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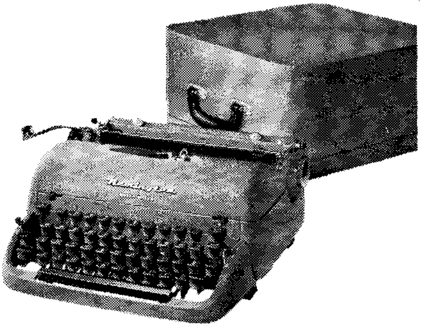

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Gifts for Young Hands

YOU CAN TEACH your children the joy of giving if you help them make gifts for birthdays and holidays, rather than dole out the money to buy ready-made ones. It takes time and planning, but it can be richly rewarding both for you and for the youngsters if you follow these four basic rules:

1. *Let your child select the project that best fits his tastes and talents.* Does he like to work with leather? Then even if you do have a woodworking shop, let him make one of the countless leather gifts, like tooled leather bookmarks or wallets put together from the simple kits sold at craft shops.

Does he enjoy working with modeling clay? Even a small child can make a pottery bowl by laying coils, one atop the other, on a flat, circular base and then smoothing and shaping the coils with his fingers.

Or perhaps he likes to work with his father in the workshop. One little boy salvaged an extra piece of wood to make a knife rack for a kitchen drawer. He sawed it down to the width of the drawer, cut one-inch notches for the knife blades to rest in, and sanded it for a smooth, even finish.

2. *Make sure he doesn't choose projects that are beyond his capabilities.* Help him pick jobs that involve few steps, each of which he can do with a minimum of assistance. A good gift is a tray made with plywood and clothesline. The clothesline is nailed around the edges, with two simple loops forming the handles. Then the whole thing is shellacked or lacquered, and decorated with decals.

3. *Help him pick really useful gifts.* Nothing takes the heart out of gift-making so quickly as the realization that work is being done on a useless gimcrack. He will learn thoughtfulness from electing to make a book-holder for a person who reads, a spool rack for a woman who sews, or perhaps even a little box on which he paints or burns the word "stamps" for his stamp-collecting friend.

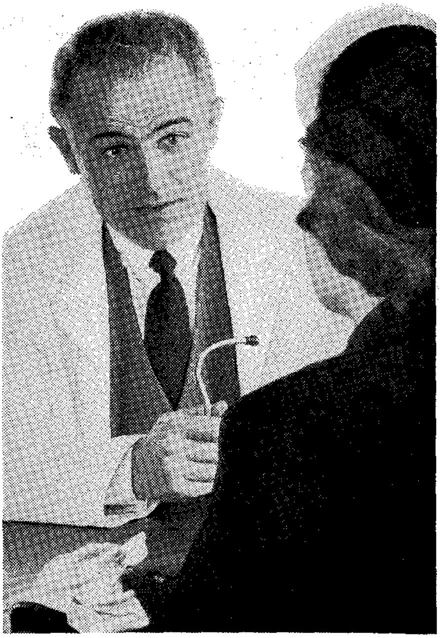
4. *Help him gather materials.* All materials should be ready before the project is tackled. This may take a little time on your part—for the trip to lumber yard, hobby shop, hardware or variety store. When possible, take the child along with you. Or you may find the materials around the house.

One little girl used crepe paper left over from party decorations to make a set of coasters. She cut the paper into half-inch strips which she twisted into ropes. These she braided, then coiled, in a flat spiral. Simple over-and-under stitching held the coils together, and shellac gave them a waterproof finish.

Even when actual assistance isn't needed, children like the moral support of your presence and appreciation. By joining with him in making things for others, you will enjoy a gift of your own —hours of constructive companionship with your child.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS Radio daytime drama, "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

A frank discussion

of some problems peculiar to women



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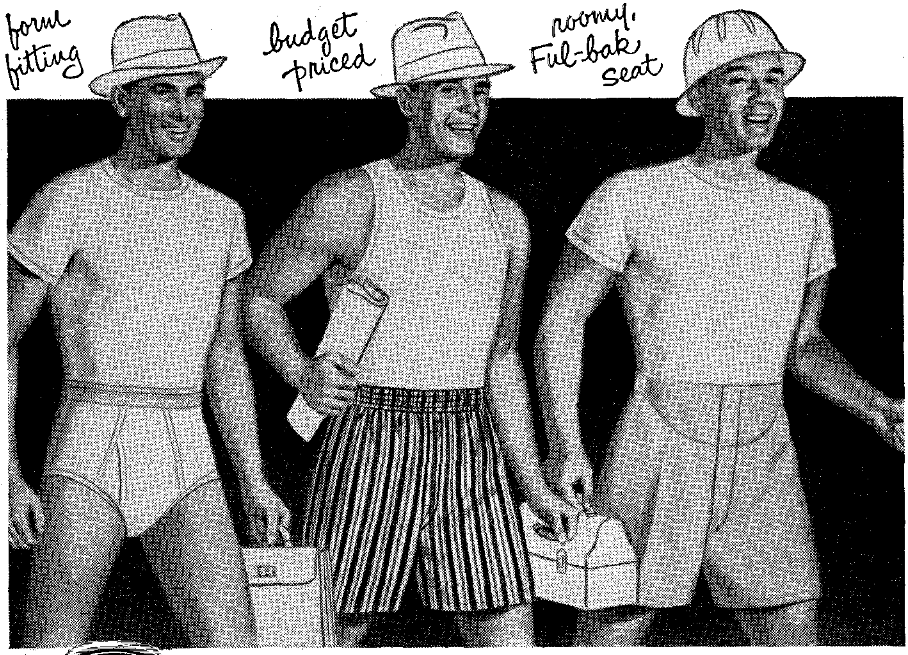
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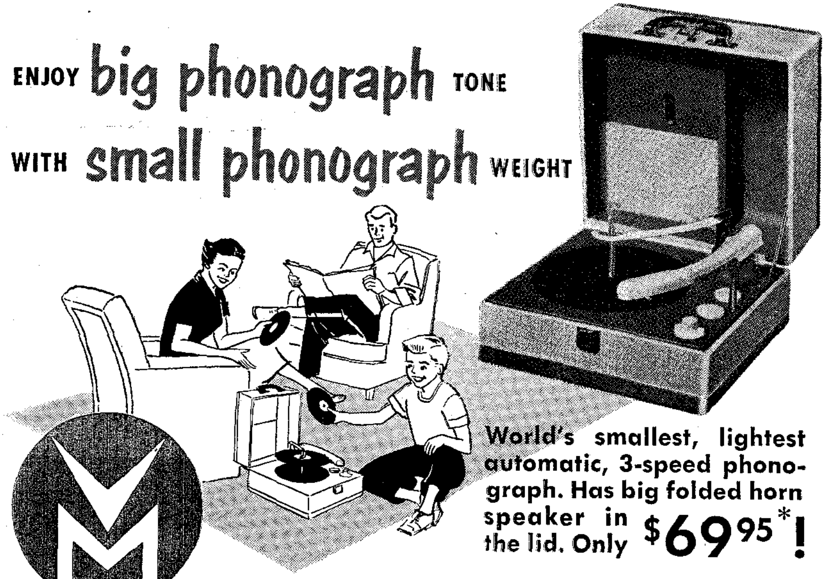

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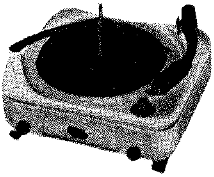

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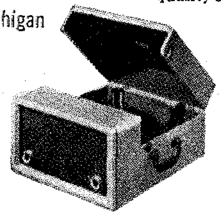

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THE BIG BLAME

The American version of the Big Lie

by **ELSIE KING MORELAND**

WE HAVE COME a long way in our understanding of human behavior and motivation since April 18, 1864, when Abraham Lincoln made his famous speech at Baltimore, in which he said: "I am responsible . . . to the American people, to the Christian world, to history, and on my final account to God."

We are no longer held accountable for our acts. Behavior, which was once motivated by the individual's concept of right and wrong, has become a "reflex action," controlled by forces beyond the individual's reach. And so, along with the Big Lie of the totalitarian countries, has come an even more evil influence affecting human behavior—the Big Blame.

Unlike the Big Lie, however, the Big Blame has become an exact science. For every form of behavior—from a temper tantrum to a vicious murder—there is the proper blame, says this science. The individual no longer has any freedom of moral choice. The sins of the fathers and of society are his formidable inheritance, which he must accept and endure.

Matching behavior with the proper blame has become as simple as matching a piece of fabric with a spool of thread. Soon, every well-stocked bookcase will contain a *Book of Blames*, a many-volumed work which will serve as a handy reference guide for the layman confronted with a problem. For instance:

When Junior sets fire to his mattress, his mother can turn to page 13, Volume I, look under arson, *j.g.*, and find the precise blame to apply to Junior's behavior. (The blame has replaced the hairbrush which would have been applied a generation or two ago.)

Or some day, we may turn the dials of our radio or television and hear a commercial something like this: "Is your conscience keeping you awake nights? Are you troubled with a sense of guilt? Do you have sudden attacks of remorse? Would you like to evade your responsibility? Then come in and see us today! We specialize in the use of the Big Blame. If we do not have one in stock to fit your behavior, we will be glad to make one for you!"

Now, that is not as ridiculous as it sounds. When Richard H. Crowe, the Staten Island suburbanite who embezzled nearly $1,000,000 from the National City Bank of New York, was captured in Florida, he said: "I don't know why I did it. Maybe a good psychiatrist or two can figure it out." Crowe may not have known why he embezzled nearly $1,000,000, but he expressed in words precisely the kind of thinking that is far too prevalent in contemporary society:

We will do what we want to. If we get caught, "a good psychiatrist or two" will be able to figure out something to which we can attribute the blame.

ONE OF THE CHIEF unwritten laws of this new science is that under no circumstances must the guilty individual be blamed. When ten high-school boys—all sons of well-to-do families—were arrested in Washington, D. C., on charges of auto thefts and housebreaking, the public cried, "The parents are to blame!" Police put some of the blame on "the lure of automobiles," and some of the boys put the blame on pinball machines.

"Pinball machines gobbled up all our spending money," they complained bitterly. "We were driven to steal."

In the cribbing scandal at West Point, the Big Blame was "too much emphasis on football, which made study pressure too great." In the basketball scandals, there were a number of blames: the subsidization of players with "snap" courses; "the hypocrisy and sham" of college athletic codes; and the printing of betting odds in the newspapers.

All of these young men were of average or above average intelligence; all were capable of "discerning between right and wrong." But, so conditioned have we become to the use of the Big Blame, that no one suggested that the blame be put where it belonged—on the young men themselves.

Shakespeare, in *King Lear*, has Edmund say of "evaders": "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behavior—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence . . ."

Today's blames do not include the sun, moon and stars, but they include just about everything else!

"Parents are to blame" is one of the most popular blames carried in stock at the present time. Other regularly stocked blames include the two old stand-bys—heredity and environment, along with frustration, maladjustment, unhappy childhood, the critical age we live in, and emotional immaturity.

No other generation of parents, living or dead, has been blamed for as many things as the parents of today's juveniles. Parents have become the "built-in alibis" for children's misdeeds. Merely mentioning the word "parent" seems to be sufficient to excuse myriad faults.

Conferences are held throughout the country to study the problem of delinquency. After conferring for several days, briefcases are closed and the conference adjourns, with all members agreeing "the juvenile offender is the product of emotionally immature parents."

"How to adjust to one's parents" is a favorite topic for teen-age panel discussions on radio and TV. Many American homes have become "a house divided," with a cold war being carried on by the parents on one side and the child, or children, on the other.

Now, there can be no quarrel with the legitimate accomplishments of psychiatry, psychology and psychoanalysis. The quarrel is with the practitioners who are allowing these "sciences" to become an escape for those who wish to evade responsibility.

A YOUNG CAREER WOMAN I know is having a wonderful time telling all who will listen how her analyst discovered that she hated her parents. The parents are foreign-born, and had few advantages before coming to this country. However, they have been successful here, and the young woman graduated from one of our finest universities. After her graduation, she wanted nothing more to do with Mama and Papa. So a few hasty, inadequate visits to an analyst gave her what she wanted—a psychological reason for "rejecting" them.

What people seem to want is a whipping boy or girl to blame for their sins. The philandering husband, who is being kept awake nights by his sense of guilt, does not want help in ending the affair. He wants the pressure removed from his conscience, and this can best be done by putting the blame on his wife. Should his unmarried paramour suffer a sudden attack of remorse, the blame in her case will be put on her parents. Their old-fashioned ideas concerning this sort of thing have given her an immature viewpoint.

The unfaithful wife is "frustrated, lonely, neglected." Her husband does not understand her need for "creative expression." So, the blame for her extracurricular activity is put on the husband.

Mama is the Big Blame for the activities of bachelor playboys. Mama may have been dead for years, and the playboy may be well past the half-century mark; nevertheless, Mom's "rejection" in his formative years conditioned him so that he has never been able to force himself into the intimate relationship of marriage.

Indeed, mothers have become the donkeys on whom everyone wants to pin a tale of blame. Not only are mothers being blamed for their children's behavior, but "mother blame" figures prominently in national and international affairs.

Mothers, or "Moms," were the Big Blame for the 1,825,000 psychoneurotics who were found unfit for military service in World War II. They were blamed for the crackup of 600,000 young soldiers who had to be released from service. When it was found we had demobilized too rapidly, and were unprepared for the Korean War, so-called military ex-

perts went into a huddle and pinned another blame on Mama. Our predicament was all her fault. She had insisted on "bringing the boys back home too soon."

The words, "Blame not until thou hast examined; understand first and then rebuke," are as applicable to today's problems as they were when they were written over 2,000 years ago. It would be difficult to assess the potentialities for evil in the phrase, "parents are to blame." It puts a gun in the hand of every juvenile, and says, "Go out and have fun—you are not responsible." It destroys harmony in the home.

But its greatest evil lies in the fact that it is reckless and irresponsible; it blames before it has examined.

THE NAMES of the ten Washington high-school boys were not made public, so of course the parents were not known. Yet letters poured into Washington newspapers blaming the parents. Why?

Even if some of the parents were to blame for their sons' behavior, would it not necessarily follow that, in social as well as in legal relationships, an individual is innocent until he has been proven guilty? Much of today's blame is assuredly not "supported by evidence." And in many instances, it becomes like the Big Lie and "ignores all proof to the contrary."

It would take years of study, with a careful examination of every single case, to prove that the mother-son relationship was responsible for the neurotic condition of 1,825,000 men. And it would take years of study to prove that the basis of juvenile delinquency is the emotional immaturity of the parents. And who will be blamed for the parents' emotional immaturity?

An elderly farmer, whose seven sons and daughters were all outstanding citizens in the community, was asked if he had any special rules for child-rearing. "Only one," the farmer replied. "As soon as a child was old enough, I gave him or her a calf to raise. By the time the calf was grown, the child had a pretty good idea of the meaning of responsibility."

Unfortunately, there are not enough calves in this country to give one to each child. But a way must be found to give our children a sense of responsibility.

Perhaps we might start by putting the old-fashioned copybook back into our schools. Copying Lincoln's words on responsibility would not only improve a child's penmanship, but it would acquaint him with a word that is fast disappearing from our vocabulary.

We are not "villains by necessity." The sun, moon and stars, time and circumstances, and all the currently popular blames are not basically responsible for what we are. It is one's *response* to an influence that is the determining factor.

The same soil that produces weeds will produce a rose. The same poverty that produces a criminal will produce an Abraham Lincoln and a George Washington Carver. The same parents who produced Al (Scarface) Capone produced his brother, Richard J. (Two-Gun) Hart, who, as a marshal and an Indian agent in Nebraska, enforced the law for 30 years.

A normal three-year-old child has an active intelligence. He not only knows what he wants, but, in most instances, he knows how to get it! The boy who throws a rock through a window knows he is doing wrong. If not, why does he run?

No one can force another into wrongdoing. No one becomes a delinquent or a criminal except through his own choice.

The key words in the story of the prodigal son are these four—*he came to himself*. He did not try to evade responsibility for the mistake he had made. He did not say, "I've made a mess of my life—figure out something or somebody I can blame."

If he had, the chances are he never would have returned to his father's house, because the blame would have been based on the idea that he wouldn't have taken a journey into the far country in the first place, if he had not hated his elder brother.

The Big Blame is an evil and sinister philosophy. Like the Big Lie, it is a totalitarian idea, and has no place in a democracy, where all problems of behavior should be considered and dealt with on an individual basis.

The Big Blame makes man an automaton, his actions determined or predetermined by forces over which he has no control. It underwrites crime and subsidizes sin. It robs the individual of self-restraint, self-reliance and self-respect. It destroys his conscience by removing his sense of guilt. And therein lies its greatest danger. For without a sense of guilt, man has no need of forgiveness. And without a need of forgiveness, man has no need of a God who forgives.

"Communism," said Karl Marx, "begins where atheism begins." Communism also begins where conscience ends. We may not want to call this condition communism, but by whatever name it is called, the final result will be the same.

Generalizations

CARLOS P. ROMULO, hero of the Philippines, may be small in stature—he is only 5 feet 3—but he has shown time and again that he has a gigantic sense of humor. Being questioned about the Leyte invasion during World War II, he was asked if the stories were true about General Douglas MacArthur wading ashore in water up to his knees, with Romulo following right behind him.

"Don't believe everything you read," replied Romulo with a smile in his eyes. "If, as they report, the water had been up to General MacArthur's knees—it would have been over my head!"

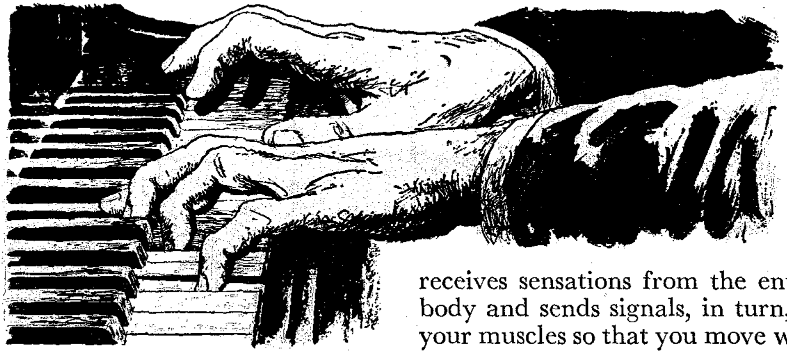
—IRV KUPCINET (*Chicago Sun-Times*)

GENERAL ALFRED M. GRUENTHER, in his NATO office, showed a document making him an admiral in the Nebraska navy to a visitor, with this comment: "We're very proud of our Nebraska navy—we've never lost a ship." —NBC

JOSEPH JEFFERSON (who starred in *Rip Van Winkle* for many years) was once approached by a man in a hotel lobby who asked whether he was an actor. Irked by the nonrecognition, Jefferson departed in a huff. Later he asked a bellboy: "Who was that nincompoop who failed to recognize me?"

He was informed: "That was General Grant."—WALTER WINCHELL

Your Hands Are Incredible



by JOHN PFEIFFER

Nature used genius when she fashioned those fascinating, familiar ten fingers

HOW FAST CAN a great pianist move his fingers? Some years ago, scientists answered the question by taking motion pictures of Paderewski playing the swiftest passages of his own compositions. They made the surprising discovery that in music, as well as in magic, the hand is a good deal quicker than the eye.

With both hands working at top speed, the Polish master hit 120 notes a second, or a dozen notes a second with each finger. Of course, he couldn't keep that up for an entire piece, but he often struck almost 1,000 keys in a minute or so—at the same time varying rhythm and striking force in unimaginably subtle ways.

You may not be a Paderewski, but your hands are capable of an almost infinite variety of highly skilled operations. There is an area on the surface of your brain which receives sensations from the entire body and sends signals, in turn, to your muscles so that you move with a purpose.

The hands and other parts of the body have their own marked-out sections in this vital area, which is a very special type of map. The most active, *not* the biggest, parts rate the largest sections.

If regular maps were prepared in a similar manner, you might have some trouble recognizing them. For example, in New York City, Central Park is many times larger than Times Square. But busy Times Square would be huge on an "activity" map, while the less hectic park would occupy a considerably smaller area.

On the brain's map, the trunk of your body and your shoulders, being large but not particularly active, rate relatively little territory. Your hands, however, have the largest territory of all. They require extra brain space, for they are the energetic go-getters of body and mind.

Pick up a pencil with two fingers. You will use your thumb, of course, and probably your index finger. If you wanted to, you could also move your thumb toward any other finger and pick up the pencil that way.

The ability to turn the thumb inward and reach the other fingers—the so-called "opposable" thumb—is something we take pretty much for granted. But it is a unique feature of *homo sapiens*. Chimpanzees and gorillas can't do it, and one of the eight muscles that move the thumb exists especially for this purpose. The all-important thumb is a combination power tool and nimble manipulator.

Of the other fingers, the index finger moves most freely, serving as the "pointer." The long middle finger with its large prominent knuckle is most vulnerable to injury. The fourth finger usually moves together, with and between its immediate neighbors and is least vulnerable, particularly on the less-used left hand. The little finger has been contemptuously called the "decoration digit," but lifting a milk bottle or telephone book is enough to show that this finger, too, takes its share of heavy loads.

Each finger is a "rugged individualist." It has a definite role to play and resembles the others in general shape only. From one standpoint, at least, the fingers don't even seem to go together.

When you place your hands flat on a table top, they differ in length and point out sideways, away from the middle finger. They match about as badly as a group of raw Army recruits reporting for their first drill. Yet these oddly assorted digits take on a marvelous symmetry just as soon as the hand goes into action.

Raise your hand from its flat position, begin curling your fingers—and observe how various parts slide into their proper places like well-oiled pistons. The knuckle of your middle finger is a kind of hub and does not shift at all. But the index finger becomes longer, in effect, as its knuckle shifts forward slightly. The knuckles of the ring and little fingers advance a bit more. It is the thumb knuckle, however, that advances most of all.

Now look at the positions of your fingers. Instead of pointing out, they are turned inward. Furthermore, differences in length have been neatly readjusted. The tips of your fingers and thumb are lined up even with one another and form, with the curved palm, a perfectly contoured hollow for grasping, holding and clenching.

IT IS CONSERVATIVELY estimated that the five fingers, in combination, can assume any one of 300 million million possibly useful positions. But even that staggering figure fails to do justice to the hand's incredible mobility, because it does not allow for intricate movements of the wrist, elbow and shoulder. In all, nature requires 30 different joints and pivot points and more than 50 muscles to move each hand.

It requires a force of only a fraction of an ounce to pick up a paper clip, while pulling on your socks and shoes calls for eight to 12 pounds. But if the need arises, you can apply a right-hand squeeze of more than 150 pounds.

The hand really shines when it comes to tricky manipulations and skilled movements, like the wonderful feats of experienced surgeons. As a demonstration, Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute used to put a piece of silk thread into a small matchbox. Then, working within the cramped space of the half-closed matchbox, he nonchalantly tied the thread into intricate surgical knots—using only the thumb, index and middle fingers of his left hand.

In a difficult bit of major surgery not long ago, a Boston specialist sewed a series of delicate slipknot stitches in a beating heart, which moved so actively that sewing seemed impossible. Yet the job took less than 25 seconds!

Even simple everyday acts often involve complex motions. Look in the mirror carefully next time you button your shirt collar or put on a necktie. Watch what your fingers and hands do, then try describing each step of the process. You will find it is usually too complicated to bother about.

The fact is, you never know exactly what you are doing in such cases. All you know is what you *want* to do. The details miraculously take care of themselves.

The hand is a sensing device as well as a versatile tool. About five million tiny sense organs are imbedded in the skin of the body. They serve as built-in meters and register pain, touch, pressure, warmth and other sensations. About a third of them, more than 1,500,000, are located in the hands—the great majority in the palms and fingertips.

Your hand would be clumsy and inefficient if it were not for its extra-abundant supply of sense organs. You don't think twice about picking up an egg. But how do you know exactly what pressure to use? Why don't you shatter the egg between your fingers or let it slip to the floor? The answer, of course, is that you have learned by experience that a certain pressure is just about right.

In other words, you remember the proper pressure to apply. You remember it because you have picked up a good many eggs in your time—and your fingers have furnished your brain with information for permanent storage. With no sense organs in your hands, you would have to learn all over again every time you picked up an egg or performed any simple act. With fewer sense organs, you might not have too many accidents, but you would not be able to move so quickly or surely.

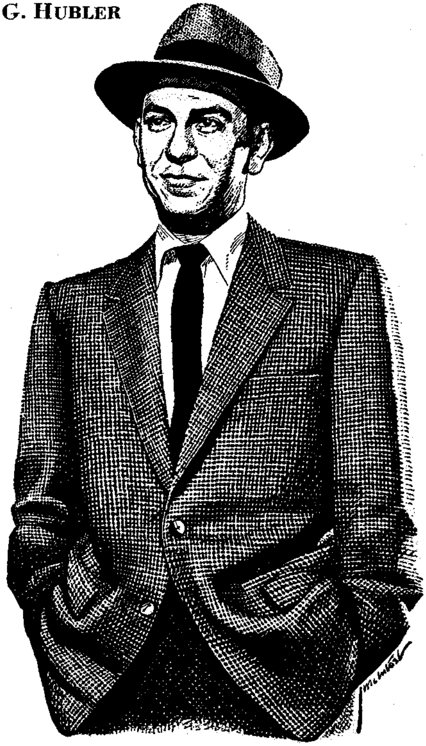
Touch-memory may be highly developed among the blind. They not only recognize faces by feel, but are sensitive to amazingly fine detail. During World War II, for example, blind workers were employed to sort precisely machined parts for use in radar equipment. Using touch alone, they could often detect differences in thickness of only a few ten-thousandths of an inch. Actual records show that they did a surprisingly superior job than sighted workers using the most expensive micrometer gauges available at the time!

* * *

WHAT'S THE GOOD of seeing ourselves as others see us? We wouldn't believe our eyes. —*London Recorder* (Quote)

JACK WEBB:
THE MAN WHO MAKES "DRAGNET"

by RICHARD G. HUBLER



Mature drama and true-to-life details are hallmarks of his unique crime show

THE PHONE jangled in one of the 12 divisional stations of the far-flung Los Angeles Police Department. A weary desk officer picked it up. "Police," he intoned.

A woman's excited voice cried: "The neighbors upstairs are having a terrible fight! I think you'd better send Sergeant Joe Friday over right away!"

"He's not attached to this station, lady," said the officer, "we'll send a—"

"I want Joe Friday! What station is he attached to?"

"Lady," said the long-suffering policeman, "I like Friday, too. But he's attached to the Los Angeles station of the National Broadcasting Company."

Such demands are not uncommon in the area where the fictitious but authentic Police Sergeant "Joe Friday" operates. He is Jack Webb, a dark-complected, flat-voiced radio and television actor, creator of "Dragnet," one of the most famous and certainly the most realistic of all radio-TV programs.

Dragnet, simply, is the slightly dramatized reenactment of a genuine case from the bulging files of the Los Angeles Police Department. Ever since its inception on radio in June, 1949, it has been pushed toward the top by the polls. The TV show, originated in January, 1952, has followed suit.

Dragnet's success has been attributed to the fact that it is unique among radio or TV shows, most of which follow a time-tested (and time-worn) formula. It is similar to others only in that a crime has been committed and inevitably the criminal is brought to justice; there the similarity ends. Dragnet has no blare of trumpets, no satisfied

smiles, no pat on the back from the D.A., no theatrics, absolutely no heroics.

Underplayed from start to finish, with a noticeable absence of planted clues or fakery, Dragnet manages week after week to generate a mood of gripping suspense. It does so through a combination of extreme realism, deceptively simple camera work, and a scenario that finds people talking like people, rather than the stereotypes usually created by script writers.

Webb plays the lead; he has written a few dozen of the scripts and has edited and revised the rest; he directs and co-produces, and he owns the controlling interest in two companies which run it—Mark VII, Ltd. and Dragnet Production Company.

"That Dragnet stuff makes me homesick," said one retired New York police captain. "Sometimes it even makes me wish I was back on a beat." Such praise from the longest arms of the law in the nation is matched by the opinion of the lay audiences.

"I guess the public likes it," says Webb, "because we're interested in the casual person involved in crime, the bystander who often suffers and is not responsible. We try to hold interest. We don't preach, teach or send a message—and we pitch for the 30-year-old mind. We think we have a solid, entertaining show for mature people."

First written for radio, then transferred to film for TV, the Dragnet programs are culled from the unnumbered millions of closed police records. So far, 2,500 have been worked over for radio possibilities by a special three-man Los Angeles police detail on their days off. A fourth policeman is called in to help with the TV show, and Dragnet always tries to get the one who worked on the actual case. "They and the program technical advisors have shown us everything from how to hold a gun to cracking a safe," says Webb. Since cases come in to the LAPD at the rate of hundreds a day, the supply of human malfeasance is infinite.

"The tough part is," Webb remarks, "that most crimes and criminals are dull. We have to skim the cream for drama."

A certain amount of each script is fictionized, and events are often rearranged for dramatic effect, but the presentations are admittedly almost perfect. Scripts run more than 60 per cent questions; sentences are rarely more than ten words long. There are long and pregnant pauses, interspersed with irrelevant chatter from witnesses and homely bits of business like picking the teeth or scratching for dandruff.

Action is limited to slogging, dogged research by the pair of detectives who may go after the kid who stole $2 worth of candy or $10,000 worth of heroin. Webb has used more than 100 "fresh faces" of men and 50 of women—mostly from radio, "because they trust me. Picture people have used their faces so long, they always do the same thing. People should look like people. Who's to say who's a killer?"

Webb generally herds his actors into a straight-line, low-key naturalism which drives a few listeners mad and others into ecstasy. One letter: "The frustration of the actors gives us shingles." Another: "Wringing tears from my eyes is no mean accomplishment." A third, from an ex-policeman: "Not one of your shows has been a clinker."

Though Dragnet violates every known law of drama, it creates its own mood by a kind of personalized immediacy. Perhaps the best explanation for the suspense is the fact that each individual in the audience feels that he, personally, might be involved in such a case. It *did* happen; innocent people as well as criminals got messed up, and it *could* happen to anyone.

SUCH IMPACT gets its power from Webb's passion for realism. Research for each script commences with the writer going over to police headquarters and interviewing, tape-recording and observing. A photographer follows, recording every scene of the crime from every angle. Finally, the sets are reproduced in meticulous detail, down to the last dead fly or squirt of tobacco juice on the floor.

A real LA detective, wandering onto a Dragnet set for the first time, went rigid with surprise. "That's my desk over there!" he cried. Then, pointing: "Hell, those are my cigarette butts!"

Webb boasts an exact replica of the whole lower floor of the Police Department at City Hall—down to the nicks and holes in the furniture and the locks and handles on the doors, cast in lead from plaster molds of the originals.

The sets range from the spectacular to the minuscule: one portrayed a huge building gutted by fire, another a chase on an immense movie stage. Another show played a full 26 minutes in a small room with three men, a tape-recorder, paper and pencil, and a telephone: the relentless interrogation of a criminal leading to his confession.

Webb's attention to detail is almost a mania. The actor's readings are checked against recordings of cops' voices for authenticity; from 6 in the morning to midnight, Webb goes over every foot of film, oversees every job on the picture. (His idea of a Sunday off is to go to NBC and tape four radio shows.) He spends endless time to get the movements of his actors just right—in one case, he used up most of an afternoon getting an actor to imitate a news photographer correctly.

Webb shoots about 10,000 feet of film for each 2,500-foot show—a four-to-one ratio that equals the finesse of a feature motion picture. His first 13 Dragnet shows were so carefully made that they ran over his sponsor's budget, and Webb had to ante up out of his own pocket to pay for them.

"We do 100 hours work for every one that appears on the screen," he says.

He knows what he wants; in one 13-show run, Webb never made a single retake. But he has redone scenes as often as 18 times. Webb likes to swoop in to close, *close* closeups—sometimes where he shows only teeth chomping. His camera is nearly always on a boom and the lighting is twice as bright as for most, resulting in better definition and depth. Sets are lighted for mood. The cameras match it—slow, soft shots for muted tempo; fast, dramatic shots for action.

It is a truism of society that crime does not pay. But this grim fact of retribution has been so melodramatically reiterated that its force has been lost. By understated, careful attention to human detail, Dragnet has revived this energizing feeling. The current of inevitability is possibly the only thread common to each half hour.

The two police officers, once upon a case, follow through on all the tortuous, boring, commonplace incidents until they light upon some item—a fact, a remark, a clue—which suddenly illumines the whole. This is how all men, not merely the police, operate. Life itself is this kind of a play—without a badge.

THE OPENING of a Dragnet show is casual; the ending may seem inconclusive. But the dramatic wallop is always present. The beginning may be Friday and his partner walking down a street, riding in a squad car, or merely conversing in an office. The end may be sending an old man who pretends amnesia back to his domineering wife with some practical psychological advice—and having him return perfectly content to be domineered; or chasing a murdering small-time Hollywood director onto the catwalk of a sound stage and waiting patiently below: "He wanted to be a director. Let him decide how to end it." It may only be Friday rewarding a secretary from the downtown police office for pretending to be a witness to a crime, in order to secure a confession from the criminal.

No particular point, moral or otherwise, is made in the Dragnet plays; none is attempted. Part of the fascination of the viewer can be laid to the fact that he is drawn emotionally into the hidden world of crime which constantly overshadows the city. A half hour of Dragnet is a wringing experience. "All we try to do is entertain," says Webb. "If you stick with us for 30 minutes without turning the knob, we're happy."

In his acting style, Webb runs the risk of becoming a stage detective for the rest of his career. By the expressive use of his immobile face, moody eyes, and especially his deep authoritative voice, he is able to create an illusion of reality.

This is increased by the skillful use of terse narration to fill the necessary gaps in the telling of a case. Since any investigation covers several days or weeks—sometimes even months or years—grunts and gutturals, throwaway lines, and a rapid-fire style of speech are used frequently. Interruptions, half-sentences, and even disregard of lines are welcome—as long as the actors' meaning is clear.

Webb likes whisking the camera in or out, producing a mixture of the commonplace and startling mannerisms of the characters. Friday brings a container of coffee to his partner, who drinks it and surreptitiously tosses the carton into the sand pot in the hall while waiting for an elevator; Friday leaves a drawer open in a searched room; they quiz an old man while he is killing flies with a spray gun; in the office, his partner discusses their meal at a delicatessen; a carnival tout nervously drinks pop while they speak to him.

POLICEMAN
LOS ANGELES POLICE
714

Friday and his friends get tired; they are sometimes frustrated; they lose their tempers. But they never forget their position in the scheme of things: servants of the people who realize that patience and observation will eventually crack a case.

"I set it up this way," explains Webb, "because I wanted it to be as real and close as some friends dropping in to your living room to visit."

He never rehearses his cast. "We have a run-through on the stage and that's all. That way we get a spontaneity and freshness which would be impossible to retain if we worked it over."

Though grimness and unrelieved tension is a trademark of Dragnet, violence is kept to a minimum. In a cross-section of 50 TV shows, less than 20 shots were fired by both criminals and police. In one, a murderer was induced to confess by subjecting him to a mild form of the third degree—a hearty meal of acorn steaks and yogurt in a vegetarian restaurant.

Realism again: "Cops don't usually get into shooting matches," says Webb. "Ninety-nine times out of 100, the criminal doesn't go melodramatic when he's caught—he's just relieved that it's all over."

Another real-life ingredient: Webb never explains the technical police terms scattered throughout the program. Samples: "M.O.", modus operandi, the way a criminal mind works; "Code Three," red light and siren; "package," criminal file; "mama-sheet," file summary; "211," robbery; "R&I," record and identification.

Webb always wears the same button-down shirt and black knit tie. "I figure cops don't make enough to have too many shirts," he explains. He also wears two-tone suits and a belt gun—"because that's what LA plain-clothes cops usually wear. And I'm just a cop."

In slightly more than four years, Dragnet has burgeoned from no more than an idea to a vast business enterprise. The Sunday radio version is on the full NBC network, and the Thursday TV presentation appears on 80 stations. Dragnet has a comic strip running in 35 papers, and its producers are thinking of a full-length movie as well as foreign syndication. Friday guns, badges, fingerprint kits and police games may be licensed for sale on the juvenile market if they are authentic and in good taste.

The weekly programs embrace a budget of about $32,000—$5,000 for radio and $27,000 for TV. One TV episode ran to more than $43,000, but Webb—spurred by the anguished shrieks of the sponsor—cut the cost. Now, Webb reportedly pays all costs above the contract limit of $30,000.

Webb himself draws an estimated $75,000 yearly for his share. His two partners—Stanley Meyer, ex-theater man, and Mike Meshekoff, ex-agent who has been Webb's friend for five years—are poring over yacht catalogues, and "Frank Smith," Webb's detective partner on Dragnet, owns five gas stations.

The career of Jack Randolph Webb has been as dogged as his detecting. His personality is evident in his set, down-drawn mouth, transformable by a likable grin. Now 33, he got his first part in a high-school production in Belmont, California, 18 years ago. He got a scholarship to the University of Southern California, but never used it.

He worked in a steel mill, sold clothing, and devoutly attended little-theater activities. He got a radio job filing transcriptions for nothing a day at KEHE (now KECA) in Los Angeles, and acted as aide to an early-morning disc jockey. This brought Webb considerably less than his $160-a-week steel job, and he felt conscience-stricken, having a mother and a blind grandmother to support.

The draft cleared things up. Webb was in the Army Air Force for three years, first as a captain piloting B-26's, then as instructor. He never got overseas and a few months before VJ Day, in 1945, got out on a dependency discharge. In San Francisco he corralled a stint as staff announcer on KGO, then fell into the lead on a show called *Pat Novak for Hire*, portraying "a simile-spouting private eye," and lasted for 22 weeks.

When the writer, Richard Breen, left the show to go to Hollywood, Webb drifted south, too. "My inherent laziness," he says, "worked in my favor until I was about washed up in pictures."

Then the Dragnet idea came. Webb says he thought of it after playing his first bit on the screen, the part of "Lt. Lee Jones" in a 1949 picture called *They Walk by Night*. Ultimately he visited NBC and got them to cut a 30-minute record for $2,000. It was accepted and went on the air. After eighteen weeks, Fatima cigarettes, made by the makers of Chesterfield, sponsored the show, and Chesterfield took over two years later when it began national distribution of its king-sized cigarette.

At first, the cooperation of the LA police was hard to get. Their closed-case files had been used as research material for writers' flights of fantasy where the cops were either dumb or super-sleuths. Webb won the good will of Sgt. Marty Wynn and two additional LAPD sponsors: Sgt. Vance Brasher and Capt. Jack Donohoe. With this trio, he started the series.

"The main result," says Webb ruefully, "is that Chief William H. Parker is now called 'Joe Friday' when he goes to conventions."

Webb insists he chose the name "Friday" because he thought it was "anonymous," and points out that his partner's name on the show is "Officer Frank Smith."

Other mystery-and-murder melodramas are baffled by the taboos Webb has successfully circumvented: sex perversion, child matricide, juvenile delinquency, filthy picture-peddling, dope addicts, crooked police. One on traffic accidents had 50 prints requested by the National Safety Council for various showings. A Christmas program, which told of a nine-year-old boy being killed by careless handling of a .22 rifle, was snapped up by the National Rifle Association. Others are used regularly to instruct police trainees and, sometimes, insurance salesmen.

One program telling the story of a baby "found" in a bus station by a girl who later proved to be its mother, brought a flood of public protest. Her husband had been overseas with the Army two years and the child was eight weeks old. The script's tag line, spoken by the husband: "Take me to the hospital, I want to see my son."

The viewers complained that Webb had condoned adultery. "We didn't excuse it," Webb says. "We just reported it."

The walls and halls of the Dragnet headquarters in Hollywood are covered with scores of unposed pictures of Webb and his partner, along with virtually every TV and radio award in the business, plus citations from such dissimilar organizations as the International Association of Chiefs of Police and the Elks. "No other show of the kind has chalked up such a record," says Webb proudly.

Shooting TV, Webb sits in a high director's chair labeled BOOBY TRAP. "I don't like doubling," he says morosely. "I'd rather just act; I'm no Orson Welles with chimes."

He is addicted to mordant remarks about others and himself. He calls his voice "unspeakable." On the acting of an inadequate thespian: "I've seen better performances through a glass-bottomed boat." He threatened to fire Bert Lynch, the photographer who has been with the show from the start.

"A little late after 50 shows!" said the surprised Lynch.

"I never make snap judgments!" snapped Webb.

Only four of his original crew and cast are with him today, but all who have worked with him boost the quality of his acting and directing. Their state of nerves, however, can be gauged from the fact that the group drinks as much as 800 cups of coffee a day.

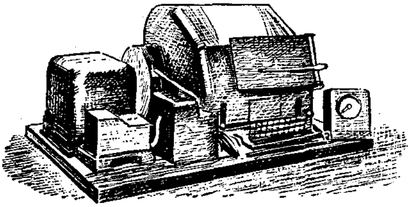
Webb rarely blows his top with actors, but does with his crew. Excuses either bore or anger him—but a legitimate error never disturbs him. Once, the camera ceased to function for two and a half hours before the breakdown was discovered. Webb reshot the $1,800-hours without a murmur.

Webb's insistence upon realism, which brings him awards as a TV pioneer, also backfires. He gets dozens of traffic tickets from people who think he can "fix" them. Shooting one show in the Skid Row section of Los Angeles, a soggy wino watched Webb take in a suspect. "Oh, the poor man, the poor man!" he moaned, staggered in to help—and ruined the scene.

The prime reason for Dragnet's continued success—despite a record number of imitators—lies in Webb himself. He has procured a free, limitless source of material; and virtually his life is devoted to it. The sole time that Webb dropped his infatuation was when his wife had her second child. The news came just as Webb was about to finish the last two scenes of a show.

"He left right away and didn't come back for two weeks," says one of the crew.

Webb's home life centers around two daughters—Stacy, 3 and Lisa, born last November—offspring of



a six-year marriage with Julie London, a 24-year-old film actress.

The Webb home in suburban Encino is a 12-room early American house. There are three acres of ground—useful for the antics of Ben, a German police dog, and Patsy, a dachshund.

Webb's chief diversions at home consist of his remarkable 1,500-record jazz collection and an ancient player piano with 200 rolls of vintage music. He has two cars, both of them Cadillacs. His wardrobe is "mostly like that of a cop"—consisting of slacks, three sport coats and two suits.

Webb even follows a typical cop's diet, mostly of meat and potatoes, and hasn't gained or lost a pound of his 165 pounds for the last ten years. He is rarely sick: "I've only been in a hospital once and that was for double pneumonia when I was five years old."

Perhaps most symbolic of his drive are two decorations in his set dressing room. Among the antique and modern furniture, Webb has an enormous map of the layout of the LAPD; and above his dressing-table is an ancient oil painting of Rudolph Valentino. His best friends are those associated with him in Dragnet, plus a couple of writers: "I've always envied writers."

No other figure in radio or TV has such a fanatic energy, such specialized knowledge, and such a will to participate and supervise. Webb and Dragnet are probably TV's first great love affair. And from the way they are rolling ahead today, it will be a long time before they need to worry about any serious threat from competitors.

Fairway Foibles

A CONCEITED GOLFER teed up, eyed the distance to the green and announced: "A drive and a putt will do this one."

Then he swung mightily—but the ball traveled only a few yards from the tee. Politely his caddy handed him the putter, remarking brightly: "This putt will be worth telling the boys about."

TWO GOLFERS were annoyed by an unusually slow twosome in front of them. One of the offending couple dawdled on the fairway, while his companion searched long and industriously in the rough. At length one of the pair waiting on the tee shouted indignantly, "Why don't you help your friend find his ball?"

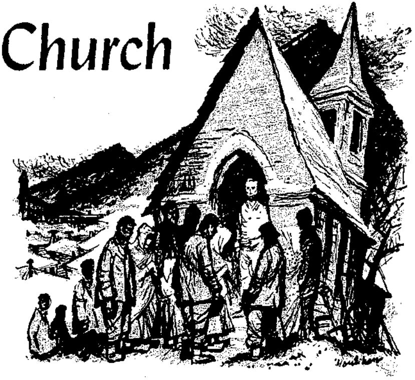
"Oh, he's got his ball," the man replied blandly. "He's looking for his club." —*Tit-Bits*

AT THE END of a rather rugged game, a perspiring golfer asked his caddy, "Son, do you think I'm the worst golfer on the course?"

"Well," replied the embarrassed youngster, "I wouldn't say that, sir, but I've been in places today that I never before knew were on this course!" —*Paris Pups*

Stranger in the Church

by DON MCNEILL



FOR THE MEN who worked the coal fields of southern Belgium a century ago, only the slightest margin divided safety from disaster. In the spring of 1879, the precarious balance was destroyed when a mine explosion killed and injured scores of villagers from Petit Wasmes.

In the crisis, no one fought harder to save the survivors than a young Dutchman who had abandoned a career as an art dealer to become their minister. He nursed the wounded night and day. He fed the hungry and clothed the poor. He even scraped the slag heaps to give his people fuel.

In return for his devotion, the miners accepted him as one of their own, attending his services in greater numbers than ever before. But when a church superior inspected the village, he was shocked to find that his young subordinate lived in a simple hut and dressed in an old soldier's coat and a shabby suit made of sacking.

"You look more miserable than the people you teach," he exclaimed. "What have you done with the salary we paid you?"

"I gave it to the miners," the minister said simply.

"You've been here six months," replied the visitor, "but it will take years to rebuild the conventions you've destroyed. Your appointment is canceled!"

The pompous clergyman departed indignantly, while the young minister remained stunned. For weeks, nothing could lift him from despair until, one afternoon, the awkward gait of a miner bent beneath a sack of coal caught his eye. He felt in his pocket, pulled out a pencil and an envelope and began to draw the toil-worn figure with easy, rhythmic strokes.

As he worked, energy flowed back to him for the first time since his dismissal. His drawing technique was crude, but he worked fiercely, intensely and somehow caught the rugged spirit that gave his people strength and dignity even in suffering.

Day after day, he sketched from dawn to dusk, capturing character, movement, mood. He walked 15 miles to visit an art shop, a hundred to talk to an artist. Then he announced his decision to the villagers. "I'm going back to Holland to study painting," he said, his eyes shining.

His step was firm as he walked away, although he would remember his failure as long as he lived Yet, had he succeeded as a minister, he might never have turned his genius to the bold and brilliant art that has since taught the world his name—Vincent Van Gogh.

Don McNeill is toastmaster on *The Breakfast Club*, ABC-radio, Monday through Friday

Tales Out

THE TEACHER had taken her pupils for a trip through the Museum of Natural History.

"Well, my lad," asked Papa of little Elmer on the latter's return, "where did you go with your teacher this afternoon?"

"Huh," replied Elmer with disdain, "she took us to a dead circus."

—Neal O'Hara (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

FROM A STUDENT'S examination paper: "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

—Arthur Godfrey

A HIGH-SCHOOL CLASS struggling through its first contact with the works of Geoffrey Chaucer was asked by the teacher, "Can anyone tell us whether Chaucer has been translated into other languages?"

A teen-ager rose and commented grimly, "The way it looks to me, he hasn't even been translated into English yet." —Mary Alkus

A SMALL BOY, trying to explain the significance of his poor grades on the report card to his disgruntled dad, pleaded, "Don't forget—we're studying all new stuff this year."

—*Indiana Teacher*

MICKEY MC GUIRE, age 9, came home from school one day and said to his mother: "Mom, my teacher wants me to bring you to school with me tomorrow. She says she's got a lot to tell you about me, and it isn't good."

Bright and early next morning, the lady took her son to school to see his third grade teacher. Sure enough, the teacher had a lot to tell Mrs. McGuire about her son's shortcomings. In fact, she told her he would have to repeat the third grade once again.

Mrs. McGuire argued about it at first, but finally resigned to the fact that repeating the third grade was the best thing for her son, she sighed deeply and said, "Well, all this means is that my son will become a policeman a year later." —*Wall Street Journal*

KINDERGARTENER'S definition of a carpet-sweeper: You know, it's the thing that mows the rug.

—Toby Jo Platt

AT AN ALUMNI MEETING, a college professor was asked why it was required of undergraduates to complete such a large number of English courses. Without hesitation, the professor explained: "It's to teach them a language other than their own."

—Anna Graham

DURING A natural history lesson, the teacher asked the class to name an animal peculiar to Ireland.

"The camel," said Henry.

"That's not a native of these islands," said the teacher.

"I know it isn't," replied Henry. "That's why it would be peculiar."

—*Irish Digest*

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN, visiting his alma mater, dropped in on his old economics professor. Recalling that he used to have some trouble

# of School

with economics exams, he asked to see some of the current papers. Noting them casually, he observed: "These are the same old questions!"

"Yes," agreed the professor, "we never change them."

"But," objected the visitor, "don't you know the students will pass the questions on from class to class?"

"Certainly," was the bland response. "But in economics, we are constantly changing the answers."

—J. A. Livingston in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*

THE EFFECTS OF TV advertising show up even in my pre-reading group. Recently I was attempting to develop the sense of size. To my question regarding the difference in size of a large and small block, a youngster answered: "One is king-sized." —Martha Trinkle (*NEA Journal*)

I NEVER REALIZED the value of education, until I remembered it's time for the kids to go back to school next week. —Bill Cullen

A TEACHER WHO had just received her salary, took the money out of the envelope and held it up for the class to see. "What is this, Teddy Jones?" she asked.

"A pay envelope that contains your wages," said Teddy.

"Any questions, children?" asked the teacher.

"Yes please, teacher," said one little boy with a puzzled frown. "Where do you work?" —*Tit-Bits*

AFTER WRITING a story in connection with social science, my pupils objected: "We haven't had an English lesson today."

After I pointed out that in writing the story, they had had English, social science and spelling, one boy muttered, "That's the way they fool you. They teach you and you don't know it." —Margaret Shutt (*NEA Journal*)

A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER is one smart gal who knows how to make little things count.

—Charles M. Sievert (*N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun*)

HELPING SCHOOLCHILDREN with their lessons at home is ill-advised with respect to all persons concerned—the child, the parent and the teacher. It results in finding out how dumb the other two are.

—*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

AS PRINCIPAL of my school, I had given the first grade teacher instructions to have each child bring his birth certificate as proof that he is of the required age to enter school. The teacher had difficulty in getting the birth certificate of one little girl who came from a family of 14 children. Finally, as a last resort, she wrote the child's mother that she must have the certificate or she would be compelled to dismiss the child from school. In reply, the mother wrote:

"Dear Teacher,

I do not have a birth certificate for my little girl, but she is bound to be six years old, for I have six children at home younger than she is.

Mrs. B——"

—Richard C. Dunn

The story of Nabisco . . .

From Cracker Barrel to Cracker Empire

by NORMAN CARLISLE

WHEN Walter Zuber, of the U.S. Foreign Service, was assigned to a new post, he and his wife found themselves in faraway Tabriz, Iran, some forty miles from the Russian border. They felt completely cut off from all that was familiar to them, and their loneliness increased when their belongings, including their gifts and their supply of American food, failed to arrive in time for Christmas.

To Zuber, the holiday prospect looked dismal as he poked around in dingy native shops in search of the makings of Christmas dinner. Then, in a dark corner, he saw something that brought first a look of incredulity, then one of joy, to his face. He rushed home with his purchase, carefully concealing it from his wife. They had no Christmas wrappings, so he tied up the treasure as best he could in an old newspaper and fastened it with some wire from an orange crate.

What the diplomat found was nothing more than a box of cookies. But its trademark became a magic carpet that, for a few moments on Christmas morning, swept the lonely couple back home.

No wonder that label seemed to them like a bit of our country transplanted to a foreign land, for there is nothing more typically American than a package bearing a red oval, a double-barred cross, and the familiar word NABISCO. Behind that symbol is the National Biscuit Company, the sprawling enterprise that makes a large share of the billion pounds of cookies and crackers eaten each year in the U. S.

From its ovens pour more than 200 kinds of baked items, including such basic stand-bys as Ritz Crackers, Nabisco Grahams, Uneeda Biscuit, Barnum's Animal Crackers, Zu Zu Gingersnaps and Premium Saltine Crackers.

Actually the company's standing as an American institution is based on far more than this incredible outpouring of taste-tempters. For this is the company that revolutionized the food industry with an innovation that created today's glittering supermarkets with their fabulous array of packaged goods.

The cookie colossus got its start in 1898 when a brilliant Chicago lawyer named William Moore dreamed up the idea of tying together a lot of little local bakeries, thus creating one big one. That way, he thought, the new company could set up dependable standards to give the customer cookies and crackers of a quality that both he and they could count on.

Moore, who was a genius at putting together new companies (he also played a part in organizing two other giant American corporations, Diamond Match Company, and American Can Company), picked an unusual man to run what he ambitiously hailed as "the biggest baking company in the world." His choice was Adolphus Green, an ex-librarian who had tired of books and turned to law and business. Certainly Green's ideas weren't picked up from dusty volumes, for he promptly set out on a course that shocked the baking world.

At that time, crackers reached their buyers only after lying for weeks, or months, in open barrels through which mice happily scampered, and from which free-loading customers pawed out samples. What Green proposed was wildly radical. He wanted to put the crackers of the new company in cardboard packages.

His own employees were thunderstruck, and told him the company would surely be wrecked by such a wild scheme. People just wouldn't buy crackers that way. And even if they did, the cost of packaging would be ruinous.

Undeterred, the brash newcomer to the baking business went ahead. He would need, he decided, a catchy name for his product, and after trying various scholarly titles derived from ancient languages, he called in a Philadelphia advertising man, H. N. McKinney, who promptly suggested some punchier names. One was *Uneeda* Biscuit.

Green's scholarly leanings got their chance when it came to designing the package. In his library he found a 15th-century book with a design he liked. Thus, curiously enough, the National Biscuit symbol, which has appeared on billions of packages in various forms, was, to begin with, a medieval Venetian printer's mark, a globe with a cross above it. For a human symbol, Green picked what became a famed piece of Americana, a ruddy-cheeked boy in a yellow slicker, with a box of Uneeda Biscuit clutched affectionately in his arm.

THE EFFECT of his packaging idea was beyond Green's wildest dreams. Overnight America jumped right out of the cracker-barrel era as the idea of prepackaging foods swept the country.

As other companies copied the scheme, coffee, shortening, flour, sugar—scores of products that housewives had always bought from anonymous barrels and boxes—suddenly began to appear in neat packages, clearly marked with definite brand names and trademarks.

"Biggest bakery in the world" has a meaning today that would astonish Nabisco's first president. It is, in fact, somewhat staggering even to bounding George H. Coppers, the company's present head, who at 50 has worked his way all the way up from office boy to the presidency.

From his paneled office on Manhattan's 14th Street, Coppers looks out at the venerable eight-story building from which pours forth a veritable torrent of cookies and crackers for New Yorkers. It is only one of 22 giant bakeries, stretching from coast to coast, among them the glittering new one in Chicago, which is a fifth of a mile long and rates as the world's biggest single baking plant.

The mere thought of the overwhelming proportions of the new empire he rules is enough to make George Coppers chew harder on the pencil he habitually holds in his mouth. There is, for instance, the raw material gulped down by the hungry ovens. In a single year, Nabisco buys 830,000,000 pounds of flour, 135,000,000 pounds of sugar, 121,000,000 pounds of shortening, 51,000,000 eggs. Even minor items like cheese run into big figures—it takes 4,500,000 pounds for various cheese crackers. Figs, some imported from far-off Turkey, run to an impressive total of more than 8,500,000 pounds.

Along with its bakeries, the Company operates three of its own flour mills at Carthage, Missouri; Cheney, Washington; and a Bunyanesque structure in Toledo, largest soft-wheat mill in the world; its own big molasses plant in New Orleans; its own carton-making plant, and a giant printing establishment in Beacon, New York, which ranks among the world's biggest printeries by turning out an annual total of nearly four billion labels and wrappers.

To get its products delivered, the company runs a battalion of 2,000 trucks, some of them so capacious that they hold as many as 2,000,000 Ritz Crackers. Its 3,000 salesmen ("world's biggest grocery sales force") call on almost every grocery store in every city, town and hamlet in the U. S., Canada and Alaska.

YET THE FOUNDERS would probably be most overwhelmed by a startling company invention that even present officials find somewhat awe-inspiring. It's a new kind of oven that has revolutionized the baking business. As long as a football field, unbaked crackers enter it at one end, pass through it on a metal belt and come out at the other end, crisply done, in just three minutes. This assembly-line band oven can bake 4,000,000 crackers in a single eight-hour day.

However, not even this spectacular development makes cracker baking the cinch that people assume it must be. Nabisco wasn't surprised when they got a letter from a recent bride. She wanted, she explained, to do all her own baking, but no place in any cook book could she find a recipe for crackers. Big as it was, the company wouldn't mind the loss of her business, and would let her in on the secret.

The officials had to explain that while they would like to be accommodating, there's a very good reason why cook books don't tell how to bake crackers; it just isn't a home-baking job. Those salty white squares are one of the most complicated of all baked items, calling for an incredible amount of equipment and scientific know-how. In fact, the Nabisco bakers, who have long since lost count of how many trillions they have baked, admit that they still don't know all there is to know about them.

The way crackers are made in Nabisco's Chicago bakery is one of the marvels of the food world. Railroad tracks bring tank-car loads of flour right into the plant, where it is pulled into pipes which whisk it into a giant storage tower that holds 115 carloads of baking materials. From there the flour comes by pipe again right down into the mixing rooms to pour into the king-sized batches that call for three quarters of a ton of flour at a time.

Once water and yeast are added in just the right proportion, the baker has a giant stainless steel trough filled with what he calls "sponge." It's a long way from finished crackers, for it must wait 18 hours in a warm room, where white-clad baking experts will hover over it, testing with a gadget that counts the hydrogen ions and tells how much soda must be added.

Now the trough gets back into the assembly line, as other ingredients, which are also piped in to be available at the turn of a faucet, are added.

All ready to bake now? Far from it. There's yet another five-hour waiting period while the mixture rises again. After that it enters a device called a sheeter, which makes it into a series of thin sheets folded one on top of the other.

Ready to bake *now?* Not yet; the sheets still have to be marked into individual crackers. The machine that does this job also perforates them with neat holes, so they won't balloon into big round balls during baking. At long last, the cracker is ready for its journey through the oven.

By comparison with crackers, baking cookies looks easy to Nabisco bakers, although they manage to turn out some fairly complex items like marshmallow-topped cookies covered with chocolate. They are made by baking the plain cookie first, then sending it through a device that neatly plops on a suitable piece of marshmallow, and then through still another gadget called an enrober that uncannily knows just the right thickness of chocolate to apply.

TO THIS DAY, the Nabisco experts don't fully understand the vagaries of public taste. But the company makes use of every modern marketing technique to pin down this intangible before introducing a new cookie. First, an employee taste panel nibbles its way through a variety of recipes. The panel's choice is then consumer tested, by sampling and through interviews with housewives. If the new cookie shows promise, it is sales tested in controlled areas. If these results are good, the item is then released for national distribution. Nabisco is currently getting two or three new items into national circulation every 12 months.

Its most popular ones are still old-timers, with Barnum's Animal Crackers continuing to enjoy steady

sales after more than half a century. One of its biggest sales successes is the Ritz Cracker, first introduced to the public in 1934, which has done even better since Nabisco brought out an improved Ritz Cracker in the Fall of last year.

Nabisco's marketing experts make note of the regional preference in cookies. Around Philadelphia and New York they have a yen for an item called the Trenton, a browned unsalted soda cracker about the size of a walnut. Philadelphians also go for a thin cookie known as Spiced Wafers. A source of great sadness to the Company is the surprising fact that its venerable Uneeda Biscuit is also simply a regional favorite, in demand chiefly in New York City.

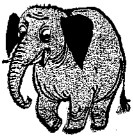
Midwesterners have a prodigious sweet tooth that gives them a taste for heavily iced cookies. Regional favorites rarely sell when the company tries national distribution, but a striking exception is the tasty vanilla wafer which started as a popular favorite with consumers in the South and now enjoys sales in stores everywhere.

No regional loyalist clings to his favorite with more tenacity than a New Englander. He's always loved the large flaky water crackers known as Kennedy's Commons, descendants of the original made since 1805. Another Nabisco item that has a place of deep affection in the Yankee heart is a big milk cracker dubbed Royal Lunch. The company has sometimes toyed with the idea of dropping these delicacies, but protesting shudders from New England grocers quickly banish such a heinous thought.

Contemplating the awe-inspiring fact that the 12 new band ovens in Nabisco's Chicago plant alone can turn out 48,000,000 cookies and crackers a day, one official was recently moved to remark, "Heaven help us if our sales force ever stops hustling."

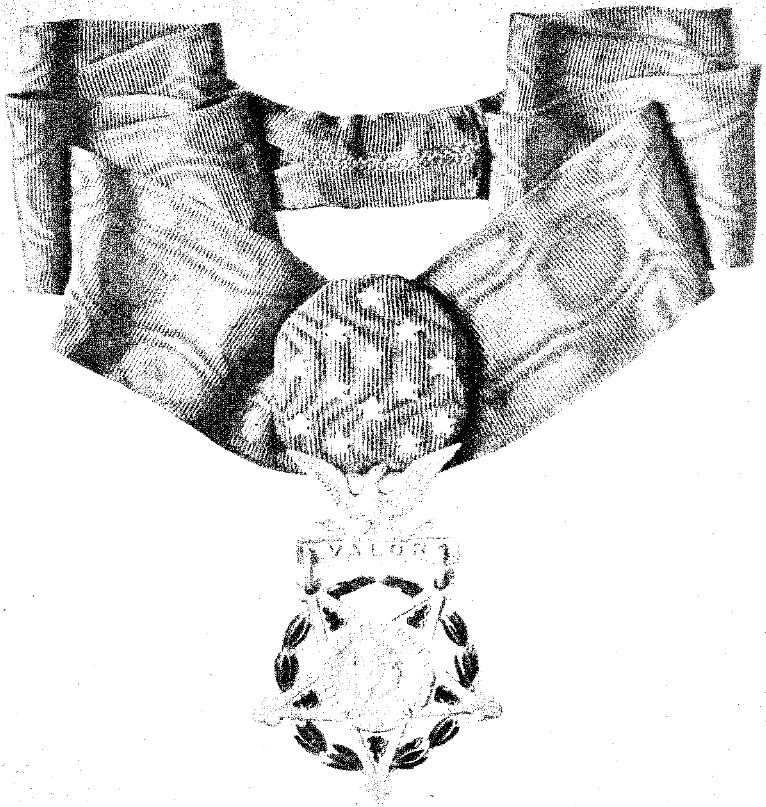
Actually, their hustling need not be too strenuous, due to a circumstance that the industry regards with pardonable joy: come war or peace, prosperity or depression, Americans go right on eating increasingly prodigious quantities of cookies and crackers, just as William Moore predicted they would when he founded the National Biscuit Company. But lately, folks have taken to eating more than they ever have before because of a development that Moore could not have foreseen. Because the American family has now begun to spend extra hours in its living room looking at the TV set, the demand for between-meal snacks has gone way up. What the movies did for popcorn, television is now doing for crackers and cookies.

Turnabout



WHEN THE ANIMALS came out of Noah's Ark, the elephant turned to the flea, who was behind him, and said: "Don't you push!" —R. R. BOWKER, Militant Liberal (University of Oklahoma Press)

"I DON'T THINK much of elephants," said the fly. "They can't walk on ceilings." —*Tit-Bits*



Widows of Honor

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

THE MEDAL OF HONOR is the nation's highest award for wartime valor. Some fighting men have lived to accept it and fight again. Most, however, have given their lives in the struggles that their courage helped to win. Nearly always, each leaves behind someone —a wife, a mother, children—who shares the glory, yet endures the memories and the sorrow. This is the story of eight people—eight wives whose lives were suddenly and irrevocably changed by a single act of heroism above and beyond the call of duty.

1ST LT. LEE R. HARTELL; *Artillery; age 28; born Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26, 1923; died Kobang-san-ni, Korea, Aug. 27, 1951.*

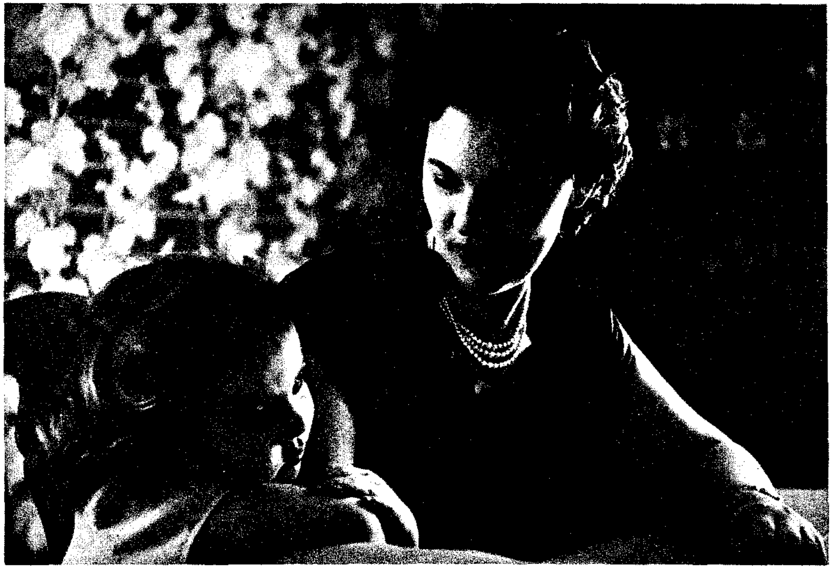
It was night on Hill 700. Lee Hartell knelt on an exposed ridgeline radioing back for artillery fire. The enemy charged. He was shot. But back at battery, his voice came out steady, firm: "Both batteries, fire continuously!" Day came; the attack was broken. Enemy dead littered the side of Hill 700. Among them, still clutching his microphone, was the body of Lee Hartell.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE the night battle on Hill 700, Lee Hartell wrote a long letter to his wife, Margaret. He tried to sound matter-of-fact, but hope underlay every line: "I may be coming home soon, as an instructor in a Stateside school."

But it's a long way from an A. P. O. address in Korea to Danbury, Connecticut, and before Lee's letter arrived, Margaret got a telegram from the Department of the Army: "The Secretary of the Army regrets to inform you . . ." and there was nothing left to hope for.

She still lived in the big house that had been owned by Lee and his father; neighbors rarely men-

Margaret Hartell and her daughter, Sharon: "My children are my whole life now."



Jackie, Sandy, Margaret and Sharon.

tioned her tragedy—"I don't think people in this town really cared much"—and her children continued to gauge all future time by "when Daddy comes home."

But Margaret Hartell's whole world had collapsed in a heap and would never be the same again. Daddy wasn't coming home now, and sorrow and memories and the need for a brand new set of future plans got all mixed up in Margaret's mind. Things she should have done long ago nagged at her—"I knew Lee in high school but didn't get interested in him until after the war." The house seemed different, too, without the long-familiar stimulus to "fix things up for Lee."

And crowding all else was the disbelief, the eternal questioning of the unquestionable: "I just cannot bring myself to believe that Lee is gone; that I'll never see him again."

Being an Army wife, she had always faced special problems: "I didn't see too much of Lee, or he of the children. But I just always knew he was there. Besides, he loved the Army life and was happy in his career." But this—the finality, the long, lonely days and nights to come—this was different.

Sometimes, when she needs a bit of extra courage, or maybe just a good cry, Margaret takes out some of Lee's old letters. One, written just before Easter in the year he died, tells her this: "If you have the *opportunity, it would be nice if you* took Sharon and Sandy to see the flowers in the churches on Easter Sunday. This was one of my biggest weaknesses and I think it will be theirs, too. Keep it light now, not too serious. I want them to think of religion as synonymous with love and not with awe or fear . . ."

Margaret's course for the future is not too clear. She manages pretty well on Lee's pension, but it is hard to really plan on anything. "They will send my boy to West Point if he wants to go," she has said, "but what will they do for the girls?"

Meanwhile, the children—Sharon, 5, Sandy, 4, Jackie, 3—still talk of their father constantly, making it even harder for Margaret to accept the unacceptable truth: "Someday, when they are older, I will have to find the words to tell them of the great tragedy in our lives."

They gave Lee Hartell the Medal of Honor for what he did that night on Hill 700, but the awful price still gets in the way of his wife's pride: "The medal doesn't bring him back, does it?"

S/SGT. WILLIAM G. WINDRICH; *U. S. Marine Corps; age 29; born Chicago, Ill., May 14, 1921; died Yudam-ni, Korea, Dec. 2, 1950.*

It was bitter cold. The enemy slashed into Bill Windrich's platoon. Seven of his men were hit, and Bill Windrich was hit, too. He refused evacuation and redeployed the rest of his men. "Keep firing," he shouted, and was hit again. Now he couldn't move, but he could shoot. He was bleeding hard. But he didn't know how to quit. He still gripped his carbine when they found him.

MARGARET WINDRICH has a letter signed by Harry S. Truman expressing the nation's gratitude for what her husband did during the epic Marine breakthrough from the Chosin Reservoir. But all she really cared about was the news that came just before Christmas: Bill was dead.

The whole thing was so monstrous, its portents so enormous, that it took her weeks to fully grasp its meaning. "Bill went into the Marines at 17 and we both knew that something like this might happen. Even so, it didn't seem possible that he was really gone."

What made it even more incomprehensible was that letters from Bill kept coming, even after the telegram. He told her about his Thanksgiving dinner; he advised her how to clean the fish tank and asked her to pick up his driver's license. And always and above all, he said

Bonnie loves the beach and Margaret and her sister take her whenever they can.

that he loved her: "It seems like 100 years since I saw you. Don't worry, honey, I'll be home soon."

It wasn't until after Christmas that Margaret could bring herself to tell Bonnie, her little girl, that Daddy was dead. Then, in spite of her best efforts, tears came to the mother's eyes and her voice broke. Bewildered, the five-year-old begged, "Please don't cry, Mommie. It will be all right." They hardly ever talked about it again.

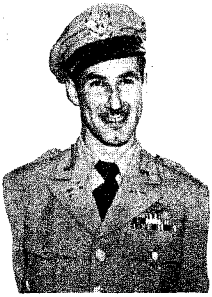
Neighbors in Oceanside, California, read about Bill in the newspapers and they came to offer sympathy and whatever help they could. "But what could anyone do? I appreciate their feelings, but I would rather that people left me entirely alone. I feel that there is absolutely nothing that anyone can do to help."

She plunged into her work as a waitress in a nearby restaurant and concentrated on day-to-day living. Last November, she bought a house in Oceanside and lives there with a younger sister, Josephine Kingston, who looks after Bonnie while Margaret is at work.

But neither her job nor the house seems to help. Life seems dull and meaningless, and even her occasional shopping trips to San Diego do little to cheer her up. Working a split shift, 12 to 3 P.M. and 6 to 10 P.M., Margaret doesn't see too much of Bonnie, either, and this disturbs her considerably. She has thought of quitting, but they would not be able to manage without her salary.

She has no clear picture of what she would like to do. "I've thought about remarriage, but it's too soon. Maybe in two or three years. I'd like to enlarge my family. I'd like to live a normal life."

Margaret's family recently moved to California. She likes to have them to dinner.



CAPT. REGINALD B. DESIDERIO; *Infantry; age 32; born Clairton, Pa., Sept. 12, 1918; died Ispok, Korea, Nov. 27, 1950.*

There was a breakthrough up the line and they sent for Easy Company. Dusty Desiderio, C. O., led his men into the gap. "Hold till daylight," he told them. He was hit, but he kept moving. He was hit again. The C. O. emptied his carbine; then, at a range of ten yards, he threw grenades. Somewhere, a burp gun opened up. The C. O. pitched forward. But Easy Company had held.

PAT DESIDERIO got the news just after lunch and her first thought was to have her sons at her side. Moving with a sort of reflex action, she bundled Tim, age 3, into the car and drove to Dave's school. It was there that she told them that their father wasn't ever coming back. Then the three of them went home to a new kind of life.

For weeks, every day was a blur to Pat. Her memory began to play tricks on her. She would be washing the breakfast dishes and suddenly see Dusty again, as he looked when she was reaching up to pin the brand new gold bars on his uniform the day he graduated from Officer Candidate School. Or it was before they married and he would be sleeping by the fireplace in her house, tired from a night of work and a day of school.

She would remember all the way back to the day he came home from his first Army hitch, determined to

Pat Desiderio and her sons Tim and Dave: "You just live each day as it comes."

Pat and Dave: "He'd been with his Dad a lot and has adjusted to military school."

finish high school. A year later, they were married. It was 24 days after Pearl Harbor. "I guess we felt, as many young people did in those days, that it was a matter of taking our happiness while we could. I was 18 and Dusty was 23."

Before Dusty went overseas, they were together every chance they got, even after little Dave was born in 1943. "We lived in motels, hotels, rooms, anything we could find. It didn't really seem to matter."

Then the war was over. Dusty came home and Pat felt that "God had indeed been good to us. We had bought a house, we had another wonderful little son and, for the first time in seven years, we were all settled in one place, together."

But almost as soon as the trouble in Korea began, Pat felt the old fear all over again: "My husband was a line commander and we knew it would only be a short time before he received his orders." They came in September, 1950.

"Somehow, I knew it was the end of our life together. Dusty felt it, too. He made me listen to all the

things I would have to do after he was dead. Even so, when it did happen, I thought I would not make it and I struggled to hang on. But it is amazing how the human being bounces back. In time you settle down to some semblance of normalcy."

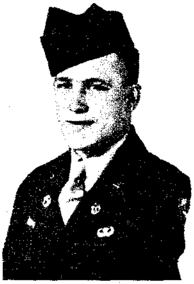
Although Pat has tried to gear her life as though Dusty were just away on another long assignment, the boys were not able to make such an adjustment. For Dave, who adored his Daddy, release came not in tears but in silent bewilderment and rebellion. Pat felt that perhaps a good military school would help. "Being a normal boy, I guess he just resented women ordering him around. Now he looks up to his instructors and has, I believe, adjusted himself well. He says he would like to go to West Point. I would be proud, and surely his Dad would.

"As for little Tim, he is too young to realize what losing his Daddy means. However, my heart tightens up when he sometimes says he wishes his Daddy would come home. For a while, he believed that everyone who died went to Korea."

Pat's greatest fear is that she will make a wrong decision about her primary mission: getting the boys to manhood. "It's difficult to find that it's all been left on your shoulders after you've had someone close make most of the decisions for you. With Dusty standing by, I always knew everything would be all right."

Though young and striking, Pat has very little social life. "I feel awkward at gatherings where I'm the only single girl and although it gets lonely, I prefer staying home and looking after the children."

She doesn't underestimate her loss—"I started out my marriage young, hopeful, with a wonderful guy, and in less than nine years my world was blown to bits and all I can do is pick up the pieces"—but Dusty's courage helps her. "My only regret is that he did not live to know how greatly his achievements were recognized by the nation he loved. But then, maybe he *does* know."



PFC. RICHARD G. WILSON; *Army Medical Corps; age 19; born Marion, Ill., Aug. 19, 1931; died Opari, Korea, Oct. 21, 1950.*

Item Company was caught in a crossfire and hugged the dirt. An aid man named Wilson moved through mortar fire to administer morphine, to help a wounded rifleman to cover. Item Company withdrew, all but Wilson. He had seen one more casualty and he had to go to him. Two days later, a patrol returned to pick up the dead. They picked up Wilson, a morphine syrette clenched in his fist.

NEARLY EVERYONE in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, was at the railroad station to see Yvonna Wilson leave for Washington. She was on her way to receive her husband's Medal of Honor, and she needed all the strength and support she could get. Eight months had passed since Richard was killed, but Bonnie hadn't gotten over the shock.

It all began a year and a half before, at a New Year's Eve party: "I was a little old high-school freshman and he had been a senior when he enlisted. I thought he was a king or something."

In August, she went down to Tennessee where Richard was stationed and they were married. Richard was 19, Bonnie 16. "He had to call my mother to get her consent. We tried three preachers before

Bonnie Young and her husband, Gary, live with her mother, Mrs. Lorene Fowler.

getting one at 11 P.M. We looked for hours to find a place to stay."

Three days later, Richard's outfit marched out of camp bound for the West Coast and Korea. "He looked so young with all those other fellows. He broke out of line to kiss me good-bye."

Richard's letters from overseas troubled Bonnie. He talked of the filth and the pain that he saw everywhere. Then came a letter with a different tone. "I think I'll be home for Christmas," Richard wrote jubilantly. It was the last time Bonnie ever heard from him.

When she came back from Washington with the Medal, Bonnie got a job with the telephone company and tried very hard to put the past behind her. But she found that she felt older than her friends from high school, older, in fact, than most people, despite her 17 years.

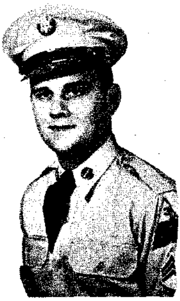
Then she met Gary Young. He was a fine young man with a good job and a bright future. But he wanted to marry her and, for Bonnie, that led to long months of self-doubt, even recrimination. At last, convinced that she could make a new and happier life with Gary, she said yes and, in April, 1952, they were married.

The transformation was astounding. Bonnie's happiness shone from her dark eyes and in her quick smile. She came alive the moment Gary walked into a room.

Then, within a year, Gary was drafted. The old confusion came back. Life, it seemed, was circling back to an earlier day for Bonnie Young. "There doesn't seem to be anything definite, no sure future to plan for. I just want to settle down and have a normal life."

Bonnie visits the Wilson home.

"My first duty is to Gary."



SGT. WILLIAM S. SITMAN; *Infantry; age 27; born Bellwood, Pa., Aug. 9, 1923; died Chip-yong-ni, Korea, Feb. 14, 1951.*

Bill Sitman's heavy machine gun was knocked out by grenades and he sent for a light MG. He stayed in the emplacement to cover it with rifle fire: it was plugging a big hole in the line. Suddenly the enemy lobbed a grenade right into the emplacement. Bill Sitman saw it and jumped. The explosion tore him open, but the light MG kept firing, plugging that hole in the line.

EMIE SITMAN SCREAMED when they brought the telegram, and the silent echoes of that hopeless cry still hang in her house. For weeks afterwards, she neither went out nor talked to anyone: there seemed to be no place to go, nothing to say.

Yet, somehow, in all that time, Emie couldn't really understand that her Bill was dead until she went to Washington to get his Medal of Honor. There, listening to Secretary of Defense Lovett reading Bill's official citation—"absorbing the full force of the explosion with his body"—she bit her lip to fight back the tears, and she knew.

But knowing and accepting are not the same. "I still haven't adjusted myself," Emie says softly. "You just can't pick up a telegram and lay it down and say, 'That's it.' It's a terrible feeling to see the chair at the head of the table—empty."

Jonie Sitman and her "Dadoe" Covert

And so, in an attempt to fill the tremendous void in her life, Emie has buried herself in memory. When they brought Bill back home in September, 1951, Emie was waiting for him in Bellwood, the little town where he'd lived most of his life. "I moved back to Bellwood and bought a house here because it was my late husband's home town."

A large picture of Bill in uniform commands Emie's living room and Jonie, her five-year-old daughter, is never permitted to forget that her father was a hero, to his family as well as to his nation.

Emie frequently re-reads Bill's old letters. They sadden her, as do all thoughts of her husband, but they bring him a little closer, somehow.

After World War II, Bill went to work as a railroad pipefitter. Then Jonie was born and he drove all the way to Altoona and "bought so many things for her we didn't know where to put them. He worked the

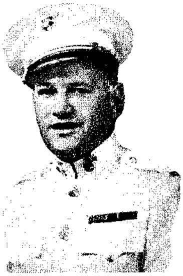
night turn and would come home just when Jonie woke up. That was their time for fun together. When she took her first step, he took her out and walked her all over town, although he had just come in from work. Later, when she could really walk on her own, he always carried her. He was so funny."

In September, 1949, Bill was temporarily laid off. He had always talked about re-enlisting and now he did. "Since he died, lots of people have told me that he should never have gone back in, but I can't agree. The Army was his ambition and if I had it to do all over again, I wouldn't discourage him. I would want him to do just as he wanted."

These days are very quiet for Emie Sitman. Her sister, Helen Louise Covert, lives in the frame house with Jonie and Emie. Once a week, her father, a Methodist minister, comes from Bedford, 60 miles away, to visit. Jonie calls her grandfather "Dadoe" and, to Emie, "he is more or less the man of the house and I don't do anything without talking it over with him. If anyone ever takes the place of Jonie's father, it will be Grandfather Covert."

Someday, Emie would like to study interior decorating—she did the whole house herself—but not until Jonie is older. "I am old-fashioned enough to want to spend as much time as possible with my child. Jonie needs me. She sometimes gets crying spells and takes her father's big picture to bed with her. When she first asked me where her Daddy was, I told her he was one of the stars in heaven. Now, she often looks out the window before going to bed and says to the whole sky, Good-night, Daddy dear."

"I have to be father and mother to her."



2ND LT. ROBERT DALE REEM; *U. S. Marine Corps; age 25; born Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 20, 1925; died Chinhung-ni, Korea, Nov. 6, 1950.*

Three times, Bob Reem led his men onto the naked hill. Each time, machine guns threw them back. Each time, there were fewer men to rally. Readying for the fourth assault, a live grenade rolled into their midst. They stared, frozen. Bob Reem stared for an instant, too. Then he moved. The explosion was muffled by his body and his men tried the hill again—alone.

DONNA ZIMMERLI was an Admiral's daughter and met Bob Reem during June week, 1947, at Annapolis. She didn't really get to know him, though, until the day of the Army-Navy game that year. He came to her house to hear it on the radio and "from then on, he came early and stayed late."

Their lives became hectic but happy. "He had to go to Quantico and, of course, I was trucking back and forth to Washington and he would come every night." They were married in the Naval Academy Chapel in April, 1949. Their honeymoon—"if you can call it that"—lasted three days. "There was a big convention in Washington and we could not find any place

Donna Reem, her father and mother: "It's hard to find things to do, sometimes."

Donna at Sunday school: "You just have to accept what happens and do your best."

to stay. We finally found a little hotel in Virginia. Then we went back to the apartment Bob rented in Quantico."

Their life together didn't last long, but while it did it was wonderful. "After the life of a Navy junior—two years here, three there—I had a niche at last. Bob knew me better than I knew myself."

In December, 1949, Bob, now Marine Lt. Reem, was assigned to duty with the Sixth Fleet and, the following August, his battalion sailed for Korea. Donna went to live with her mother and her father, now retired, in the old family homestead in Lyons, New York.

The days dragged sometimes—Lyons is a small town—but there was always Bob to think about.

One morning three years ago, Donna was reading a letter that had just arrived: "I am getting mighty tired chasing Reds up and down the hills of Korea. I'd like to come home and be with you, Donna."

The telephone rang. It was Bob's father. He wanted to talk to Donna: "I have some bad news, child. Bob was killed November 6."

"The first three days were like you don't feel anything. The doctor gave me sleeping pills and I slept most of the time I wasn't crying. But you just have to pick up and go on, I guess. I went to work in a glass-engraving plant two weeks later. I thought, 'This is all, isn't it?' "

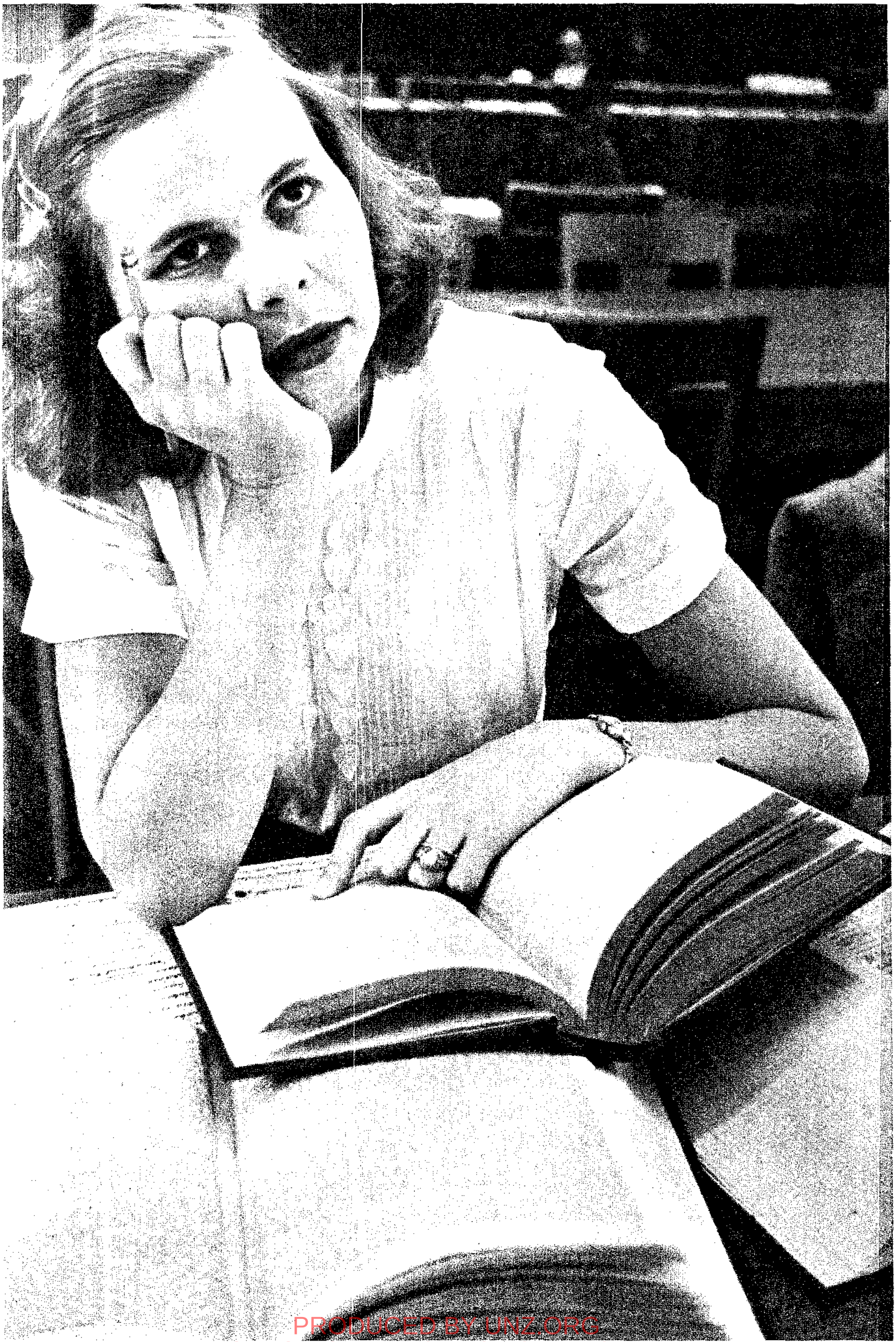
"My friends were wonderful—everybody was. Once in a while, I go to the movies with the girls or play bridge. Life in this town is very quiet, though, as the young crowd is all married."

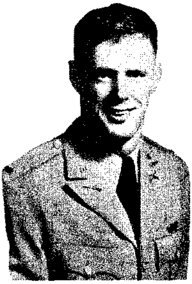
Alone in her room, Donna's thoughts are always the same. "I do not care about any Medal of Honor. I just want Bob back. He promised me he wouldn't do anything heroic, and he wouldn't have done it for himself. But he always thought of his men."

Lately, Donna has begun teaching Sunday school and that helps a lot. "If you didn't have something to cling to, you'd be lost. I believe I'll see Bob again—somewhere."

Alone, she plays the accordion.

Donna visiting friends: "Sometimes it helps just to be around other people."





1ST LT. SAMUEL S. COURSEN; *Infantry; age 24; born Madison, N. J., Aug. 4, 1926; died Kaesong, Korea, Oct. 12, 1950.*

Sam Coursen's platoon moved into the whine of bullets on Hill 174. One of his men flushed a camouflaged emplacement and was surrounded by a squad of the enemy. Bill Coursen jumped into the hole. He was six five and weighed 196 and when his ammo was gone, he fought with his rifle butt. When they found him, seven enemy dead lay at his feet. There was a bullet in his back.

HER NAME IS really Evangeline but friends call her Evie, and, in the small college town of Auburn, Alabama, where she lives, nearly everyone recognizes her lithe, long-striding figure crossing the campus. Everyone knows, too, that her whole world came crashing down just three years ago and they marvel at her spirit and her ready laughter.

But to Evie Coursen, her attitude is the only one that makes sense: "I can never express the loss I feel through my husband's death. He was the finest person I ever knew. But I don't believe in being morbid and I won't ever burden Sambo with my sadness."

Sambo, who is now the most important person in Evie's life, was only six months old when his father was killed. He knows nothing of those first numbing days when "I could hardly bear to take care of the necessary things like insurance. It seemed to me that I did not have anything to do with these results of his death. The baby was my only consolation."

Now, Sambo sees his Daddy's picture in the living room every day and asks about him often. "I tell him about Sam's life, not his death."

Evie Coursen has known a great deal of both joy and sorrow in her 28 years, and she seems calmer, more confident for it. Her father was an admiral and the family moved around a lot. She met Sam during the summer of 1947 at Virginia Beach, where she was working in a hotel and he was a West Point junior on maneuvers. The following summer, he asked her to

Evie's father visits Sambo often.

Nancy Byrd, Evie and little Tommy.

"I'd like Sambo to be like his father."

marry him. "By that time, I was so in love I would have been distracted if he hadn't."

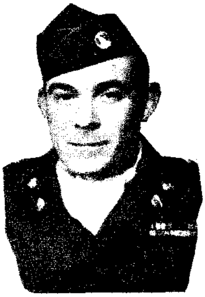
All their days together were wonderful, even the grim one-room apartment at Fort Riley, Kansas, Sam's first post. "I was ill with the baby, but never unhappy."

Sam's orders for Japan came in the Spring of 1950 and he and Evie were excited by the prospect of foreign duty. "Korea was just a place on the map then, and driving to California all we talked about was when I could join him. . . ."

Evie's family brought the War Department telegram from Auburn and she immediately went back there with them. The weeks passed into months, and slowly Evie got used to the idea that Sam wasn't coming back. She began to plan for the future. She enrolled for classes at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, where her father was an instructor. Later, she built a two-apartment house near the campus and rented the other half to Nancy Byrd and her little boy, Tommy. Nancy's husband had been a classmate of Sam's and was a prisoner of war.

Evie and Nancy share cooking chores, too, eating in one apartment for a week or so, then in the other. When Evie is minding the boys, she usually takes them to watch the trains come in. She plays with them in the park until nap time.

Does she have any regrets? "I shared a truly great happiness with my husband and the proudest thing in my life is that he chose me for a wife. I feel better, too, knowing that the Medal he won proves beyond a doubt that he succeeded in life in a far finer way than most of us ever do."



2ND LT. DARWIN K. KYLE; *Infantry; age 32; born Jenkins, Ky., June 1, 1918; died Kamil-ni, Korea, Feb. 16, 1951.*

It was snowing. Halfway to Objective 185, K Company was hit from the front and flanks. The men were confused, frightened. Gus Kyle came down the line, slapping each man's back, urging him forward. He knocked out a machine gun nest. He charged another with carbine and grenades. A submachine gun hit him from ten yards away, but K Company wasn't frightened any more.

GUS KYLE was in the army almost continuously for nine years and his wife, Betty, knew what it was like to live out of foot lockers. Gus was always taking chances—he won a Silver Star in World War II and a Soldier's Medal early in the Korean fighting. In January, 1951, they gave him a battlefield commission. Even when he was home, the family moved around a lot, and sometimes they were short of money. But they were together. That was the important thing. "There was always something to count on."

Now, Betty and her daughters, Donna Kay, eight, and Nancy Carol, seven, live in an apartment in South Charleston, West Virginia. There is no need to move around any more and the Government checks come every month. But locked tight inside Betty Kyle, along with her memories, is a great sorrow that no amount of security can temper.

At 28, her hair is graying and her soft, brown eyes are expressionless when she says, "We just do whatever we have to and try not to think of the bad part."

During the "bad time" right after Gus died, Betty's younger sister came to live with her. The children adored Mary Ann, and she even managed to cheer Betty up a little. But in October, 1952, she joined the W. A. F. and was sent to Texas. The house seemed bleaker

"I have two wonderful girls, that's all."

than ever then, so Betty sold Gus' old car and bought a television set. "I don't know what we'd have done this winter without it."

Betty has no plans that extend beyond next week, no interests except Donna Kay and Nancy Carol. "You might say we're just drifting."

HE SERVES THEM RIGHT

by **RALPH GINZBURG**

When wily Arthur Parsells is given a summons to deliver, he always gets his man

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, New York papers carried the story of a millionaire's widow, who had lived for 15 years as a recluse in a humble New York tenement when a relative named her defendant in a suit to contest her husband's will. Before the suit could come to trial, however, the widow had to be served with a summons to appear in court.

As a recluse, she was completely withdrawn from society. Visitors were never permitted to enter her flat, and she herself never left it. Her sole contact with the outside world was the dumbwaiter, through which she received her daily groceries and mail, and disposed of her garbage.

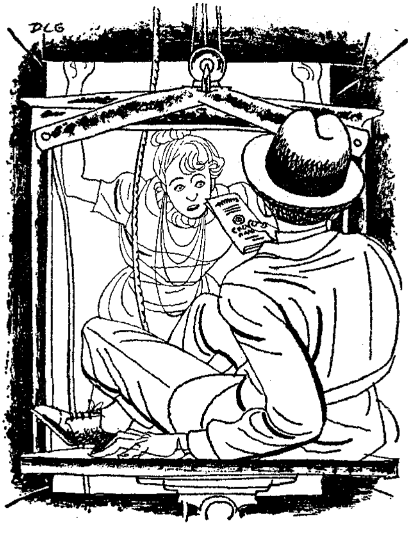
Since the law requires that summonses hailing a defendant to court must be delivered in person, the wily widow proved quite a problem. Process servers tried scores of the standard methods used to enter homes of reluctant defendants, but to no avail. They even ran through the tenement screaming "Fire!" This drew every tenant from the building—every one, that is, but the old widow.

For three years, the case hung on the court calendar as the complainant grew more and more impatient. Finally, in desperation, the lawyers called in a man they knew could do the job. He was Arthur Parsells, a moon-faced, diffident-appearing New Yorker, who has come to be regarded a top operative in the process-serving business.

A week later, as the recluse opened the dumbwaiter door and reached for her garbage pail, she was shocked to find Parsells squatting there instead.

"Madam, I have some papers for you," he said, handing her a summons. Then he hauled himself rapidly down the dumbwaiter.

This tricky service was a good deal simpler than many the 42-year-old Parsells has made on elusive rich man, poor man, con man and thief. During the past 21 years, by outwitting thousands of shrewd defendants whose prestige and fortune depend on outwitting him, Parsells



has become known in his trade as the process server who always gets his man.

He never handles the routine cases accepted by the 800-odd process-serving agencies in this country who rely for their profits on quantity turnover. His employer, the Schindler Bureau of Investigation, will only take a process-serving case where an ordinary process server has failed.

"Which makes our job all the tougher," says Parsells. "When a defendant knows he's being chased, he's twice as difficult to corner. One case took us over a year to solve."

This particular action, involving $15,000,000 in corporation dividends, was brought in a Delaware court against an industrial executive. He could only be served in the State of Delaware, which lay between his New York office and his Maryland estate, and he was careful never to set foot in Delaware on trips between office and estate, either flying or driving by back roads that avoided Delaware completely.

The corporation lawyer who finally threw the case into Ray Schindler's lap said, "If you can bring this man to trial, you'll have outsmarted the sharpest millionaire in America."

"We were stumped," Parsells admitted later. Then one night, Schindler, Parsells and Shelby Williams, Manager of the Bureau, had a conference, where Parsells hit upon a plan so intricate that he still shudders to think of it. Although there was no legal precedent, they decided to try to serve the executive while flying over Delaware.

Parsells, who plots and moves with the calm detachment of a chess player, studied the executive's travel pattern for several weeks and discovered that he often took the same Friday night plane from LaGuardia Field. Parsells familiarized himself with the plane's course and got acquainted with the pilot generally assigned to the flight.

Further complicating the already complicated scheme, however, was a Delaware law requiring summonses to be personally served by a sheriff of that state. This meant Parsells had to arrange for a Delaware sheriff with duly sworn and dated papers to board the New York-Baltimore plane on the day he planned to serve the executive.

AFTER 14 MONTHS of repeated failures, the delicate schedules of all the participants synchronized. The executive boarded the plane, the sheriff was on hand with the papers, and the plane took off with the pilot, by Arthur's request, recording the plane's position at specific time intervals.

When they were within 15 minutes of the Delaware line, the hostess hurriedly summoned Parsells to the cockpit. "We've just received a radio storm warning," the pilot told him, "and I'll have to change course to bypass Delaware completely."

Undespairing, Parsells tailed the executive on the chance of serving him on the return flight the following Monday. But over the weekend, the weather worsened, grounding all flights.

Just as he decided to drop his pursuit and return to New York, he learned from a caretaker at the estate that the executive had been called to an emergency meeting and would be taking the train back to

New York. Immediately, Parsells phoned the Delaware sheriff to board the train at Wilmington with a summons.

At long last, through luck and perseverance, Parsells and the sheriff served the executive with their much-traveled summons.

"Which goes to show," says Arthur modestly, "that if you have the patience, there's no man who can't be served. Sooner or later, everyone gets careless."

Oddly enough, Parsells has never worked at anything but process-serving. A young man of 21, he was tilted back in a barber's chair one day. "Just as the barber was about to apply his first razor stroke," recounts Parsells, "in walked a process server and served him with a summons. The barber was furious and chased the server out of the shop, brandishing his razor in the air. I'd never heard of process-serving, and I wondered what it was."

That night, Arthur asked his father, who worked for the Schindler agency, about process-serving. "What he told me sounded so much like fun," says Parsells, "that I asked him to arrange a job interview for me with Mr. Schindler. I've been serving processes ever since then."

In the course of his career, Parsells, among other things, has posed as expressman, stevedore, gigolo, armored truck driver, concert pianist, detective, fireman and drunk.

Once he pretended to faint on the sidewalk before the home of a Boston physician, then served him with a summons when he rushed out to give first aid. Another time, he assumed the role of stage-door Johnnie to serve papers on a burlesque queen.

At Christmas, Parsells has found his most effective disguise to be that of a delivery boy. Women eagerly open doors when he carries a beribboned flower box. Men prefer packages shaped like bottles.

On one occasion, the defendant's violent reaction turned into a bonanza Parsells had been retained to serve papers on a Texas oilman aboard the *Queen Mary*. The Texan, aware he had been named by creditors in a New York suit against his company, naturally was determined to avoid a summons.

To make sure no process server came near him, the oilman hired two burly bodyguards. Parsells, who had combed the liner, finally spotted the Texan. But before he could get near him, the bodyguards seized him and left him bound and gagged in an empty stateroom.

When the ship passed the three-mile territorial limit, the door opened and in walked the oilman.

"Sorry for the rough handling, partner," he drawled. "And for the inconvenience I've caused you, I'll be more than happy to offer you round-trip passage on this ship, plus a tour of the Continent as my guest. If you don't care to accept, well, I hope you can swim . . ."

With little reluctance, Parsells readily accepted the invitation and the two men have been close friends ever since.

Arthur's charming and generally patient wife was justifiably irate when he returned from Europe. "Arthur often dashes off on a case for weeks without my hearing from him," she says. "But the trip to Europe was a little too much."

To assuage his wife's anger, which was still smoldering several months later, Parsells decided to have her work with him on a new case.

An elderly Wall Street banker was trying to head off the merger of two brokerage firms in which he had an interest. As long as he stayed at his Connecticut home, he collected dividends from the two New York firms which were trying to bring him to court to effect their merger.

Parsells tried several tricks to lure the banker into New York State. He sent wires summoning him to fake board meetings, and posed as his lawyer calling him to emergency conferences in town. None worked.

Parsells then spent several weeks scouting the old man's movements in Connecticut. He learned that the banker drove into New York on Sunday evenings, to make the rounds of night clubs. Then he would speed back over the Connecticut border just before midnight, knowing that New York law forbids serving any summonses on Sunday.

Parsells' problem was to delay the banker in New York until Sunday night became Monday morning. Further investigation disclosed that the old gentleman, a bachelor, was fond of attractive young women. The perfect decoy, Schindler suggested, would be Mrs. Parsells.

Checking with headwaiters—most of the important ones know him as "Art"—Parsells found out which clubs the banker planned to visit on a particular Sunday night.

With a baby sitter watching their two children, Mr. and Mrs. Parsells set out. They followed the banker from club to club. Then, half an hour before midnight, they drove off toward Connecticut on the lonely road they knew he would use.

A mile or so from the border, Parsells stopped, let the air out of a tire and hid in the bushes while his wife, looking distressed, stood waiting beside the car with a flashlight.

At ten minutes to midnight, the limousine appeared. The gallant banker, seeing the damsel in distress, ordered his chauffeur to stop and fix the lady's flat tire. At one minute past midnight, Parsells emerged from the bushes and handed the banker a summons.

"I don't believe he cursed so hard the day the market crashed in '29," says Parsells. "He is one banker I hope I never have to see for a loan!"

Proof Positive

"BEHOLD," exclaimed the spiritualistic medium, "before you is the spirit of your late wife!"

The client sat still and said nothing.

"Don't you understand?" cried the medium. "It is the form of your departed spouse. Why don't you speak to her?"

"Oh," he replied, "if it is, she'll do all the talking."

—*Montreal Star*

Revolution in Floor Tiles

by **Lester Walker**

Here, at last, is a plastic floor covering which can be laid without any adhesive

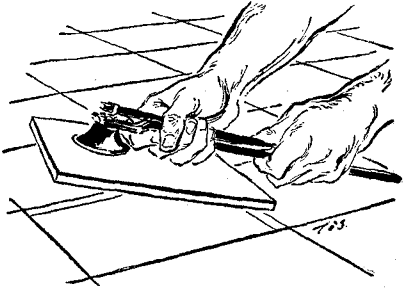
FOR YEARS, householders have been wishing that floor-covering manufacturers would produce a top-quality floor tile—for kitchens, baths, cellar rumpus rooms—which would be easy to install.

Of the tiles on the market (linoleum, rubber, asphalt, cork, vinyl plastic) most have drawbacks. Some crack or wear out too soon; others work loose or break at the corners. With some, the adhesive sometimes oozes up between the joints in hot weather. They require laborious waxing. And one and all, for the average person, are generally difficult to install.

Now a revolutionary tiling has appeared on the market. It goes down on the floor and stays down without any adhesive. And what's more, it can be installed by anyone able to draw a chalk line.

Called "Lifetime All-Purpose Terra-Tile," the product has had four years' research and testing, and two years' actual trial in heavy-foot-traffic industrial concerns, schools, restaurants and hotels. These uniformly report that it "outperforms expectations."

Lifetime Terra-Tile is made in Tuscumbia, Alabama, by Robbins Floor Products, Inc., and is the result of deliberate research upon a riddle that has long baffled the flooring industry: how to make resilient tiling stay down permanently on concrete floors which are poured directly onto soil.



In such floors, capillary attraction draws moisture from the soil through to the top of the concrete. The moisture is almost invariably alkaline, and soon tends to destroy adhesives under the tiles. Sometimes, it also attacks the material of the tile itself.

The Robbins researchers, sparked by Poncet Davis, president, and E. S. Robbins, a vice-president, tried sealers to block the moisture. All failed. But the experiments turned up a discovery. Tiles of every material, if left on the damp concrete, would start to swell beneath and then curl up—with one exception: the tile known as "stress-relieved vinyl."

Vinyl was the plastic material. The "stress-relieved" denoted its internal construction. It meant that the stresses and strains which are born when giant rollers shape the mother vinyl into sheets had been eliminated by later chopping the sheets into billions of small pieces, almost granules, and then, by means of great heat and pressure, fusing *these* into tile.

Tiles of this stuff on wet concrete stayed permanently flat. The researchers asked: "Accidental?" Tests followed—for four years. Result: no curl.

"We realized," says Robbins, "that we had hold of a major discovery. From here we moved directly to the idea of a floor tile which would be revolutionary."

THE TILE, on top, looks not unlike any vinyl tiling. It comes 9x9 or 12x12 inches, in 16 colors and in "terrazzo," a design effect known to ancient Rome.

There the likenesses end. This tile is thicker than any you ever saw. It is a full quarter-inch, and its edges are peculiar. All along them, paralleling, run little ridges. Underneath, the tile is a grid—400 deeply cut square pockets. Reaction on first view: "looks like a waffle iron!"

These peculiarities are what make the tile work—i.e., without adhesive. Once it is laid (merely snugged, blocklike, tile to tile and wall to wall), the tiny edge markings act like tongues and grooves. Interlocking, they are able to tighten the tiles at the joints and resist any "working" upward.

This tightening increases as foot traffic presses down, until they form a floor covering almost airtight. This condition is then increased, as the grid bottom's 400 vacuum pockets put a suction grip on the floor.

At York Research Corporation in Stamford, Conn., an independent laboratory which tests for American Hotel Association's 6,000 hotels, I saw a year-old installation of Lifetime Terra-Tile put through some rigid paces. On a 30x20-foot floor, the terrazzo design looked brand-new, and as if it had been poured on. Its joints were invisible.

"Show you how tight," said the lab technician, slopping water around. He then tramped in the puddle, mopped it up, took a stick with a small vacuum cup on one end and smacked the cup down on one of the damp tiles. To my surprised eyes, one tile lifted out. None of the adjacent tiles budged.

The technician then scooped up several tiles by hand. On the wood floor beneath: no water. "And water from below—damp concrete cellar floor—can't seep *up*. The grid's vacuum pockets trap it. The tight, ribbed-edge joints keep it down. Now, watch and you'll see how any sections of this floor are interchangeable."

To the right, he lifted a square yard of tiles from the heart of the floor. He laid the wetted tiles (bowing the last to fit it in), then put the other tiles back in the original bared space.

I walked away for a few moments, returned, and found it absolutely impossible to detect where any tiles had been removed.

Often, good floor tiles are laminated—a "sandwich" of vinyl top, fiber or felt beneath. Or two vinyl layers, but the design only in the skin-deep top layer. In contrast, Lifetime Terra-Tile is solid vinyl throughout, and the "terrazzo" goes all the way. It can't wear off or out.

Remember how most resilient floorings "indent"? A heavy sofa, a bathroom scale used long in the same place, leaves its imprint. But Lifetime Terra-Tile is far less liable to permanent injuries. Why? Because under other tiles, the adhesives absorb the downprints and hold on to them. Under the Robbins tile, there is no adhesive, so it is always free to return to its former shape and level, unimpaired.

For a good job, most floor tiles require a professional installer with special equipment (even to a 150-pound roller). To illustrate how Lifetime Terra-Tile can be laid with common household tools, here's how a neighbor told me he laid his kitchen floor:

"First, I drew a couple of chalk lines at right angles along two adjacent walls, about 9¼ inches out. Then I nailed one strip of tiles along each chalk line, put three nails in each tile in the tip edge adjoining the wall. The quarter-round floor molding covers the nails later.

"No adhesive, no nails except for the row near the wall—I just lay all the tiles—tapped one snug against another, with a block of wood and hammer. They're precision cut to 2/1000ths of an inch—so they 'slot' into place.

"At the opposite walls, I just tamped tight again, knelt on the last tile to keep those behind snug, and then cut and fit the final tiles. I nailed down the last tiles' outer edges and then put back the floor molding. Finish! Room 9x11. Took a little over two hours."

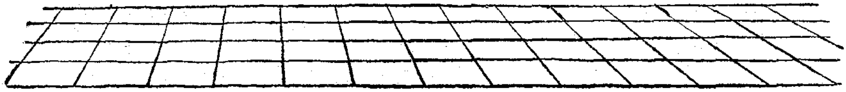
Lifetime Terra-Tile requires no waxing, only a mopping now and then with detergent and water. If any tiles become scuffed or marked, they can be refinished like new with a steel-wool buffer. It is easier, however, just to exchange tiles from a scuffed area (as in front of a sink) with the unworn tiles from, say, under a table.

Current retail price of Lifetime Terra-Tile is around 95 cents a square foot. This compares favorably with other tiles of similar quality vinyl.

Conclusion: of the vinyls, the Robbins Lifetime is the best buy. Compared to the best of the cheaper materials, it costs more in the beginning (for example, $16 more than professionally installed rubber for an 8x10 floor). In the long run, in use over the years, it should prove more economical than the cheaper materials.

Until this year, this tile has had exclusively "commercial" sales distribution—to institutions, business firms, steamship lines and the like. Today, however, it is available to the individual citizen, throughout the nation in retail floor covering shops, department and hardware stores, at lumber dealers' and flooring contractors'.

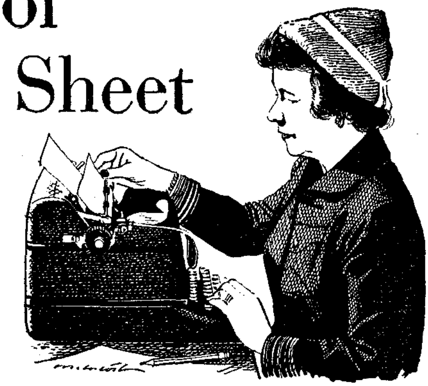
Besides its savings in adhesives, costly underlays, expensive labor for installation, there is sometimes a unique economy angle in Terra-Tile's portability. If you lay adhesive tiles in a rented house or apartment, they legally belong to the landlord and may not be removed. But Lifetime Terra-Tile, not stuck down, can be taken up and laid again wherever you move to. All you need to take up the tile is a vacuum cup or a knife blade.



Angel of the Green Sheet

by **ELISA BIALK**

Thousands turn for help and sound advice to Mrs. Griggs' daily newspaper column



A WOMAN IN MILWAUKEE got into a squabble with a neighbor over a dog. "I'm going to tell Mrs. Griggs about you!" she said.

What was more, she did—and the ensuing controversy brought in 300 letters to Ione Quinby Griggs, a remarkable woman who conducts a remarkable column in the Green Sheet, daily feature section of the Milwaukee *Journal*.

Not only in Milwaukee and Wisconsin, but in outposts all over the world where the column is sent to relatives and friends, "Mrs. Griggs" is a household word. Is a teen-ager too old to be spanked? What can be done about a husband who spends too much money at the corner tavern? Where can old people go for companionship? What can a boy do when his mother won't let him own a dog?

Thousands of people from all walks of life—young and old, women and men—know what to do when they are plagued by such problems. They sit down and write a letter which may run into many pages, but which always begins, simply, "Dear Mrs. Griggs."

Ione Griggs, in turn, gives them an answer which is not confined to the usual four or five lines of problem columns, but often spills into two full columns of newsprint. No letter is too unimportant to deserve a careful reply, either in the *Journal* or by mail, because she knows that, to the writer, it is very important or it wouldn't have been written.

If one were to look for a "slant" on which to peg the Griggs column, one would inevitably turn to the word *personal*. The advice she gives is never stereotyped, never impersonal. The thousands who read her every day, and those who write to her, know that in Ione Griggs, they have a wise and kindly friend.

It is a safe assumption that Mrs. Griggs knows more secrets than anyone in Milwaukee, and no one could keep them better. She has helped countless girls in trouble, and has had many babies named for her out of gratitude. After nearly 20 years, she is still amazed by the confidence which people have in her. She never divulges names, and often deletes them from those letters which must go into her file for future reference.

The issues discussed in her column are diversified. During World

War II, when an exciting controversy was waged in the Green Sheet over the morals of teen-age girls who had a mistaken idea of patriotism, Ione Griggs received more than 7,000 letters a week. In the ensuing reform, the Mayor lauded her by saying:

"Mrs. Griggs has done more to clean up this situation than anyone."

Strongly civic-minded, when a veteran wrote of the barriers he faced in buying a home, Mrs. Griggs suggested that he build his own. Her answer, plus the follow-up letters from other veterans, resulted in a successful "Daniel Boone" project formed by 150 veterans and their wives, to help each other build their own homes.

Many "battles of the budget" have also been waged in the Griggs column, as housewives have written her about food prices. The closest Mrs. Griggs came to losing her title of "angel" was when she ran a letter from a careful shopper who made the complacent claim that she fed her family on $12 a week.

Outraged letters streamed into the *Journal* office. What was Mrs. Griggs trying to do, ruin their happy homes? Cries of "hoax" precipitated a showdown. So the thrifty correspondent wrote another letter, proving that she *did* feed her family on $12 a week, and was as honest as she was ingenious. Shopping lists and menus supported her claim, and the noisiest belittlers came back with meek letters of apology.

For Ione Griggs, every day brings surprises. World War II, she found, pulled in the fences of the world. She heard from GI's wherever Americans were stationed. Now her GI letters come from Korea, and one surprise occurred when seven soldiers took time out to write.

Were they suggesting legislation which might bring them back sooner; were they protesting their uncomfortable lot; were they agitating for the right to vote for the 18-year-old? Hardly. They wrote:

"We, the undersigned, wish to go on record disapproving your answer to 'Right Or Wrong.' As we are all young men, serving our country in Korea, we think that a fellow *should* go to the door for his date, instead of honking in front of the house. If we had a daughter and her b.f. sat out there and blew his horn, we would ask him, 'What else did you get for Christmas?' "

There is plenty of drama in letters which are of special interest to only one or two people. One such appeared not long ago, when a woman wrote "Dear Mrs. Griggs" to ask whether the columnist might help find a diamond ring which had been lost 20 years before.

Ione Griggs took a chance and ran the letter, with details which the finder would recognize. Although the odds were a million to one, the finder of the ring read the column when the letter appeared!

It was close to Christmas, and Mrs. Griggs did not want to take a chance on losing touch with the finder for another 20 years. "Where are you?" she asked by phone, then said: "Please stay there an hour."

She left the *Journal*, got a cab, rode to the place, picked up the diamond, and kept on going to the home of the rightful owner, who burst into tears as she recognized the long-lost keepsake.

It is not unusual for Mrs. Griggs to be called upon for personal service. An elderly couple's golden-wedding anniversary celebration was threatened by a delivery-truck strike. What was a party without beer, in Milwaukee? They appealed to Mrs. Griggs, who made a telephone call to the proper source. The beer arrived—delivered by a vice-president of the brewing company in his own car.

Because she is one of the best-known people in Milwaukee, it is impossible for Mrs. Griggs to preserve anonymity. Wherever she goes, she meets people with problems. Although the staff at the hotel where she lives makes an effort to protect her from outside intrusions, sometimes even the elevator operator asks advice.

Unquestionably, the success of the column is due to the fact that the feature is in the hands of a person who is exactly right for the job. How did this combination come about? Unfortunately, through circumstances which, for young Ione Griggs, were tragic.

When she married Bruce E. Griggs, writer and newspaperman, Larry Lawrence, the Green Sheet editor, was best man. A year later, Griggs was killed when his auto skidded. That was in 1933, but to Mrs. Griggs, it seems like yesterday.

Three weeks after the funeral Lawrence offered Ione, who had been a newspaperwoman, a job on the Green Sheet as his assistant. Needing to forget herself in work, she accepted. After a year, Lawrence tossed a syndicated problem column to her and said, "I think you could do better than that."

Mrs. Griggs tackled the job with some misgivings, but after her first batch of letters came in, she knew the answer was "yes." She realized that the best way to pick up the pieces of her own life was by helping other people.

Today, her job allows her little time for social life, although occasionally she accepts an invitation to dinner. At one such dinner, the small daughter of the house was brought over to be introduced. The little girl eyed her for a moment, then asked: "Mrs. Griggs, how come you know it all?"

Ione Quinby Griggs would be the last person in the world to claim to "know it all." But the thousands of people she has helped, and who have dubbed her "The Angel of the Green Sheet," are convinced that she does indeed know everything that's worth knowing.

Touché

THE president of a small-town Rotary Club encountered the wife of a local minister, also a Rotarian, one morning.

"I didn't see your husband at Rotary last Wednesday," he chided. "Where was he?"

"We didn't see you at church last Sunday," countered the preacher's wife. "Where were *you?*"

"Well now, that's different," parried the Rotarian. "After all, a man doesn't have to go to church every Sunday to be a Christian!"

"A woman doesn't have to get married to be a mother, either," said the minister's wife sweetly, "but there are many people who think it's a good idea!" —*Your Life*

WHEN "WONDER DRUGS" AREN'T WONDERFUL

by **WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D.**

Medicine's best weapons against disease can prove fatal if used without caution

If you were to ask the average person to name the most important medical advance of recent years, he would probably answer: "The miracle drugs." And in a sense, he would be right.

Certainly, almost miraculous achievements have been credited to the newest compounds from our research laboratories. But there is another, less happy, side of the story.

"Wonder drugs" have created many new problems in medical practice. Too many patients—and their families—have read about too many "wonder drugs," and as a result they demand that they be given the latest "cure" for whatever currently afflicts them. And if the doctor doesn't agree, he may be accused of any or all of the following: a) he is old-fashioned, and out of touch with modern medicine; b) he is stubborn, and asserts his authority by not taking constructive suggestions; c) he is mercenary, and wants to prolong the patient's illness for economic gain, or, d) he has carelessly overlooked the best possible treatment.

Take, for example, a recent incident in my practice. Mr. P. is a jolly, 42-year-old man who enjoys the pleasures of living. Unfortunately, he comes from a family where most of the males died at an early age of coronary thrombosis. Recently, Mr. P. had his first warning: a mild heart attack.

Promptly he asked me to prescribe a "wonder-drug" treatment—the one he had just read about in a newspaper. I explained that there was no medical proof that the use of such anti-coagulants prevented heart attacks. Furthermore, it had been discovered that a patient receiving this treatment sometimes developed dangerous hemorrhages in vital organs.

Mr. P. lost his temper. "It's my life," he snapped. "If I'm willing to take a chance, you can prescribe it for me!"

But I refused; and next day, he found another doctor who was willing to experiment with this treatment. For three months everything went well. Then one night the patient suddenly had a serious brain hemorrhage.

The "wonder drug" was stopped at once, and emergency treatment was able to save his life. But as long as Mr. P. lives, his right arm will be paralyzed.

Here is another case that came to my attention recently. Mr. L. developed a serious bacterial infection of the heart valves. His doctor hospitalized him. Tests established that of all the antibiotic drugs, only penicillin in huge doses would be likely to cure.

This treatment was started, but the patient's family was dissatisfied because penicillin was not the "latest" antibiotic. They insisted on chloromycetin.

Wisely, the doctor suggested that the family call a famous specialist as a consultant. He reviewed the case history and concurred that penicillin was the drug to use. He also said that if any other antibiotic drug had been used, Mr. L. would have been deprived of a fighting chance for life.

As predicted, the penicillin worked rapidly and effectively. And in three weeks, the patient had recovered.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER to the growing public demand for wonder drugs? For one thing, people must understand that these compounds are not miracles. Time after time, various "miracles" which receive glowing publicity when first tested are later shown by more extensive trials not to measure up to their initial promise.

No ethical drug company knowingly releases a harmful drug for general use. But every new drug offers special problems. Once a compound has been proved safe by animal experiments and by tests on small groups of human volunteers, further knowledge can be obtained only by careful study of its action when prescribed for large numbers of properly selected patients. Each useful medication must pass through such developmental stages before it can win a place for itself in the treatment of disease.

Several years ago, after preliminary animal studies, a new "wonder" sleeping drug was tested on several hundred hospital patients. They were carefully examined for harmful effects and none was found. Hence the drug was pronounced safe for general treatment.

But when it was released for prescription use, several persons died in New York City alone from taking "safe" doses. As soon as these facts became known, the ethical drug company saw to it that every dose was withdrawn from druggists' and doctors' shelves.

Another responsible drug company which put a new penicillin preparation on the market received reports that 14 patients had been seized with convulsions after taking it. Three of them died, and the company had to circularize doctors at once with an urgent request to test their patients before administering the drug.

Of course, publicity about new drugs is inevitable. Laboratory developments are bound to come under the heading of "news," and reporters are not to be blamed for heralding them. However, because medical knowledge grows so rapidly and unevenly, what you read today as the latest fact may become obsolete tomorrow.

It is your doctor's job to keep up with the newest developments. He is in a much better position to judge the value of "miracle drugs" than the layman. For this reason, you should follow his recommendations. A good doctor is guided by but one principle—to do at all times what is best for his patient. Sometimes the best thing to do is *not* to use the latest "miracle drug."

A few months ago a middle-aged woman walked into the office of her physician in Philadelphia and declared emphatically: "I have high blood pressure and I have decided to try that new drug I read about." All over the U.S., other patients were making similar demands of their doctors after reading about the remarkable curative powers of hexamethonium.

Most doctors responded as did the Philadelphia physician. High blood pressure, he explained, is considered not a disease in itself, but a symptom of some underlying disorder—kidney disease, hardening of the arteries, emotional disturbance. Having found nothing organically wrong with his patient after taking extensive tests, he attributed her high pressure to the last cause.

Yes, she could still be treated with the new drug, but this would require hospitalization so that the treatment could be conducted by specialists familiar with the drug's properties. However, there was no need of this, since her blood pressure had not reached—and probably would not reach—the dangerously high levels requiring recourse to hexamethonium.

What she really needed—and what would do her the most good—was an emotional soothing, plus a sedative. The new drug would probably have done her more harm than good because of its possible dangerous side effects.

Hexamethonium reduces blood pressure with dramatic speed; but those impressed by its potency generally do not know that an overdose may cause shock, or even death because of overdilation of the blood vessels. Moreover, few patients realize that continuous studies are needed to determine effective yet safe dosages of such new drugs, and even these must always be reviewed in the light of each patient's general physical condition. No doctor would risk exposing a patient to such a new treatment without careful consideration.

We know now that most modern disease-fighting medicines are double-edged weapons. Thus, a drug which may save your life in sleeping sickness may blind you permanently. An effective pain-relieving drug may destroy your body's capacity to produce white blood corpuscles, making you vulnerable to infection.

An antibiotic which cures your pneumonia may give you a bad case of allergic arthritis. Other antibiotics, when given for prolonged periods, may wipe out certain harmful microbes while at the same time permitting new and more dangerous infections to invade the body.

Even ACTH and cortisone have not fulfilled the early promise of being miraculous cures for rheumatoid arthritis. They merely act as valuable drugs for suppressing some symptoms and temporarily correcting certain structural abnormalities while at the same time causing a considerable dislocation in normal bodily physiology. Indeed, some persons can develop dangerous infections during the course of ACTH and cortisone treatment. A mere listing of the side effects these powerful drugs have produced covers half a page in a medical journal. They range all the way from heart failure and ulcers to hairiness and baldness.

The new anti-tuberculosis drugs announced with such ballyhoo last year have already shown their teeth. True, they are of great help to the patient, but they can hurt him, too. One of them has produced no fewer than 15 unpleasant side effects, ranging from twitching to vertigo.

Nowadays, there is a continuous weeding-out process in which improved remedies replace less desirable ones. Consider the fate of some of the recent "miracle drugs": sulfanilamide, sulfapyridine, Prontosil—no longer used; Neoprontosil (which replaced Prontosil)—rarely used; arsphenamine and neoarsphenamine—today replaced by more efficient penicillin; sulfa and penicillin ointments, and many antibiotics—use greatly reduced because of sensitizing or other troublesome side effects. The list is long.

Medicine cannot be expected to cure all the ills of humanity overnight—or even in the space of a single decade. But if we look back ten or fifteen years, we can see enormous improvement in our ability to overcome many formerly serious diseases.

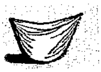
For example, before 1937, acute mastoiditis was a common and serious complication of many infectious illnesses. The death rate from the direct and indirect consequences of the disease—even when treated surgically—was quite high. But today, thanks to chemotherapy, acute mastoiditis has become rare.

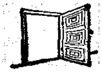
Today, most persons who develop pneumonia recover promptly, where formerly one out of three died. Venereal disease can be cured with antibiotic therapy. Even much-feared leprosy has been checked by medical treatment.

You may owe your life or the life of a loved one to powerful new drugs. But this is no miracle. It is only a stage in the plodding journey of medical exploration, which seeks constantly to discover better ways of conquering serious illness.

Leave it to your doctor to prescribe for you. If you follow his recommendations, you will benefit, and in the long run become a healthier and happier person.

Terse & Turkish





A BUFFALO is black but gives white milk.

A CANDLE does not illuminate its own base.

AN EMPTY SACK cannot stand up straight.

EVEN THE HIGHEST TREE has an axe waiting at its foot.

FEAR an ignorant man more than a lion.

IF GOD closes one door He opens a thousand new ones.

MANY WILL show you the way once your cart has overturned.

—Turkish Information Office

THE MAGIC TURTLE

by HANS ZINSSER

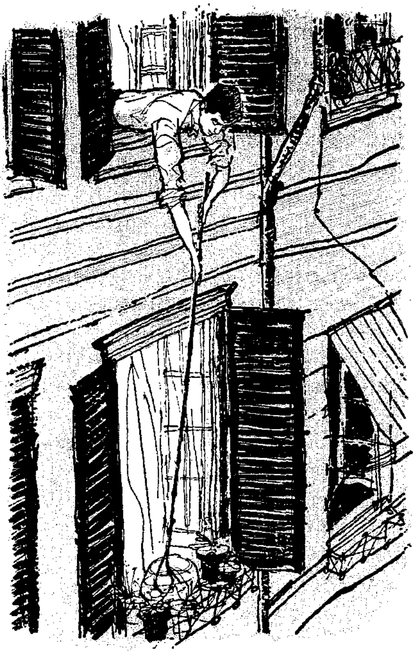
I NEVER SEE A baby turtle without thinking of a friend of mine, an American student, who used to room in one of the quaint little side streets of Paris. He lived on the third floor, and on the floor directly below him was the apartment of the old lady who ran the candy store in the building.

On her window sill was a goldfish tank, in which she kept several fish and a very small turtle. These were the delights of her leisure moments, sharing her affections with her old husband and her cat. My friend, leaning out of his window on mellow evenings, smoking his pipe, could look down directly into the tank, and often he watched her as she broke bread crumbs into the water for her pets, uttering tender terms of endearment.

One evening he conceived a brilliant idea. Next day he went to the fish market and bought six turtles, ranging in size from one about an inch long to one about six inches across. At the same time he bought wire, cheesecloth and a bamboo fishing pole, which he smuggled unnoticed into his rooms after dark one evening and from which he made a very small scoop net.

Each day thereafter, very early in the morning, he would lean out of his window, fish out the old lady's turtle, and put in a bigger one.

She didn't notice the first exchange. When the second turtle went in, this time about three inches in length, she looked surprised, but only said: "My, my!" When the third one appeared, the old lady began to show signs of excitement.



First she called her husband, then the neighbor's wife, then the other neighbors. There were animated discussions. The doorman offered his advice and said she was feeding too heavily.

The fourth turtle changed the place into a public sensation. The old lady began to tell people about her "system."

The fifth turtle, about five inches long, started a riot—not without some tragedy, for this one began to

From *As I Remember Him, the biography of R. S.* by Hans Zinsser. Copyright 1940,
by the author, and published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

chew the goldfish, whereupon the old man bought a separate small tank for the sole surviving fish. A newspaper reporter came and wrote a story about the fabulous turtle, which made headlines that day. The old lady became famous and was interviewed several times.

The American never put in the sixth turtle—the tank wasn't quite large enough. But he had a still more brilliant idea. He now began to make the turtles small again. He skipped the fourth one—took it out and let it loose in the Seine. He put in the third turtle one evening, which diminished the animal to half-size in a single night.

Now the excitement reached fever-pitch. An official from the zoo paid a visit. He looked at the turtle, shook his head solemnly, and said: "Isn't that queer?"

The old lady's shop began to enjoy an enormous business. All the children from the neighborhood came in to buy candy and, with a great deal of excitement, had a look without extra charge.

My friend then replaced the original turtle, destroyed the evidence in his washbasin, and freed the remaining turtles in the lake of a nearby park.

When he came home that night, he stopped in to see the original turtle in its tank. But it was not there. The old lady had become a national heroine, it seems. And she had given her magic turtle to the zoo, where it was displayed for all to see as a prize exhibit.

Auto-Intelligence

The young bride was recalling her first driving lesson. "My husband was with me," she said, "and we had a frightful time! I stalled the car on a railroad crossing and a train was coming . . ."

"My dear," the husband interrupted, "there was *no* train coming."

With a frigid look in his direction, the bride answered, "There was a train coming *sometime*," and went on with her story. —Lois Fry

With the utmost seriousness, a new lady driver told her neighbor: "The only thing I don't like about parking is that noisy crash." —*Answers*

"What do you do when you pull away from the curb, madame?" asked the driving instructor of his new pupil.

"I scrape the fender of the car in front," the woman answered quickly. —Edith Baer

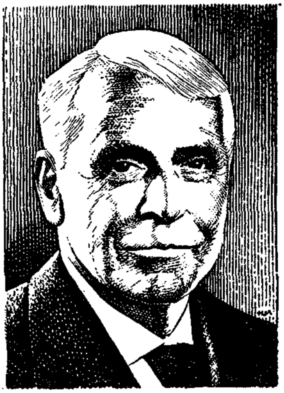
"Has your wife learned to drive the car yet?" the owner of a new convertible was asked.

"Only," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders, "in an advisory capacity." —Isabella Barb

The Statler Hotels tell their story in . . .

A BED FOR THE NIGHT

by **Rufus Jarman**



In 1950, the hotel industry decided to honor the person who had contributed most to the science of innkeeping during the past half-century. In that period, the lowly taverns had developed into public palaces, and the homely calling of serving food and drink, making beds and sweeping floors, had assumed the dignity of Big Business. The industry didn't have to look far before deciding that the only candidate for the title of "Hotel Man of the Half-Century" was the late E. M. Statler, founder of the big hotel chain which now bears his name.

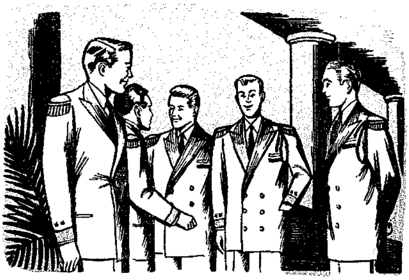
Statler's was a typical American success story. With an energy and enterprise that left lesser men gaping, he made millions in a fantastic series of financial leaps and bounds. When he died in 1928, he had left a vivid imprint on a fabulous industry that caters daily to thousands of American men and women.

The Old Man, whose enslavement to efficiency was underscored every time he signed his name—E. M., never Ellsworth Milton—first ventured into the world of commerce at the age of nine. His job: "teasing the glory hole" at an Ohio glassworks. This meant dumping wheelbarrows of coke into a small glass-softening furnace.

Ellsworth got 50 cents for a 12-hour day, but it was stimulating work. When he fell asleep on his feet, exhausted by the long hours, he was stimulated by a bubble of molten glass flicked upon his bare skin.

Needless to say, the boy's heart was not in his work. Visible through the river mists in Wheeling, West Virginia, was the distant silhouette of the McLure House, an old-fashioned hotel and rendezvous, center of all that was gay, colorful and daring from a 19th-century, small-town point of view. To the misera-

From *A Bed for the Night*, by Rufus Jarman. Harper & Brothers, New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1952, by Rufus Jarman.



ble "glory-hole teaser," it represented the acme of things splendid and desirable. So in 1876, when he was 13, Ellsworth gave up his job at the glassworks and became a bellboy at the McLure House for $6 a month, plus room and board and whatever he could pick up in tips.

The real turning point in his life, however, seems to have been a phrenological examination by one Prof. O. S. Fowler. Feeling the bumps on young Statler's head, the Professor produced a document entitled "Phrenological Character of Ellsworth M. Statler" which the Old Man forever after would get out and study. The Professor had found, in part, as follows:

"You are not at all brilliant . . . a miserable talker. You will pass through life without being noted for anything . . . Your caution greatly exceeds your enterprise. . . ."

It is possible that without this diagnosis, Statler might have gone through life, as the Professor said, "without being especially noted for anything." But he tried so hard to be unlike the "cautious, miserable" creature the report described that he deliberately made himself into the most daringly successful enterpriser that the hotel industry ever saw. Starting with the Statler Hotel in Buffalo, he eventually fashioned the world's most successful chain of hotels, revolutionized the art of innkeeping and established an entirely new concept of building and operating profitable hostelries.

It was the old Waldorf-Astoria in New York that introduced hotel super-courtesies to the millionaires who were its best customers. But Statler, who had probably never laid eyes on a millionaire until he reached maturity, learned the hotel business—and built an empire—by looking after the realistic wants of commercial drummers and theatrical troupers.

Once, when a young executive of his Pennsylvania Hotel in New York complained that Statler wasn't giving some of the fine touches of service that a few of the luxury hotels were dispensing, the Old Man said: "Look, if I wanted to, I could run a so-called luxury hotel. To hell with it! All I want to do is have more comforts and conveniences and serve better food than any of them do, and mine will be at a price ordinary people can afford."

And so the old Buffalo Statler, which opened in 1907, didn't have as many tailcoats and champagne buckets as did the Waldorf, but it did have a bath with every room—a convenience which neither the Waldorf nor any other hotel in the world had at that time.

Statler's most basic ideas were inspired by his bellhopping experiences at the old McLure House. There, he was interminably hustling pitchers of cracked ice to thirsty drummers. Result: circulating ice water in every modern Statler room.

There, as a night clerk, Statler observed that guests sometimes had difficulty locating the keyholes in their doors. So when he built his hotels, he had keyholes placed *above* the knobs rather than at the customary location underneath. This simple idea has prevented untold profanity and pandemonium.

Statler was the first to build a closet in every room, and he put an electric light in every closet. Out of deference to women with drooping petticoats, he put a full-length mirror in every room, too.

But perhaps his greatest contribution was the phrase, "The customer is always right" — and the fact that he made it stick with a policy of refusing to keep any employee who couldn't please the guests. "Nobody has a right to insult one of my guests but me," he used to say, "and I won't."

WHEN STATLER entered the hotel business, the industry was just beginning to emerge from the homely crudities of the tavern stage. It had not been many years since some hotels had punished guests for nonpayment of bills by cutting off their trousers at the knees and making them stand in the lobby with a sign around their necks reading "Deadbeat." Most of these early hotels had only one bathroom "down the hall" on each floor.

Then, during the latter decades of the 19th century, some hotels began to benefit from scientific discovery. But in spite of these advances, most remained stark in appearance and bare of luxuries. A great many that were famous for tables groaning under fowl and game had bleak, cold bedrooms upstairs, with blackened fireplaces, narrow windows and bare wooden floors. And the service, while it might have been willing, was also apt to be bumpkinish.

It was Statler's notion that he could provide essential comforts in a simple way, without the army of flunkies and valets with which European-managed hotels were staffed. He had to do this by designing hotels in which smaller staffs could dispense service conveniently. This is what he gradually did for his own houses, and they were to become the model for most of the larger hotels built in this country.

In an emergency, of course, Statler could rise to an occasion. One time, Tetrazzini, the illustrious Italian soprano, wired from New York that she was arriving in Buffalo that night, and would like a three-room suite. Statler had nothing larger than two connecting rooms, but he accepted the reservation anyway.

Within ten hours he had a doorway cut through a wall, had a door hung and the new wood covered with quick-drying paint. When Tetrazzini arrived, a three-room suite was waiting for her.

Veteran hotel men agree that the Old Man knew more about hotel blueprints than any architect, and he liked to inspect each of his buildings under construction. When the Boston Statler was nearing completion, Statler, who was 65 at the time, went up to look it over. About half the house had been viewed when his party suddenly discovered that the Old Man was no longer among them.

They started a frenzied search and finally found him lying in a dry bathtub, scowling at the ceiling. Statler said that the ceiling was not smooth enough to suit him, and all bathrooms with ceilings as rough as this one would have to be redone. Guests, he said, are most conscious of rough ceilings when they are lying in a tub.

Statler was the first hotel operator to introduce standardization into the purchase of his supplies and materials. As soon as he had two hotels to work with, he began purchasing all his silver of the same pattern, with the simple "S" monogram.

It used to be that when a new dining room was created, a new design of china had to be created to fit the decor. Now, the Statler chain design has been standardized to only two patterns for all the chain's hotels, and instead of designing new china to fit a new room, Statler's interior decorators are required to put in no colors that will clash with the china patterns.

Statler cut down on what he regarded as senseless paraphernalia by reducing cutlery to one size in dinner fork, steel knife, butter knife and teaspoon. He believed that most people were embarrassed by an array of silver that they might not use properly.

The Old Man went even further and standardized furniture to two varieties—standard double bed and a standard single bed. This made it possible to save not only by buying beds in quantities, but springs, mattresses and linens as well.

He believed in testing bed linens by simply running towels and sheets of several manufacturers through the laundry over and over until they began to fray. All other conditions being equal, Statler bought the brand that wore longest, and the company still buys linens that way.

The Statler people constantly delve into science and mathematics to keep their costs as low as is compatible with high standards. They test everything bought in quantities to see what brand performs best, from the toy balloons that the headwaiter gives children in the dining room to the roast beef the children's parents are eating.

Each hotel steward is required to go to the market personally; he can't order by telephone, except in emergencies. He picks out the portions he wants of meat and other foods, and stamps them with a company stamp. When the foods are delivered to the hotel, they are not accepted unless they bear the stamp.

In a recent normal year, Statler guests used 4,310,000 cakes of soap. The company conserves the remnants by melting them and pressing them into bars for use in the laundry. Each hotel accumulates millions of empty bottles. These are ground up daily and sold to glass manufacturers.

During one ordinary year, guests used, or took away, 4,195,000 sheets of stationery and 3,070,000 envelopes. The Statler Company cuts expenses by maintaining its own printing plant in Buffalo. In another average year, Statler hotels gave away 9,000,000 packets of Statler matches with the distinctive diagonal stripes. Most people are able to distinguish such a package at fifty paces.

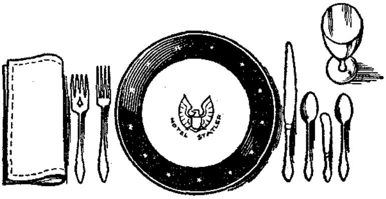
The company has printed a booklet that instructs bellboys in all matters they are likely to encounter when rooming a guest. The bellman is told how many lights to turn on if the day is cloudy, or how many if it is sunny. He is instructed to watch the guest's facial expression and try to determine, without asking, whether the guest is pleased with his room. If not, he reports to the assistant manager, who then inquires if the guest would like to have his room changed.

Statler bellmen, when leaving a newly roomed guest, are instructed to avoid the standard, "Is there anything else for you?" The Statler people feel that it sounds too much like a reminder that the bellman is now ready for his tip.

But, like almost every functionary in the hotel business, bellmen are occasionally confronted with situations not covered in the book of rules. One time at the Buffalo Statler, a new husband arrived covered with confetti and confusion. The confetti was from the wedding ceremony an hour or so before. The confusion was because he could not now find his bride. He informed the registration clerk that she had disappeared an hour before, not three blocks from the Statler.

The bell captain promptly sent some men out to search for the missing bride, who finally turned up locked in the restroom of a nearby filling station. She had failed to attract the attention of the station's attendant by screaming and pounding. But one of the Statler searching party chanced to hear her sounds of distress and investigated.

Another time at the Buffalo Statler, a bellman was called to the room of a guest who was in an equally ridiculous situation. He had packed in a trunk all his belongings, except the suit he was expecting to wear on the train. When he closed it, one trouser leg was caught in the jaws of the trunk.



The guest learned this when he attempted to pick up his pants to put them on. He tried to open the trunk to rescue them, but found that the key would not work. There he stood—and train time was getting nearer.

Finally a bellman managed to knock off the trunk top with a hammer and extricated the man's trousers. He tied the trunk with a rope and the man made his train. It was not until several hours later that the bellhop learned the guest was Ray Milland, the movie actor.

For every sharper among hotel men, there is usually a young innocent. At the Boston Statler, a young bellman was rooming three young women, who observed a fireplace in their suite's living room. They asked the bellman to light a fire. A new employee, he did not know that the fireplace was a dummy, intended only for a gas log.

The boy had the impression that the log was real and attempted to set the log ablaze with newspapers and coat hangers for kindling. The fire didn't burn well, but great clouds of smoke poured out into the suite and along the corridors. When the firemen arrived, they found the boy, his eyes streaming, still fanning the flames vigorously.

People are forever imagining lifelong friendship with hotel managers — especially when there are no rooms available. For that reason, Statler managers remain in the background much of the time. However, when an extremely important guest is arriving, the manager is required to be down at his front door to greet the VIP in the gracious, hospitable tradition of the old innkeeper.

Among Statler managers, Herbert C. Blunck, of the Washington house, has the most occasions to greet prominent guests. When the President of the United States arrives to attend a banquet or to address a meeting, his entourage draws up at the front entrance, a clipped lawn with wide steps fronting on 16th Street. Blunck, who is tall, good-looking and urbane, hovers just within the glass doors, ready to welcome the President, shake his hand and escort him to the Presidential ballroom.

The time of the President's arrival is never announced, but there are usually a few goggle-eyed guests standing around when he arrives, and soon everybody knows he is in the hotel. This gives most guests a tingling feeling of excitement and of being in the presence of big events. It is good for the prestige of both the hotel and the manager.

During such Presidential visits, every effort is made by the entire hotel staff to see that all goes smoothly. Often, however, something goes wrong.

When the late Joseph Short was appointed President Truman's press secretary, he was promptly stricken with stomach ulcers, an affliction that goes with his job. Not long after that, the Statler was arranging the first big dinner the President was to attend since Short became secretary, and the latter telephoned the hotel to say he could eat only clear consommé and a dish of custard, under doctor's orders.

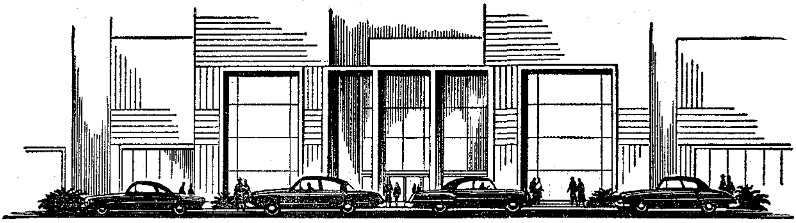
Unfortunately, the hotel got the impression that Short was ordering for the President. On the night of the dinner, the President was served a bowl of consommé and a dish of custard, while his secretary got the steak dinner.

Short, a self-effacing individual, went ahead and ate the heavy food rather than cause any trouble, but when the dish of custard was set before him, Mr. Truman rebelled. He gave the custard a scornful look and announced that he was hungry and in perfect health. He said, for goodness' sake, take that gooey stuff away, and bring him some meat and potatoes.

THE MISCELLANY of services performed by hotel managers is endless. When J. C. Meacham was manager of the Detroit Statler, he received a letter from a steady patron living in a small Midwestern city, who said that while he and his wife were in Detroit a few days before, she had bought a new girdle. However, as women sometimes are apt to do, she had underestimated her size.

The husband said he was mailing Meacham the girdle, and asked that he exchange it for a size larger. His wife couldn't remember the name of the store where she had bought it, but was able to describe it accurately enough for one of the bellboys to locate the place, and exchange the garment.

One night a young couple was arrested for some traffic infraction while driving through a small town about 50 miles from Boston, and fined $25 or three days in jail. They



didn't have the $25, and the magistrate refused to take a check.

Since they had always stopped at the Statler when they were in Boston, they phoned the manager and explained their trouble. He called a house detective and sent him to the rescue by car with $25 to pay the fine.

The most harassed individuals in the history of human frustration, however, are assistant managers, the men who wind up with 999 out of every 1,000 irate customers when they scream demands. Judson Cobb, former assistant manager at the Washington Statler, claims that a woman once came to him outraged because, she said, the hotel wouldn't cash her check for 78 cents. She had had to write this check to pay for a drink, having forgotten to put money in her purse. When Cobb asked where she had taken the check for cashing, she replied: "To the checkroom, of course."

The assistant managers in Detroit say that once when a woman had phoned from her room to ask what was the check-out hour, and they told her 3 o'clock, she replied: "I can't stay that long. My bus leaves at 1 o'clock."

The assistant managers in St. Louis tell about a woman who had called their desk to say that she was going to fly to New York, and asked what weight baggage she was allowed. When they told her 40 pounds, the lady responded, "I weigh more than that."

Occasionally, a convention will draw delegates from rural sections who have never stopped in a big hotel before. They have been known to arrive with hampers containing a three-day supply of food. At mealtimes, they may repair to the mezzanine balcony. There they will consume their sandwiches and sweet gherkins, while relaxing in the easy chairs, gazing comfortably across the upper spaces of the lobby.

Some convention delegates, unaccustomed to hotels, insist on cleaning their own rooms. They shoo the maids away, or else send them to fetch brooms and dust cloths. One time in St. Louis, a group of farmers from Arkansas, attending a convention, approached the Statler room clerk as they were preparing to go out early in the evening. They asked for a key to the hotel's front door, pointing out it would be midnight or later when they got back.

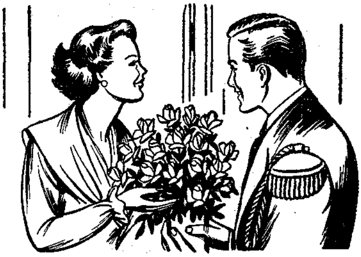
The assistant manager sometimes has to grapple with the problem of a guest who hides his money from thieves and himself. What complicates this situation is that the guest is likely to check out of the hotel and remember his money when he reaches a point several hundred miles away. Then he will place a desperate call to the hotel's assistant manager, and ask him to rush upstairs and see if his money is still there, while he hangs on the long-distance wire.

This happened once in Boston when a man left $5,000 inside the pages of the telephone directory. Some other guests had already taken over the room when he remembered it. Armed with a new telephone directory and fearing the worst, this assistant manager went to the room.

He told the occupants their directory was out of date, and he wished to replace it. When he got outside, he opened the directory, and to his vast relief found the hidden money.

Once, Assistant Manager Frank Bennett of the Cleveland Statler had occasion to go by the room of a guest from a nearby small town, and found the room full of money. It was lying in chunks about the floor, on the table, the desk and the bed. Bennett urged the man to take his money to a bank, or put it all downstairs in the hotel safe. The man refused. Bennett then went down and told the manager, Howard F. Dugan, about it.

Dugan, who had trouble believing what Bennett had reported, agreed to accompany his assistant to the man's room. When they entered, no money was in sight and the indignant guest told the manager that he had no idea what his assistant was talking about. The manager shot a puzzled, suspicious look at his assistant. Then Bennett noticed that the bed looked surprisingly lumpy. He threw back the mattress, and there again were piles of money.



The manager counted up to $70,000 before he got tired, but that was enough for him to instruct the guest to turn the money over to the hotel for safekeeping. The guest refused, and Dugan ordered him out. Presently they saw him sadly making his way out through the lobby, his suitcase bulging with cash, and a few bills sticking out here and there between the fastenings. It may have been the first time in the history of hotelkeeping that a guest was tossed out because he had *too much* money!

Whenever newly married couples arrive at a Statler—whether the hotel does or does not expect them or whether it has or has not been informed that they are newlyweds—the assistant manager is expected to do what he can to make them feel welcome.

This service includes ushering them out of the line waiting at the room clerk's window, registering them promptly in a room with a double bed, seeing that the bride's bouquet is taken for storage in the refrigerator, and sending up to the room a bouquet of suitable flowers.

No matter how hard newlyweds try to conceal the fact, hotel employees can spot them as soon as they enter the lobby. Generally they look embarrassed and self-conscious. The bride is usually wearing an oversized corsage, most often an orchid, and there are apt to be telltale traces of confetti and rice clinging to their clothing.

But there is one invariable rule to distinguish newlyweds: both brides and grooms *always* wear new shoes. These are inclined to squeak when the groom walks up to sign the register. As likely as not, he forgets to register for his new wife. Or else, in his confusion, he will write down one of several peculiar name combinations, such as: "John Jones and Millie Jones," or "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and wife."

One new husband at the Boston Statler got through signing the register all right, until he reached the line where he was to put their address. Then he turned to his new wife and asked, "Where are we going to be living—at your mother's house?" She nodded yes, and he filled in the address.

Of every $1,000 of income, the Statler Company loses 43 cents to skippers—people who leave without paying their bill. The credit department has its own signs and portents that warn it when a guest is in financial straits. One of these may be unusual hours a guest is keeping, sleeping during the day and eating at strange times of night. This indicates he is probably not spending his time doing anything financially constructive.

The housemaids report to the credit manager when they find that guests have been storing the hotel's towels in their luggage. This is of interest to the credit department—not so much for the individual act, but because it indicates that if a man will pilfer the hotel's property, there is a likelihood that he might try to escape paying his bill.

When sizing up a guest suspected of having skipping tendencies, it is the management's practice to note the type of phone calls he has made. If there are long-distance calls apparently made for business reasons, the chances are that the guest is legitimate, since the hotel has a record of who is on the other end of the wire.

Another skipper check is to examine the way a guest made his reservation: whether he wrote for a room, called for a reservation on the phone, or just walked in to the hotel and engaged one. If he wrote a letter in advance, the chances are he is all right, because letters can be traced.

Any guest who is stopping for the first time at a Statler hotel (or most other hotels, for that matter) is going to be investigated by the credit department after his bill reaches a certain figure, usually $100. At that point, the credit manager will probably render a bill. If this is not paid in one day, the manager will study the itemized bill for "suspicious" charges, such as too much whiskey being ordered to that room or the fact that the guest may be taking all his meals in the house and signing for them.

The credit manager will then go up and have a look at the guest's baggage while the owner is out. If the baggage is good and the man's clothing gives the appearance that he is there on legitimate stay, the credit department will allow the bill to run for a couple of more days. Otherwise, the credit manager may lock the door so that the guest will have to come to an understanding about things with the hotel management before he can get back to his room.

Once, a man and wife from Brooklyn lived two or three days a week in the New York Statler over a period of two months without paying for the room, food or services. They used a series of fake names, combined with a set of disguises, including wigs and false whiskers. It was their practice, when quitting the hotel, to abandon the bags they had. This was no loss to them, since they had contrived to steal the luggage which they used from department stores.

It finally reached the point where the two were bringing in their sheets, napkins and tablecloths from home and having them laundered at the Statler, at the hotel's expense. They were caught finally because the laundry reported that a peculiar thing was going on. Somebody kept sending back the same flatwork every other week, but it always came from a different room and from people with a different name.

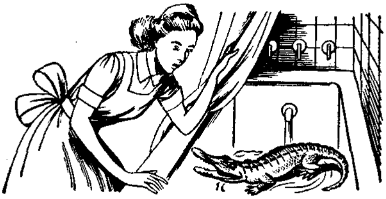
HOTEL THIEVES, another problem, specialize in creeping into rooms while the occupants are asleep. They seldom take valuables that the guest would miss immediately upon waking. If a guest is sleeping normally, a prowler's visit usually does awaken him, although generally by the time the sleeper's subconscious mind tells him something is wrong, the prowler has gone. The room occupant, who has a vague feeling of uneasiness, will usually look to see if his valuables are where he left them, and if they appear to be, he goes back to sleep.

One guest in the Cleveland Statler awakened at 4 o'clock one morning with an uneasy feeling. He switched on the lamp, and looked at the valuables he had placed on the night table before going to bed. His wallet was there. So were his $300 watch, a diamond ring and $21 in loose bills. The man went back to sleep. But next morning he found that $450 that had been in his wallet wasn't there any more.

Far from being thieves, the average Statler guest doesn't abuse his room or even disarrange it to speak of. An efficient maid can put most of her rooms in order in 15 minutes each—rooms that have been occupied by men, that is. It always takes longer to do a woman's room, as women are messier than men, in hotels anyway. There is one exception to this rule! Nuns are the neatest of all hotel guests. They generally put their own rooms in order, and do a better job than the maids.

Now and then, something happens to enliven the routine of a maid's day. Once, a maid sent a call to the supervisor to come in a hurry because a man was cutting up the carpet in his room. By the time the supervisor arrived with a house officer, this man had removed several oblong pieces from the carpet. He explained, logically enough, that he was about to take his children on a fishing trip, and did not want to get fish scales on the floor rugs of his car. So he decided to use several pieces of hotel carpet for protective covering.

Some guests, not familiar with hotels, may give the housekeeping department trouble because they can't find things in their room that are supposed to be there, or else they do not see them—drinking



glasses, for example. The Statler Company goes to great trouble to sterilize all drinking glasses for guest rooms, and wraps them in cellophane. A good many guests, unfamiliar with this procedure, will call the housekeeper and demand some drinking glasses, mistaking the wrapped ones on the bathroom shelf for ornaments.

The most exasperating experiences the housekeeping department has with male guests is when sex rears its ugly head. When a guest is inflamed with whiskey, maids sometimes have to flee for their honor, regardless of age, color or marital status. Then there are times, generally during conventions, when a guest may become befogged and wander out into the corridor in a nude state, presumably looking for the bathroom. An experienced maid, upon encountering this situation, will throw a sheet over the guest and attempt to steer him back quietly and firmly.

One time in Detroit, a maid who had come on duty early one morning, opened her linen closet and found standing inside it a naked man. It turned out he had got out of bed two-thirds asleep an hour or so before and, instead of opening the door to his bathroom, had gone through into the corridor. When he was awake enough to realize where he was, he was standing in the corridor unclad. The shock rendered him so helpless he could not remember his room number or the direction from which he had come. He heard some early-rising guests coming in his direction, so he ducked into a door that was cracked open. This proved to be the linen closet, where he remained too embarrassed to emerge until the maid found him.

Occasionally, maids have startling encounters with various strange pets that guests smuggle into rooms. In St. Louis, a maid reached over to pick up some soiled towels in a bathroom and grasped a large tropical snake. Another maid in the same hotel turned on the hot water in a tub, preparatory to washing the tub, but failed to look back of the shower curtain before turning the tap. Presently she heard loud splashings and grunts in back of the curtain. There was a sizable alligator having a hard time with the hot water.

IN HOTEL CIRCLES, "consumption" is the polite word for theft by guests. Occasionally, one Statler will receive a shipment of a few dozen old towels from some former guest who has gotten religion, and repented for his way of taking. Women, the company has found, are much worse about taking towels than men.

Once in a while somebody tries to walk out of a dining room carrying a champagne bucket under a coat or a silver sugar bowl in a hat. One time, the Washington Statler's officers stopped a man making off down L Street with one of the lobby chairs. People even steal Gideon Bibles. Mrs. Sarah Hippe, executive housekeeper at the Detroit Statler, reports that around 100 Bibles are taken every year.

The old Waldorf-Astoria used to claim the distinction of inaugurating among hotels the practice of cashing checks for guests. Today, there are plenty of hotel men who do not regard this as a distinction—more like a nuisance. For every $1,000 worth of business it does, for example, the Statler Company loses about 17 cents on bad checks.

Bad checks fall into four general categories: forgeries, no-accounts, accounts-closed, and insufficient funds, of which the latter are the most prevalent. Most I. S. F. checks, however, are collected eventually.

The majority of forgeries are done through use of credentials that have been lost or stolen. Consequently, holders of Statler credit cards are instructed to wire the company collect if their cards are lost or stolen. There have been instances when a card fell into the hands of some crook, who has flown from one Statler city to another to cash as many checks as possible before the company learned the card had left the original holder.

One bad-check artist was discovered in the Cleveland Statler after a housemaid had noticed a strange-looking mechanical apparatus in his room, which she reported to the chief house officer. It turned out to be a press for printing fake cashier's checks. This man had only to look into the Dun & Bradstreet directory, get the name of the cashier of some remote bank, print a check on some forms he carried with him, sign the cashier's name, and he was in business.

The most frequent type of character who gives hotels checks drawn on banks in which he has no account is a youngish fellow between 25 and 35, well dressed and nice looking. Frequently, these men will write letters to themselves and attempt to use them as credentials. The letters are usually written on the stationery of some large business concern, and signed with the name of one of its officials, who appears to be on intimate terms with the recipient.

Some bad-check artists go to considerable trouble before making their illicit transactions. One crafty operator arranged an imaginary banquet for 600 persons at $8 a plate, in addition to a couple of large luncheons and a cocktail party, which were to occur about four days later.

The New York sales department believed in him so strongly that it threw its weight around among Broadway ticket agencies to procure for members of the organization 130 tickets to a current musical hit. The hotel even paid for the tickets, expecting to collect from the organization.

But neither the banquet, the luncheons nor the cocktail party ever took place. After the hotel had cashed his bogus check for $100, the man disappeared and has never been heard of since around Seventh Avenue and Thirty-third Street. Fortunately, the hotel suspected

that something was wrong before it prepared the food for the banquet, but it was too late to dispose of all tickets, which were forgotten in the confusion.

And so it came about that the audience attending the musical comedy that night had a large representation of Statler employees—bellboys, porters, housemaids, engineers, cooks, dishwashers, waiters and house detectives—who seldom attend Broadway productions. They had been amazed, upon getting off work that evening, to receive offers of free tickets, courtesy of the hotel management.

THE STATLER laundry service is a vast, mechanized operation, but it sometimes runs into trying personnel problems. One was a girl from Virginia named Ruby, at the Washington Statler. She was a hard worker with more than average intelligence, so the superintendent put her in charge of the machine that prints laundry marks upon guests' clothing.

The hotel, although in operation, was still under construction at the time, and new equipment was being added every day. One of the last gadgets to be installed was the TeleAutograph—a mechanical system for sending messages from the general offices to various departments throughout the hotel. The operator writes upon it a message, which is transmitted by electrical impulses throughout the building to receiving devices, where the message is recorded on rolls of paper by a mechanical writing arm.

The laundry's TeleAutograph receiver was installed late one night when none of the laundry force was on duty. It was located in the small room where Ruby worked. Ruby, who had never heard of anything of the sort in her life, was marking shirts at 8 o'clock next morning when the little box clicked a couple of times and began writing a row of figures.

The girl dropped her work and retreated to the far side of the room, where she regarded the thing bug-eyed until it stopped writing. Then she crept up on it, got her work, and went to the other end of the room, where she resumed marking. Presently, the thing clicked and began to write again.

This time it wrote words, which was too much for the terrified Ruby. She grabbed her hat, raced down the corridor, and was fast leaving her hotel career when the superintendent overtook her at the employees' entrance.

"This place," Ruby announced, "is hanted, and I don't want nothing to do with hants."

She was finally persuaded to stay after the superintendent had the operator in the general offices send a message on the TeleAutograph, which said: "Dear Ruby: Don't be afraid of me. I am no ghost. I'm just a machine, and I'm here to help you do your work better . . . (signed) Mr. Statler."

Ghosts are not, however, the principal problems with which employees in Statler laundries have to grapple. A guest whose mind is on other things may casually send down items of great value in his soiled laundry. Within a short time he is likely to burst wildly into the laundry, demanding that everything be stopped instantly until whatever the item was which he has sent down by accident has been recovered.

One guest in New York came into the laundry, shouting that he had left $250 in the pocket of a sports shirt. The checker had missed catching that as the shirt went by but, after thrashing through that day's mountainous wash, they found the money tumbling around among several hundred shirts and some washing powder.

There was the time in Cleveland when a man telephoned the laundry to say he had left two $1 bills in a pocket, and they'd damn well better still be there when his clothes were returned. With a sly note of triumph, Superintendent Matt Brady told the man that he was mistaken. There were not two $1 bills in the pockets—there were two $10 bills. "I don't want two $10 bills," this surprising customer shouted, "I want my two $1 bills or nothing!"

IN 1918, when the Hotel Pennsylvania was being built for him in New York, Mr. Statler had Horwath & Horwath, noted hotel accountants, set up a food-control system for that house, which was later installed in his other hotels. The company still uses this system as a basis, but has added so many touches of its own that Statler's food controls have for a long time had the reputation of being the most intricate and effective in the industry.

One rival operator says he wouldn't think of sending back to the kitchen some dish that didn't suit him, when he is dining at the Statler. If he did, he says he would hear, in his imagination, calculators clashing all the way from New York to St. Louis as Statler's food department readjusted its records, prices and estimates in consideration of this single rejected plate of corned beef and cabbage.

Food control means simply a hotel's system of determining the cost of feeding its customers, what its customers like to eat, and what prices the house ought to put on its menus to make the desired profit. When he started in business, Mr. Statler's idea of a profit that was fair, both to hotels and customers, was 15 per cent, and the organization has kept a 15 per cent profit as its goal ever since.

In June, 1951, the Statler in Cleveland was paying $1.07 for every serving of roast beef, when trimmed. In figuring cost on the menu, the company adds to the meat cost the cost of the accompanying vegetables, which average about 15 cents a serving, and the cooking materials—salt, pepper, oils and spices—amounting to about five cents, making the raw materials for a roast beef luncheon cost $1.27.

When this is multiplied by three, the price on the menu, according to the formula, should be $3.81, to pay all the costs of preparing and serving and give the desired profit.

However, the company felt this was more than the customer should be charged. So the price of a roast-beef luncheon at the Cleveland Statler that month was set at $3.15, or 66 cents lower than it should have been for the company to make its 15 per cent profit. In fact, on every serving of roast beef that month, it took a loss.

Although French cooking is the basis of their kitchens, the Statler hotels vary their dishes and meth-

ods of preparation in deference to tastes in individual cities. Clam chowder at the Boston Statler is always made New England style, with cream, while the hotels in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis serve no chowder but the Manhattan type, with tomatoes and vegetables. Their customers do not recognize the New England style. The other houses in the organization serve both kinds.

For any weekday luncheon during the fall, winter or spring, the head chef knows that if he offers the following entrees on the menu, each will appeal to about the following number of customers: corned beef and cabbage, 180 to 200 takers, so he always buys 12 briskets of corned beef; leg of lamb, 180 customers, so he buys 18 legs of lamb; fillet of sole, 160 takers; shirred eggs and sausage, 110 takers; scrambled eggs and Canadian bacon, 180 to 200; Spanish omelet, 175; lamb chops, 200 to 220; charcoal-broiled hamburger steak, 250 to 270; Irish lamb stew, 215; and cold seafood plate, 150 customers, if the plate contains shrimp, crab and lobster; otherwise, there are only half as many takers.

At dinner, roast beef is the most popular item on the menu, considering that it is usually the most expensive, and 100 to 125 diners will order it. The most popular expensive dessert is Statler ice-cream pie. In a day, from 200 to 250 portions will be consumed, while about 100 diners prefer Statler cheese cake. Among the less expensive desserts, apple pie is the most popular—with 500 to 600 portions being served to customers daily.

E. M. STATLER gave a lot of thought during his lifetime as to how the custom of tipping might be abolished. But since tipping is something bigger than any one industry, and is grounded upon some basic human behavior, he concluded that he alone was not a powerful enough man to kill it, although he continued to regard tipping as a sinister practice, to say nothing of being stupid and ridiculous.

He once made a strong experiment against the practice in his hotel checkroom and dining rooms, but it didn't work.

In spite of all the signs advising to the contrary, customers still insisted on handing a dime or quarter tip to the girl behind the counter when she gave them their hat, or to the waiter for his service. Statler finally gave up his crusade and published reluctantly in the Statler Hotel Service Code a notice that he did not believe a hotel could be maintained on a tipless basis, because some people would persist in tipping in spite of all the rules to the contrary.

"But," he added to his customers, "please do not tip unless you feel like it. If you tip, let your tipping be the yielding to a genuine desire, not conforming to an outrageous custom."

Statler spent a lot of money developing the Servidors and installing them in his hotels. They eliminate the necessity of the guests' coming in contact with and tipping service employees. Servidors are now used in many hotels outside the Statler organization, but the first ones in the world were installed in the Statler-owned Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City.

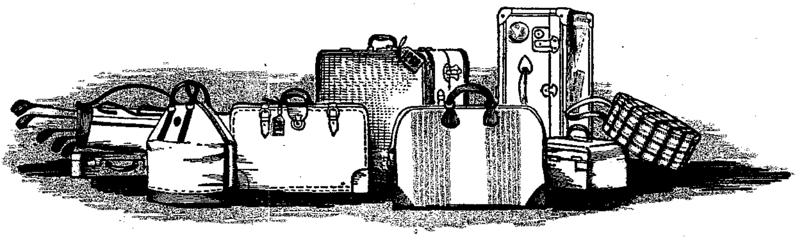
Before his death, Statler was considering a plan to serve meals via Servidor—breakfasts, at least. His idea was a "packaged breakfast"—a simple meal a guest might order by telephone the night before. It would consist, perhaps, of cold fruit juice in a thermos jug, toast or crisp rolls kept warm in a special container, fruit jelly or marmalade, and hot coffee in a thermos. This breakfast would be enclosed in a package and delivered at the hour named into the Servidor in the guest's door.

A guest could have his breakfast in the dining room or the coffee shop, if he chose, but Statler figured that the "packaged breakfast" would save guests considerable time and trouble and would, of course, eliminate all necessity of tipping at breakfast time.

Statler died before he could put this idea into effect, and the organization has not attempted to push the idea since.

The company still does what it can, however, to live up to the Old Man's operational proverb—"Tip grafters get short shrift here"—by keeping investigators traveling from hotel to hotel, pretending to be guests. Their duties include handing out meager tips to hotel employees and observing their reactions. If a bellboy or porter registers disgust at the size of the tip which he is given he is reported immediately to the management.

But neither Mr. Statler nor anybody else has ever been able to do much about the traditional principles of tipping in the hotel dining room. That is all tied up with human vanity, pride and snobbery. If Statler had been able to revolutionize dining-room tipping—which would have amounted to readjusting human nature—by now he would be recognized easily as the greatest reformer in the history of the world, instead of just the greatest reformer in the history of the hotel business.



Lincoln of the Sea

by ANDREW HAMILTON

Andy Furuseth fought a gallant battle to win human rights for his fellow sailors

THE VETERAN chief mate of the *Capital Victory* jerked his thumb toward the Liberty ship *Andrew Furuseth* as they passed in mid-Atlantic during World War II.

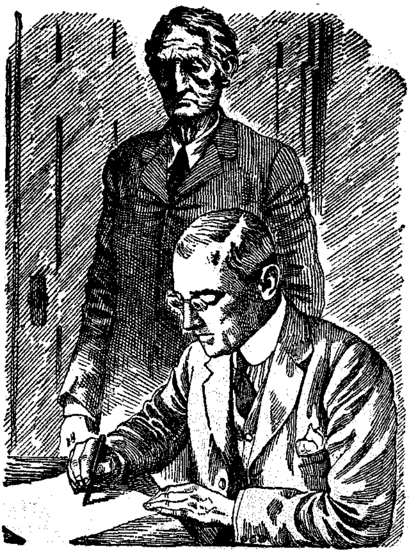
"Know who that ship was named after?" he asked a young helmsman.

"No, sir."

The mate questioned every sailor in his 140-man crew. None had ever heard of Andrew Furuseth, a man who had dedicated his life to striking off the shackles of American seamen, and who had made ocean-going travel the safest in the world.

Most landlubbers, too, know little or nothing about this almost legendary figure who was sometimes called "The Abraham Lincoln of the Sea." But Furuseth's name should rank high among America's select company of freedom lovers—Patrick Henry, Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln himself. His is an inspiring story of what one dedicated man can accomplish against overwhelming odds of birth and circumstance.

Andrew Furuseth was born in Norway in 1854, the fourth son of a poor family. At an early age he was apprenticed to a farmer who beat him cruelly. He ran away to sea—only to encounter more brutality.



As a 19-year-old sailor aboard a windjammer in the sweltering Indian Ocean, Furuseth made the decision by which he steered his life. A brutal mate had forced him to work until he fainted. Young Andy dragged himself to his bunk and grimly opened a clasp knife, vowing, "I'll kill any man who lays a hand on me!"

Fortunately, nobody tried to rouse him, and in a few days he was able to stand his watches again.

Why should this have happened to him, he asked himself. What had almost caused him to become a murderer? Why didn't seamen band together to do something about the incessant floggings, about cramped quarters, wormy, inedible food, absurdly low pay?

Ten years later, Furuseth entered the U. S. by deserting a British ship in Tacoma, Washington. He said later that he came to America because it was the only country in the world that had dared to proclaim in a political document "that all men are . . . endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, and that among these rights are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness . . ."

Single-handed, Furuseth set about remedying the prisonlike conditions that existed aboard American as well as foreign ships. The odds against him were terrific. He was poor, uneducated, a foreigner. The men in whose cause he had enlisted had no political power, because they were seldom in port long enough to vote. He was opposed by rich and powerful shipping interests.

A VIKING of a man, sinewy and hard, standing well over six feet in height, Andy Furuseth had the high cheekbones and narrowed eyes of an Indian chieftain. A shock of unruly hair, black when he was young, turning snowy-white in his declining years, was in keeping with his character.

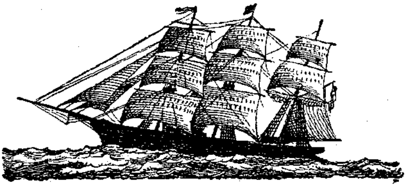
In March, 1885, he met with a small group of seamen among piles of lumber on San Francisco's Folson Street wharf and formed the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, which later grew into the International Seamen's Union, A.F.L. Andy soon was elected secretary of the organization. He lived in a shabby room on East Street in San Francisco. Whenever he had to travel, he shipped before the mast or bought a steerage ticket.

Like Lincoln, he was compelled to teach himself. Without the tools of language and history, he knew that he would be handicapped in his crusade to free the sailors from their legal chains. While friends caroused at night, Andy read by the light of a flickering lamp until his eyes ached.

Gradually he acquired mastery of the English language. And as he read deeply of Shakespeare and the Bible, his spoken and written words took on an Anglo-Saxon simplicity and directness that were most effective. He became an authority on maritime law, and later was said to be "the most learned legal layman in the United States."

Before the turn of the 20th century, American merchant seamen were ruthlessly shanghaied aboard outbound vessels. At sea, they were often flogged so severely that men jumped overboard rather than endure further torture. Their bunks were tiny cubicles in filthy forecastles. They ate from large pans as they squatted on the deck.

The cause of this evil lay in the fact that, under ancient law, a sailor was forced to complete the round trip from the port where he had signed on—sometimes as much as three years later. A fugitive seaman's law of 1791 outlined severe penalties—imprisonment and re-



turn to the vessel—for those who violated these medieval rules.

As he learned law, Andy Furuseth took cases of abused seamen to court, on the grounds that sailors were being treated as slaves. But judges and juries always ruled against him, saying in effect that the 13th Amendment applied to Negroes but not to sailors.

By 1894, Andy realized that any real improvement for seamen would have to come through Congressional legislation. So he shipped around the Horn and took up residence in a third-rate hotel in Washington, D.C. At first the police, inspired by shipowners, dogged his every move. He was called a "dangerous radical," a "subversive alien," an "anarchist."

Senator Robert (Old Bob) LaFollette agreed to meet with Furuseth, whom he later described as "a tall, bony, slightly stooped man with a face bespeaking superior intelligence and lofty character."

Furuseth said in his direct way, "Senator, I should like to interest you in the cause of the American sailor. I'm one myself. And I want to be free."

LaFollette looked sharply at his visitor. "I don't know what you mean. Surely there are no more slaves under the American flag. Lincoln changed all that."

"Not for the sailor," Andy shot back. "All other Americans are free. The sailor has been forgotten."

For 32 years, this one-man lobby for American seamen talked to lawmakers and federal officials, wrote articles and letters, delivered speeches. Slowly, influential members of Congress swung to his cause. The Maguire Act of 1895 and the White Act of 1898 were steps toward his goal. But Andy still didn't have what he sought: ironclad legislation that would free the sailormen.

When the *Titanic* was sunk by an iceberg in 1912 and 1,500 lives were lost, the American people demanded greater safety precautions on seagoing ships. It was a heaven-sent opportunity for Andy Furuseth to push his bill which would allow sailors to leave their ships in any port.

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE introduced the measure and it was passed by both Houses. But foreign shipping interests protested, and President William Howard Taft refused to sign. This was a bitter blow for Andy, but he grimly returned to the fight, attracting to his determined crusade many brilliant lawyers who gave generously of time and experience in helping frame legislation and testing cases in court.

Furuseth knew the tricks of the legal business as well as the letter of the law. Once he constructed a full-sized model of a ship's forecastle. He brought it into court and climbed inside its narrow, cramped bunk. He made his point.

After 32 years of bitter frustration, Furuseth won his greatest victory on March 4, 1915. The ex-Norwegian deckhand stood in the Executive Chamber of the White House. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, sat at a nearby desk. He was about to sign the Seaman's Act, known popularly as the LaFollette Seaman's Act.

The Seaman's Act abolished arrest and imprisonment for desertion by American seamen in any port in the world, and foreign seamen in any American port; provided increased space in ships' forecastles; improved food; specified an adequate number of lifeboats, time off in port, and the like.

As the President signed the paper, Furuseth raised his hands in prayer, then broke into sobs of joy.

With the passage of the Seaman's Act, Furuseth began an international campaign for safety at sea, not only of ships' crews but the traveling public as well. He carried his fight up to the League of Nations. And it was largely through his efforts and the backing of his union that today's international laws for safety were adopted.

FURUSETH was a unique labor leader. Even his sharpest critics and bitterest enemies acknowledged that he was incorruptible. He sought nothing for himself. Many times he thundered at union delegates, his bony knuckles thumping the rostrum: "A union official to be efficient should have *nothing of his own and want nothing for himself.*"

During the major part of his career he lived on a salary of $37.50 a week—just enough to pay rent on his tiny hotel room and to buy food, books and tobacco. Even when the International Seamen's Union had a treasury surplus of several hundred thousand dollars, he was virtually forced to accept a raise to $75 a week.

Andy never married. He used to say that he wanted to make it possible for seamen "to have a wife and home and a couple of kids," but he denied himself such happiness.

Work and freedom were his religion. In a speech delivered at the University of California in 1927, he declared:

"Work is worship—to labor is to pray, because that is to exercise the highest, the divine faculties implanted in us as sons of God. It matters not if the labor be the writing of a thesis or the digging of a ditch, it is the same divine faculty to labor—to create—and upon its proper and free use depends the life of individuals, nations and races."

The indomitable old sea eagle died in Washington at 84, as poor in worldly goods as the day he fled penniless from the British ship in Tacoma, but wealthy in accomplishment and friendship.

By order of Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, Andy Furuseth's body lay in state for three hours in the rotunda of the Department of Labor building—an honor accorded to no other labor leader. Dignified lawmakers, battered seamen, citizens of all walks of life filed past the bier to pay homage to a great and simple man.

At his request, his body was cremated and the ashes taken aboard the merchant ship *Schoharie*. When the vessel was halfway between the U. S. and England, the ashes were scattered on the calm, blue sea which he had made into a decent home for sailormen.

Quiet, Please

THERE ARE TWO OCCASIONS when you should keep your mouth shut —when swimming and when feeling angry. —*Grit* (Williamsport, Pa.)

Champion's Reward

by **BUD GREENSPAN**

An American had to wait 15 years before winning his accolade in Germany

ON AUGUST 1, 1936, at the newly built Reich Sports Grounds in Berlin, the curtain rose on one of the great dramas of the century. The leading roles were assigned to Chancellor Adolf Hitler of Germany, Jesse Owens, an American Negro and the world's fastest runner, and the thousands of Germans who jampacked the stadium during the first and ensuing days of the 11th renewal of the modern Olympic Games.

Hitler dramatically proclaimed the opening of the Games and the athletes took their oath.

The crowd settled in its seats, awaiting the opening contests for world supremacy in amateur sport. For although the Olympic Games in essence are a challenge of individual against individual, sportsmen and diplomats understood that this year the stakes would be higher; that the 1936 Olympiad would be a struggle between Hitler's "race of supermen" and the mixture of every race, creed and color that made up the American team.

Hitler glowed triumphantly the first day of competition as two German athletes won gold medals. The winners were ushered to the dictator's box and warmly embraced by the happy Fuehrer. Later that afternoon, Jesse Owens of the U. S. set a world and Olympic record as he won his trial heat of the 100-meter dash; next day he won the final in this event.

Owens stood solemnly atop the winner's platform as the strains of the *Star Spangled Banner* swept through the stadium. But Hitler refused to receive him, as he had the German athletes previously.

The following day Owens broke the world and Olympic record in the broad jump. Hitler spent some unhappy moments as Owens and the German second-place winner, Lutz Long, walked off the track arm in arm. The crowd roared its acclaim, but a few minutes later spectators and athletes alike were stunned as they saw Long alone appear in the dictator's box, receiving the accolades reserved for champions. Again, Hitler had turned his back on the American winner.

Owens won his third title next day as he showed his heels to the other finalists in the 200-meter dash. In a drizzling rain, officials placed a laurel wreath atop his head. Newspaper stories the following day pointed out that the rain necessitated the Chancellor's early retirement from the Arena.

In sharp contrast to Hitler's defiance was the attitude of the German public. Everywhere Jesse went, he was treated with warmth and affection. One German reporter wrote: "Jesse Owens is the greatest athlete in the world. He is the fastest runner, the greatest jumper, and the finest of gentlemen."

The following week Owens captured his fourth gold medal, joining three teammates in winning the 400-meter relay. He was mobbed by the fans who showered him with flowers and gifts, but Hitler was apparently absent when the medals were given out. A few days later, Owens, with the rest of the U. S. team, sailed for home.

In August, 1951, fifteen years after his magnificent Olympic performances, Owens returned to Germany. He was there, along with the fabulous Harlem Globe Trotter basketball team, on a good-will exhibition tour. In West Berlin, more than 75,000 fans jammed the Reich Sports Grounds, scene of the 1936 Olympic Games.

After the first half of the basketball exhibition, the crowd hushed as the public-address system blared an announcement. All eyes turned to one of the mammoth portals. Moving majestically from under the great arch came Jesse Owens. Dressed in Olympic uniform, the great champion slowly trotted around the red clay track.

The crowd, many of whom had witnessed the 1936 Olympic Games, hysterically responded. The crescendo was deafening. With perfect stride he finished his run, then made his way to the box where the German Chancellor once stood.

This time the box was filled. Owens reached the box and was greeted by the Mayor of West Berlin. The official raised his arms for silence and the throng quieted. With tears in his eyes, the Mayor said: "Fifteen years ago Hitler wouldn't shake your hand. I give you both hands."

With that, he grabbed Owens by the hands and they warmly embraced as the crowd let forth with unequaled emotion. After waiting 15 years, Jesse Owens at last received a champion's reward.

Tally-Ho!

An exclusive hunt club held a fox hunt and instructed members to bring only male hounds. However, one influential gentleman owned only a female, so she was allowed to run with the pack.

A fox was started and the huntsmen followed for an hour, then lost the pack completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer in a field and asked, "Have you seen anything of a pack of hounds and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "the fox was running fifth!" —*Voo Doo*

For the first time,
Coronet tells the story of . . .

How We Almost Missed the H-Bomb

by Tris Coffin

THE MONTH was September, 1949. The world was looking forward to a tranquil autumn. The Washington *Post*, usually concerned with international affairs, commented editorially on the weather: "Five sparkling days that were jewels of weather, a mellow sunlight, but enough of a tang to produce an up-and-doing mood." The Dodgers and the Cardinals were in a nip and tuck pennant race. A small brunette coed from Arizona with a 22-inch waist was chosen Miss America at Atlantic City.

The White House aide, Gen. Harry Vaughan, had just been questioned by an obscure Wisconsin Senator named Joe McCarthy about a food-freezer gift. The "Veep," Alben Barkley, was gallantly courting his youthful second wife-to-be. The New York *Times* optimistically reported signs that the "Cold War" between East and West was fading. Everywhere the world was drifting in a nostalgic mood toward an era of lasting peace.

Then, suddenly, that mood was destroyed by a vagrant cloud that drifted southward over the Caucasus Mountains, toward the Black Sea. Shepherds and border guards watched it idly—a large innocent-looking mass, moving across the blue sky. But in the United States it told a terrible secret, one that was rushed to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon and from there to the President.

A few hours later, a shaken, tight-lipped Harry Truman told a group of visiting British clergymen at the White House that man, in order to survive, must learn to live by the Sermon on the Mount.

This article relates for the first time the full story of that idle cloud, the tragic dilemma it brought, and the final decision that men will be arguing a hundred years hence . . .

Truman was told the secret in the Presidential study—an oval, light-filled office that looks out onto

rose gardens. The President learned three basic facts.

The cloud drifting across Southern Russia bore radioactive particles. These might come from an exploding atomic pile, but the weight of evidence indicated it was an A-bomb. Further, the Soviet explosion had come at least ten years ahead of America's best scientific estimates.

Truman listened in silence. Then he sighed deeply and said, almost to himself: "That means we have no time left."

One of those present at the White House has recently described the scene on that day in 1949: "Harry Truman had a deeply moving, even religious feeling about world peace. The President believed the world would either win peace or 'go to hell in a basket,' to use his phrase.

"He and his advisors had counted on a few years to impress upon Stalin that the Russians must try to live peaceably with the rest of the world. Truman was sure that if he held enough high cards, he could persuade the Kremlin to see things his way. His ace was the atomic bomb.

"The discovery that Russia had exploded a bomb was a violent shock, cushioned only by the President's deep-rooted sense of fatalism. To him, this was a warning from a Higher Being that man must place his faith in more than superiority of arms. . . ."

The secret was next taken to the National Security Council, heart of American policy-making. The meeting was held in a high-ceilinged room of the old War-Navy-State Building, across the way from the White House. Some ten persons were present, including the Secretaries of State and Defense, the Central Intelligence director, and their top advisors.

THE FACTS were outlined. The U. S. had obtained the Soviet secret by gauging radioactivity in clouds drifting from the Caucasus. The explosion meant beyond a doubt that Russia, in only four years, had constructed a complicated atomic industrial system. And yet this seemed impossible, like aborigines found manufacturing modern automobiles in a jungle!

No one spoke for a moment, but the thought was in every mind. What next?

The Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, made the first concrete proposal. The Defense Department's policy of economizing on our arms program must be reversed. We must build arms speedily and forget about balancing the budget and freeing youth from military training. We must influence our Allies to do the same.

Acheson, in his cultivated voice, said: "This is a great crisis. We have no time to lose."

No one else at the tense meeting disagreed with Acheson's arms speed-up plan, but views divided on how to handle the Russian secret. Could it be hidden from the world? How could we be sure this *was* a bomb, and not an exploding

pile? What if the Soviets broke the news first, using it as a vast propaganda weapon to paralyze the will of France and Italy, bring Yugoslavia back to the Cominform, sap the strength of Britain by debate, and turn India into a semi-satellite?

President Truman decided to make a public announcement, but to couch it casually, and thus reduce alarm. Two weeks from the day the cloud drifted across the Caucasus, a White House statement was read privately to the Cabinet:

"I believe the American people, to the fullest extent consistent with national security, are entitled to be informed of developments in the field of atomic energy . . . We have evidence that within recent weeks, an atomic explosion occurred in the USSR. Ever since atomic energy was first released by man, the eventual development of this new force by other nations was to be expected . . . This recent development emphasizes once again . . . the necessity for that truly effective and enforcible international control of atomic energy which this Government and the large majority of the members of the UN support."

As Truman read the announcement in his mild twang, a sudden storm broke over Washington. Thunder rumbled, lightning flashed, rain lashed the White House windows. Then, just as abruptly, the storm was gone. The President remarked that this was an omen.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT was distributed to reporters at the White House on September 23. It reverberated throughout the world. The U. S. Senate became a gloomy forum of disaster. Man-on-the-street broadcasts picked up the awed or frightened voices of average citizens. The chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, David Lilienthal, said from his vacation retreat that the U. S. must "establish unquestioned leadership" in the A-bomb race.

Yet, the one reaction that altered history has not hitherto been made public. This was a letter written by Lewis L. Strauss to fellow members of the Atomic Energy Commission, in which he said that the hopes of idealists for a peaceful world were now dust. The U. S. had no choice but to build a more terrible weapon.

Strauss was "The Great Dissenter" on the Commission. In a sense, he symbolized the practical businessman as opposed to the visionaries of peace. Strauss' background was in government and banking, and as World War II advisor to Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal. He had been responsible for discovering the secret of the cloud, by overcoming opposition in the Commission to a system for analyzing cloud contents. He was backed in this, as in other intense debates, by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy and by the Defense Department.

The Commission was dominated by the thinking of those who called themselves "The League of Frightened Men." These were, with few exceptions, the atomic scientists, such as J. R. Oppenheimer, Harold Urey and Hans Bethe—men of the laboratory driven suddenly into the hurly-burly of practical politics. They were moved by a sense of guilt. Hiroshima haunted them.

One told a friend his feelings when the first A-bomb was exploded in New Mexico: "I attended a gathering of scientists and military men in the desert dawn. We all felt very lonely there, very special, very remote. With the world what it is and human nature what it is, we were afraid we might be bringing into being forces which the world might never master."

From this dread grew a belief that if the U. S. would share atomic knowledge with the world, including Russia, a golden age of peace and plenty might come. The strategy was to shock nations into this policy by reciting accounts of bomb damage—accounts that would grow with each telling.

An example was Dr. Oppenheimer's dramatic testimony before a Senate committee in 1945. He said there was no defense against A-bombs, and that most of America could be wiped out in one enemy attack. From this warning he went on to prophesy:

"The nature of the world is not secret. Only policy is secret. You cannot keep the atom secret. The immediate problem is to get confidence among nations, not force them apart by trying to build up a great secret. If I were a Russian scientist and had this pulled on me, I would say: 'Boys, let's get to it!' I think they will . . ."

Lilienthal, something of a poet, something of an evangelist, became the spokesman of "The League of Frightened Men." Strauss was placed in an unenviable position. He was the "one" in the four-to-one decisions of the Commission. He wanted more secrecy; the scientists swore they could not operate in such stifling atmosphere. He opposed sharing atomic secrets with the British and Canadians; the scientists and State Department policy makers insisted on it. He fought, with the help of the then Secretary of Defense, Forrestal, against exporting A-bombs to Britain.

BY THE TIME the cloud drifted southward across the Caucasus in 1949, Strauss had almost decided to give up the minority struggle and resign. But the news from Russia shocked him into staying for one more fight. His first shot was his memo to the AEC, which made these points:

1. When the Soviet exploded a bomb, the U. S. lost forever its superiority in the atomic weapons field.

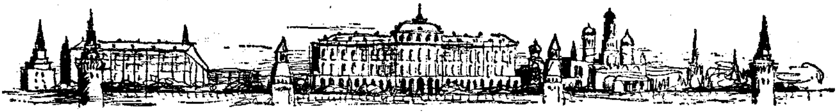
2. At the moment that the Soviet had as many A-bombs as it needed, the Kremlin would strike. It mattered not whether the U. S. had 1,000 or 100,000 more bombs than the enemy.

3. The U. S. must find a way to hold back a third World War until the Soviet hunger for conquest was weakened by internal strife.

4. Our only hope was to create a new and greater deterrent to Soviet aggression, a weapon more powerful than the A-bomb. Hence, the AEC must turn its vast energies immediately *to the manufacture of a hydrogen bomb!*

The Strauss letter built up waves of opposition. "The League of Frightened Men" already had one giant weapon of terror. Now they were asked to create another! When would it stop? Only when man would destroy the world?

Robert F. Bacher, scholarly former member of the Commission, raised objections: "Many people



say, and with justice, that no civilized country should consider the H-bomb's development and use. It would have an explosive force equivalent to about 20,000,000 tons of TNT—a thousand times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. Such a bomb would cause almost complete destruction of any metropolitan area known today.

"It seems likely there is no metropolitan area which could not be destroyed by 25 atomic bombs . . . One soon begins to wonder just what additional military use an H-bomb is."

Lastly, he said, it was doubtful that an H-bomb could be created. Diverting vast energies, precious materials and scarce talents to a hopeless task would set us back enormously.

Strauss again replied that we had no alternative to the project. Russia would build an H-bomb whether we did or not, and use it when the Kremlin felt the time was ripe.

LILIENTHAL also answered the Strauss letter. On October 13, 1949, the Chairman told the Freedom House Award dinner: "It is, I believe, a fact that our possession of a great lead in this (atomic bomb) weapon provides—and if that lead is maintained, may continue for some time to provide—a deterrent to armed aggression." In other words, build up an atomic stockpile rather than embark on an H-bomb development program.

Lilienthal also attacked "this senseless business of extremes of secrecy" and called for "a broader area of cooperation in atomic matters with Britain and Canada."

These words angered the Congressional Atomic Committee and the Defense Department. The late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, along with Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, was told that reports to the Joint Chiefs of Staff revealed that some atomic secrets had slipped out to Russia via British sources. Vandenberg went directly to Truman, who issued an order halting the further flow of restricted information outside the U. S.

But, except for one blunder, the debate over the H-bomb was hidden from the public. The slip came from Senator Ed Johnson, member of the Congressional Atomic Committee. On a TV forum, he blurted: "Now our scientists already have created a bomb that has six times the effectiveness of the bomb dropped at Nagasaki and they're not satisfied; they want one that has a thousand times the effect!"

This was on November 1, close to the time that Strauss' arguments came to a test vote in the Commission. The forces arrayed against the H-bomb were: the General Advisory Committee of nine scientists. These agreed with Hans Bethe, discoverer of the thermo-nuclear origin of the sun's energy, who wrote:

"I believe the most important question is the moral one. Can we, who have always insisted on morality and human decency, introduce this weapon of total annihilation into the world? I believe we would lose all our liberties and human values in a hydrogen-bomb war. . ."

Acheson believed that one more supreme effort should be made to seek agreement with Russia on atomic control, before starting down the path from which there could be no retreat.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff were extremely skeptical of the H-bomb. They believed that billions spent, perhaps fruitlessly, could be better used to expand the Army, Navy and Air Force.

And the Atomic Energy Commission, as usual, voted 4 to 1 against the project.

BUT THIS did not end the contest. Strauss gained an important ally in Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, a stubborn man. As Johnson recalls the incident, Strauss was brought to his office in the Pentagon by an old friend from Forrestal days, Assistant Secretary of Defense Marx Leva.

The conversation began casually, until Strauss said: "Mr. Secretary, isn't it an American tradition that we will never accept the idea that we will be less armed than our enemies?"

Johnson, a former American Legion commander, agreed. Strauss continued. "The AEC has just voted to reverse that tradition."

The discussion began in late afternoon, and the two men sat in the Secretary's office until after nightfall, when the Pentagon was virtually deserted but for guards.

Next morning, Johnson called in the Under Secretary, the late Steve Early; Gen. Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; Maj. Gen. James Burns, special advisor, and Robert LeBaron, chairman of the military liaison committee with the AEC.

Johnson announced that the H-bomb was necessary for our defense. Early agreed. Bradley said he was unconvinced that the H-bomb was practical. The Air Force felt it already had a bomb powerful enough to blow Moscow off the map.

Burns commented quietly: "It's a fundamental law of defense that you always have to use the most awful weapons you can produce."

Johnson next talked privately with Dr. Karl Compton, then chairman of the Research and Development Board, and explained that the greatest obstacle was the wall of scientific opposition. Dr. Compton said he was sure he could find several high-ranking atomic scientists who would testify the H-bomb could be made. Compton also advised Johnson there was a mound of evidence that Russia was rushing pell-mell toward the hydrogen bomb.

Peter Kapitza, world's greatest authority on super-refrigeration, necessary for a hydrogen bomb, was in Russia. He had been "recalled" from London in 1935. German "heavy-water" scientists had been kidnapped by the Russians. And Klaus Fuchs, British-sponsored Communist dupe, took part in the original talks on H-bomb theory at Los Alamos.

Soon, Johnson and Bradley became missionaries for the H-bomb. They argued persuasively with the Congressional Committee, pledging it to secrecy. They also went to the State Department to talk privately with Acheson and his advisors.

Another factor helped to tip the scales. Gordon Dean, newest Commission member, began to question his vote against the H-bomb. Had he been swayed too much by the fearful pleas of the scientists? Were they as wise and practical as they were idealistic?

Dean went to his friend, Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson. The troubled Commissioner asked: "Should we tell the Russians we are prepared to make an H-bomb unless they agree to international control of atomic weapons?"

Jackson, who had rubbed elbows with the Russians at the War Crimes trials in Nuremburg, advised him to put little faith in Soviet promises. He must be guided solely by what was best for America's defenses.

Finally, Truman was drawn into the controversy. The President told Johnson, who dropped the dilemma in his lap, to gather facts without upsetting the Commission.

Then, when he could no longer stand aside, Truman called the AEC to the White House and polled the members. The President then said he would like the views in writing, in order to study them. The Strauss memorandum was later described by Truman as "one of the most important documents in American history." The thoughts included:

Whether it wishes or not, the U. S. must stay in front in the arms race until there is practical world security. The most dangerous idea, because it saps our strength, is to believe our enemies will retire from the arms race if we do.

We cannot expect the USSR to be persuaded by, or even give consideration to, moral arguments against creating an H-bomb.

The Russians, from our best intelligence, were capable of making a hydrogen bomb; they had the scientists and the equipment. And we could not afford to be less armed than they.

"THE LEAGUE of Frightened Men" knew the tide was turning. Oppenheimer made one last plea during Christmas week of 1949: "Can't we use the H-bomb and go to the Russians and say: 'This is the last chance for peace. In the presence of a greater menace than either of us are to each other, can't we get together and prevent suicide?' Then, if they still continue to turn their backs, we may in good conscience go ahead."

Reluctantly and sadly, Truman reached his decision in January, 1950. His special advisor on security matters, Sidney W. Souers, quietly told him: "I don't think you have a choice. It's either we make it, or wait until the Russians drop one on us without warning."

The President asked the State Department to draft an announcement to allay world fears. The Defense Department recommended a terse statement that did not seem to apologize for the decision.

On January 31, Truman announced simply: "I have directed the AEC to continue its work on all forms of atomic weapons, including the so-called hydrogen or superbomb. Like all other work in the field of atomic weapons, it is being and will be carried forward on a basis consistent with the over-all objectives of our program for peace and security."

That night, Lewis Strauss had several guests in his hotel rooms. Dr. Oppenheimer was there. His lean, dramatic face was tense. He approached another guest and, with a note of tragic desperation, remarked: "As Woodrow Wilson once said, 'A battle is never won or lost.' "

This was a prophetic remark. "The League of Frightened Men," with some exceptions, agreed that the H-bomb was an instrument of Armageddon and must be stopped. Each in his own way obeyed his conscience. The project was delayed for weeks by the non-cooperation of both scientists and AEC administrators.

Dr. Oppenheimer made two dramatic proposals. First, as chairman of a State Department committee on disarmament, he proposed that the U. S. announce to the world it had decided against finishing the H-bomb on moral grounds, and would regard any nation which did pursue work on this instrument as an aggressor.

When this failed, Oppenheimer drew up a radically new military strategy which even today shakes the Pentagon with arguments over civilian vs. military control. He would erase the "containment" policy of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. (This is based on the theory the Kremlin can be deterred from attack only by fear of retaliation. The U. S. has ringed the Soviet with bomber bases, and, if our country is attacked, we will devastate Russia with atomic and hydrogen bombs.)

The Oppenheimer substitute is defensive—an electronically controlled ring of defenses around the U. S. An enemy bomber moving into the ring—say, in the Bering Sea—would set off guided missiles and planes. Most of the enemy force would be shot down.

But fate is not easily turned back. Today, Lewis Strauss is the new chairman of the AEC, having been named to this post in June, after serving for several months as special advisor on atomic energy to President Eisenhower. He knows that the hydrogen bomb, a force stronger than man, moves toward life. Only if the bomb is some day exploded in anger will the world know whether this creation of science is a force for good or for evil.

Illegal Language

ALIMONY: Giving comfort to the enemy.—EDDIE GREEN

LAWYER: A person who helps you get what's coming to him. —A. A. LATTIMER (*American Legion Magazine*)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: A man who suffers from an acute prosecution complex. —GENE SCHNEIDER

JURY: Twelve men who are chosen to decide who has the better lawyer. —LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS: Other people's youngsters. —PAUL STONE

New Diet Food for Skinny People

by Lawrence Galton

A daily drink of this new peanut oil compound can put an end to that "Famished Look"

ALONG WITH the 28 per cent of Americans who are overweight, there are 13 per cent who are underweight and who would cheerfully take on some of the excess avoirdupois of the other group. These are the skinny people, the long and even short beanpoles, the men and women who, after painfully unsuccessful attempts at stuffing themselves with food, tonics and vitamins, have resigned themselves to the famished look.

While appearance, of course, is a major concern for many underweights, there is also the fact that people whose weight is too far below normal are more likely to suffer from fatigue and poor endurance. Resistance to infection is often lowered, and tuberculosis strikes more often among adolescents and young people who are underweight.

For all such people, there is potential good news in a new homogenized drink made of peanut oil that has a sweet milky taste, tinged with peanut flavor. Scientifically known as "oral fat emulsion," it was originally designed to solve the far more pressing problem of caloric deficiency that results during major illness or injury.

Used effectively on hundreds of ailing patients, the new preparation is also an amazingly efficient way to put on weight for the so-called normal underweights—people who are otherwise in good health. Taken between meals or early in the evening, a single eight-ounce glass provides 1,000 calories—equivalent of three pieces of apple pie—two of them à la mode.

It was first tested at the Department of Nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health, and the Department of Biological Chemistry, Harvard Medical School, on 33 normal adults who had previously been unable to gain weight, and on 98 ill and underweight adults.

Among the healthy but underweight people was a 25-year-old nurse who, in five days, using little more than a pint of the drink, gained four pounds. A 25-year-old male student who took the drink for 52 days gained 11 pounds. Almost paradoxically, appetites in both cases increased markedly while the "guinea pigs" were taking this heavily loaded drink.

Not all people using the drink showed such dramatic gains, but there were increases in three out of four of the normal adults. This group gained an average of 4.2 pounds in 28.8 days. And, as the Harvard investigators noted, all had previously been unable to gain weight with rich dietary supplements, plus shots of liver and vitamins.

In the case of the 98 ill and underweight adults, the response to the new therapy was astounding. For example, a 64-year-old man, hospitalized and in coma, was losing weight. All feeding was by tube, and when almost seven ounces of the drink a day was tube-fed for 13 days, there was a gain of 6.6 pounds—one half a pound a day!

A 24-year-old woman suffered from muscle weakness so grave she couldn't eat adequate food. On four ounces of the drink a day for 60 days, she not only gained ten pounds but became strong enough to return to her secretarial job on a part-time basis.

For many years, it's been recognized that illness is usually accompanied by loss of appetite. At the very time when nutritional requirements may be increased, food intake is frequently diminished. The result is caloric deficit and vital proteins in the diet are consumed for energy instead of being used to replace lost tissue.

There have been attempts to pour large quantities of energy into sick individuals, by intravenous injections. But the difficulty has been to find a preparation which does not cause an irritation.

The development of oral fat emulsion, available in drugstores under the tradename Lipomul-Oral, is a happy solution to this problem. Already it has helped hundreds of ill patients and, as a happy outgrowth of clinical use, has also benefited otherwise healthy but underweight people.

"...Earned $76.91 in Just 12 Days!"

writes Mrs. Gerold Gibbons, Ohio.

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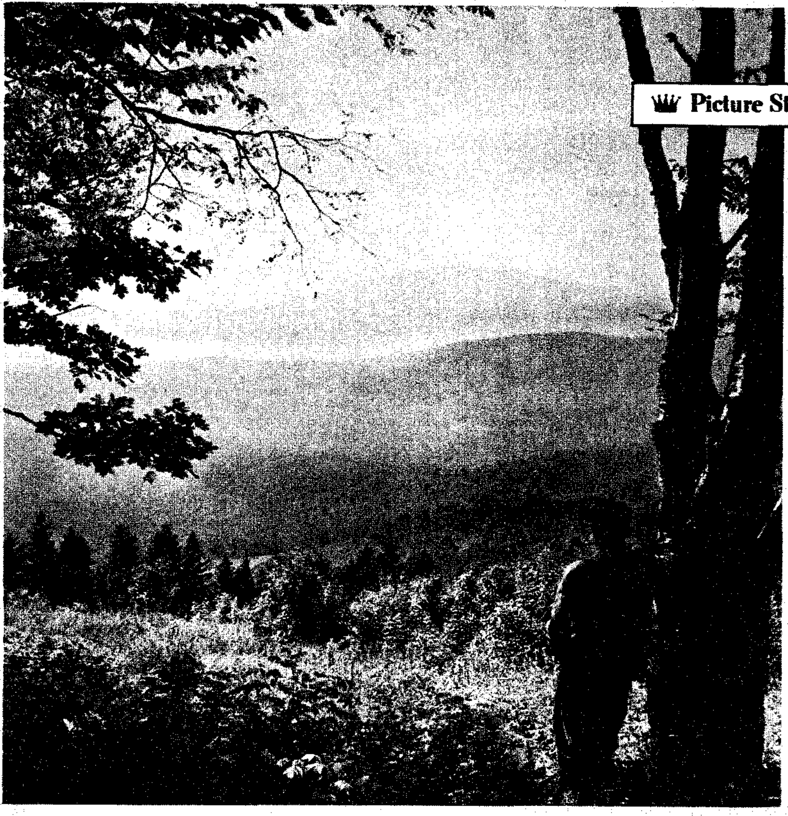


Picture Story

THE SONGS WE LOVE

PEOPLE SING of what they know and of what they are, and through their songs run their dreams, their hopes for what will be and their memories, happy or bitter sweet, of what has been. The songs America loves are those that tell of home, of work, of love—songs such as the old familiar classic which begins:

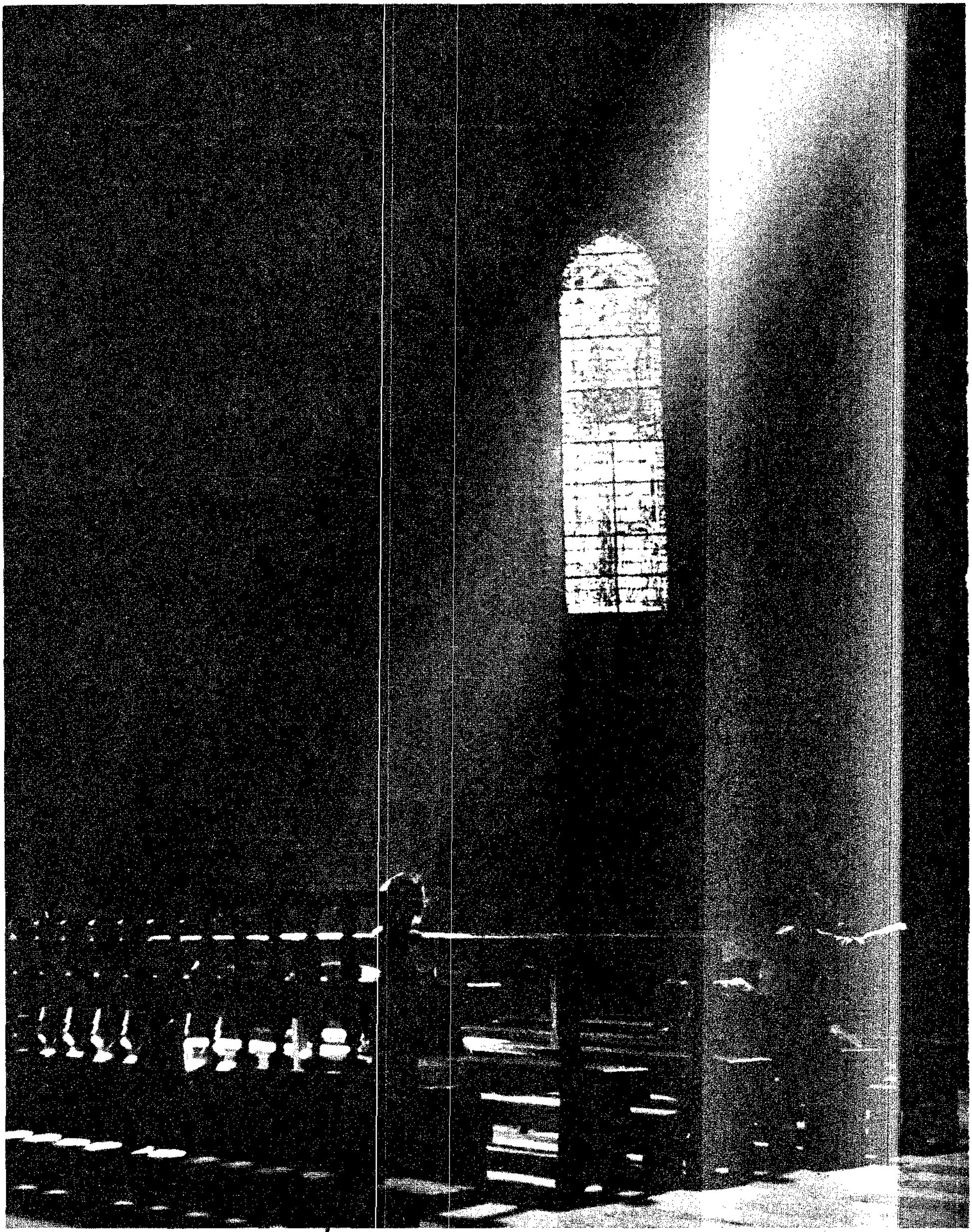
I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to, long ago.

OLD GRAY MARE

Oh, the old gray mare,
She ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
wind of the western sea . . .
While my little one,
While my pretty one, sleeps.

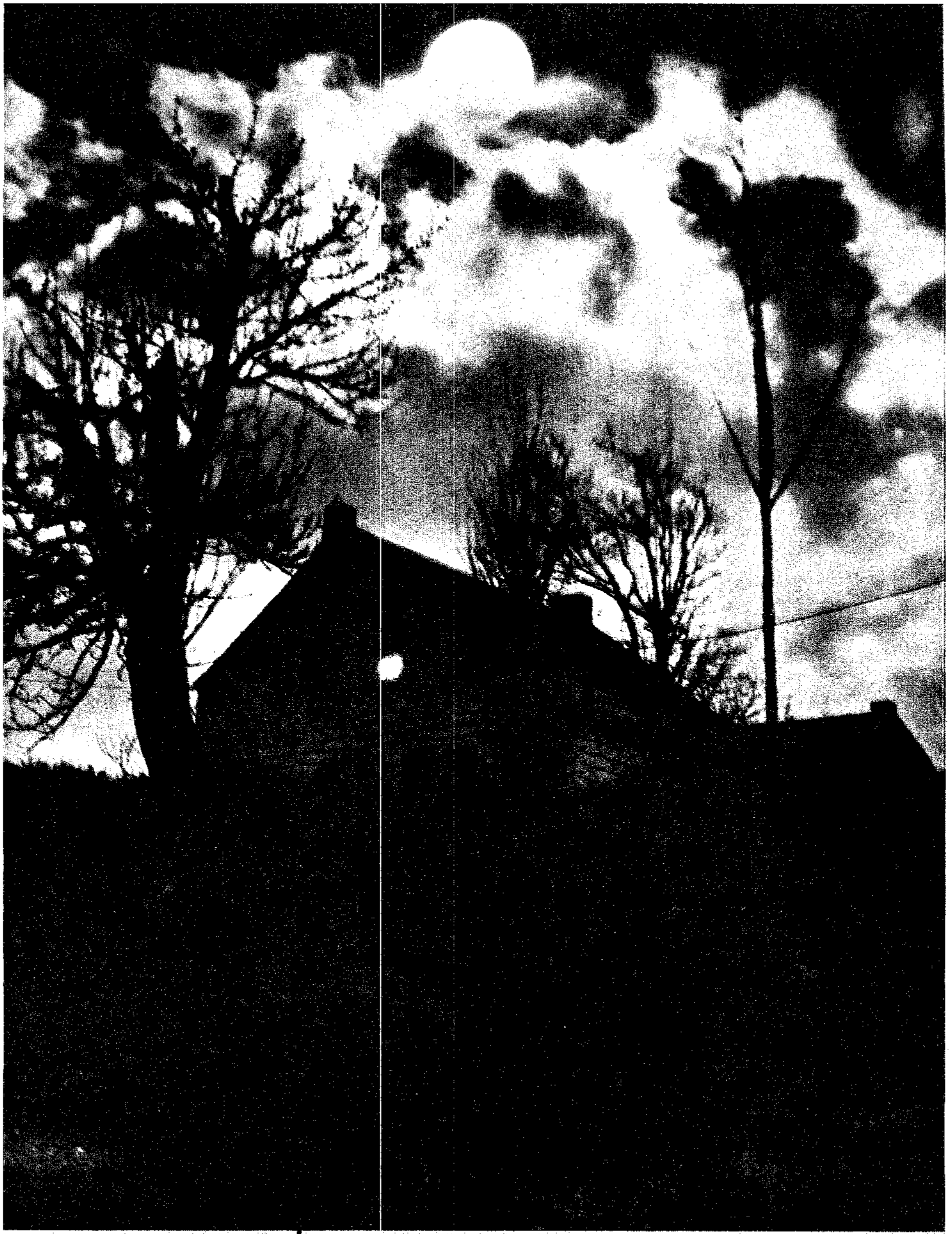


LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark,
And I am far from home . . .

**LOVE'S OLD,
SWEET SONG**

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows
Softly come and go . . .

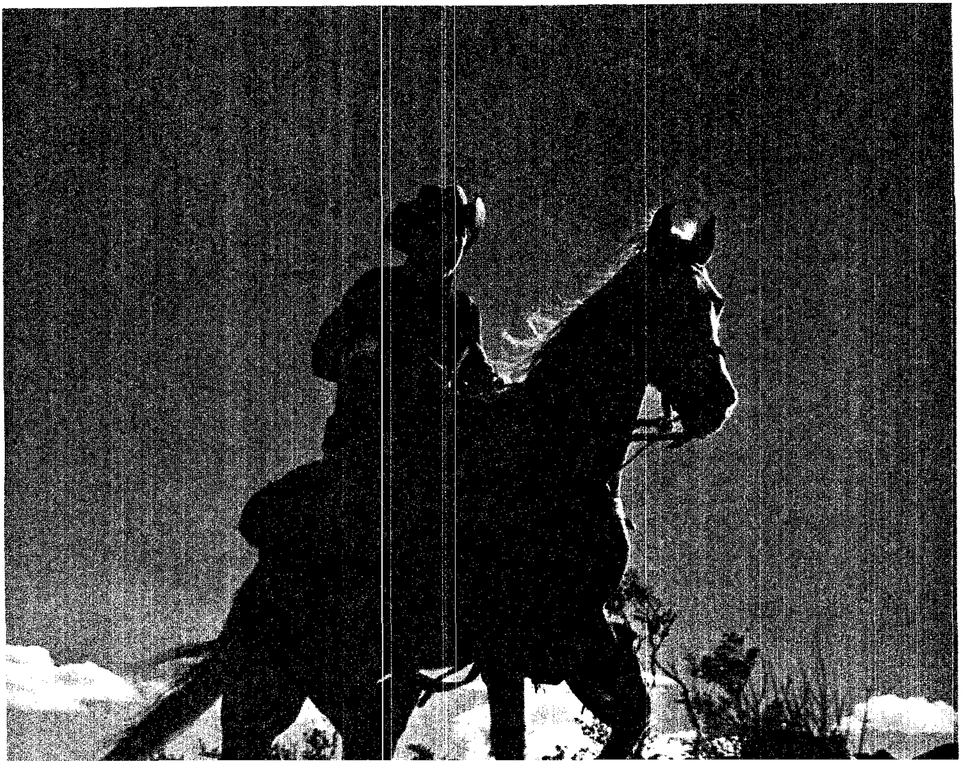


HOME
SWEET
HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ever;
Dere's where de old folks stay . . .



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away . . .

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes so blue,
Dressed in gingham too . . .

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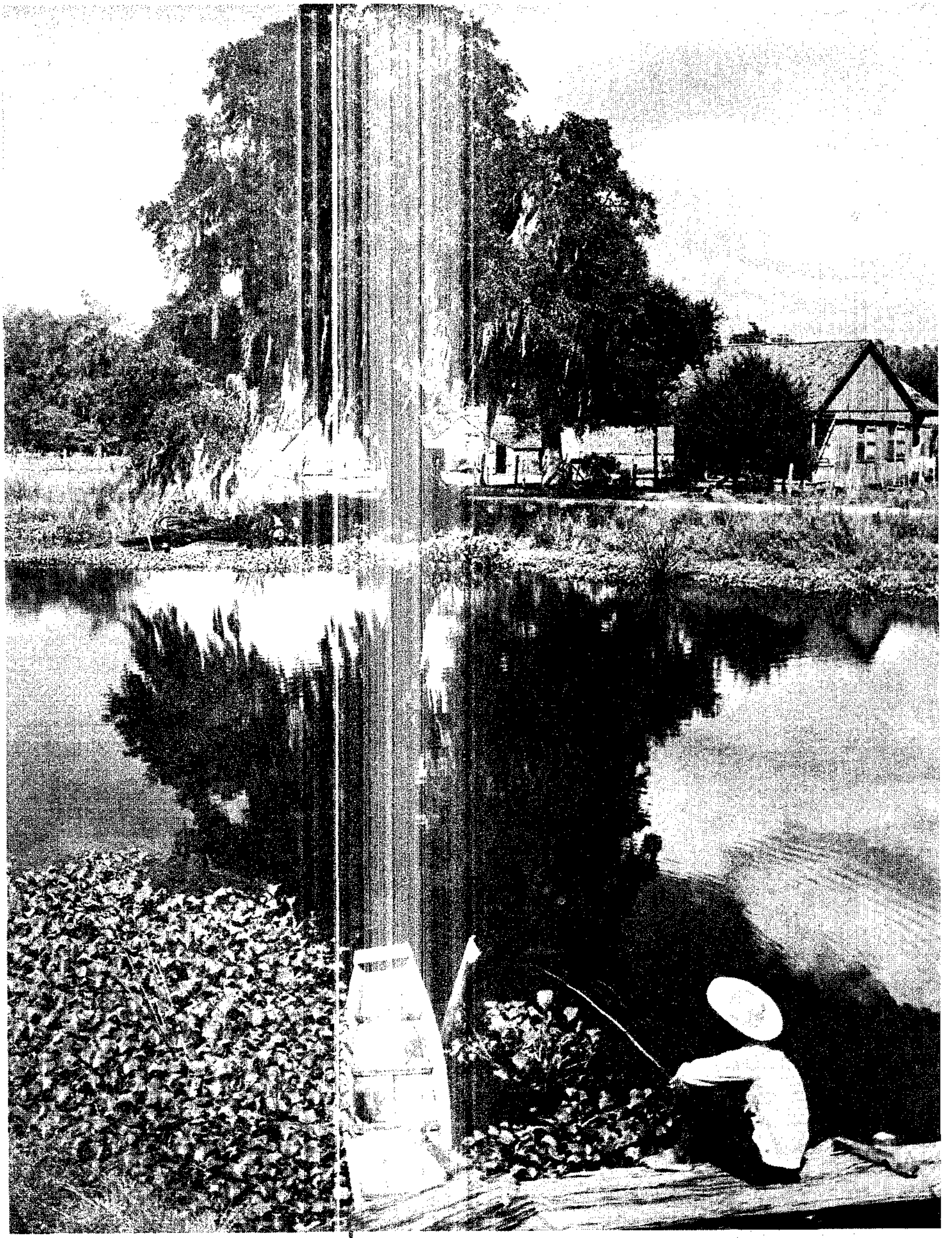
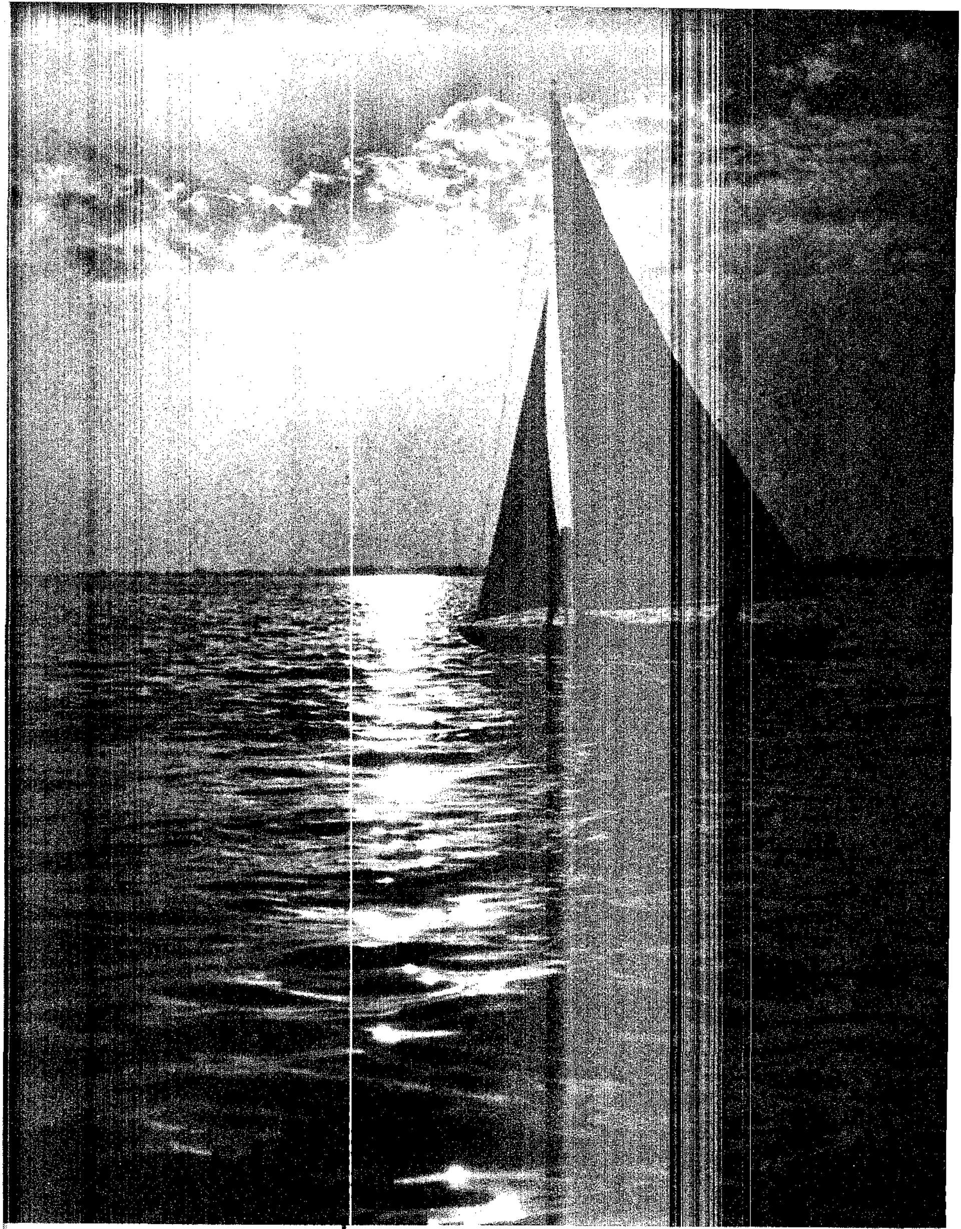


THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart
    are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view!
The wide spreading pond,
And the mill that stood by it . . .

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton
and the corn and taters grow;
There's where the birds warble
sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart am long'd to go.



MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing—
They seemed to say, "You have stolen her heart,
Now don't go 'way
'Til we sing love's old sweet song
On Moonlight Bay . . ."

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LONESOME ROAD

Look down, look down that lonesome road,
Before you travel on—
Look up, look up, and seek your Maker,
'Fore Gabri'l blows his ho'n . . .

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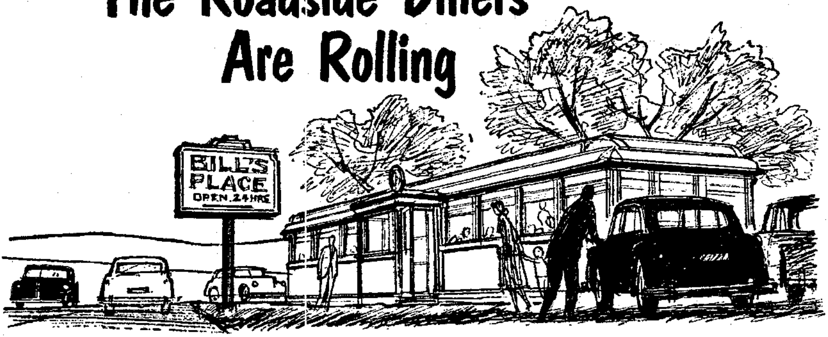
The Roadside Diners Are Rolling



by GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.

This strictly American phenomenon has come a long ways since its inception in 1882

TWO YEARS AGO, Danny Long was a promising young catcher in the Montreal Royals when a play at home plate resulted in a bad shoulder injury. It was a grim day for Danny when the doctors gave him the bad news that his baseball days were probably over.

While nursing his physical ills and wondering how he was going to earn a living, he met the owner of a diner in Trenton, New Jersey.

Lacking anything better to do, he began helping behind the counter whenever he could. That did it. A quick trip back to his home town of Montgomery, Alabama, proved two things. Montgomery did not have a modern diner, and a Montgomery businessman was willing to lend Danny a hand financially.

Back North, Danny ordered a diner. While it was taking shape in a New Jersey factory—a process that usually takes about four months—he went about getting experience by taking odd jobs in various diners in the vicinity. When off duty, he hung around the factory and watched his diner grow from plans on a drawing board to completion.

"Danny's Diner" now packs them in at the corner of Bainbridge and Madison Avenues in downtown Montgomery. Among other things, it has the distinction of being the first modern restaurant-type diner to begin operations in Alabama.

Currently, the gleaming modern version of the old-time "dog wagon"—air-conditioned, well lighted, spotlessly clean, and with a menu as long as your arm—has taken a place of honor in the community. Businessmen go there for lunch. The church choir gathers there after rehearsals. Local organizations hold their meetings there. Teenagers use it as a club. The diner is the hottest thing in the eatery business. So much so, in fact, that many a restaurant owner has put up a false diner-front in the hope of getting in on the act.

And a lucrative act it is. According to those who should know, hungry patrons this year will pour about $600,000,000 into the tills of the nearly 6,000 diners operating in the nation. As a result, more than one operator will ring up better than $500,000 in 1953, and be able to pocket a neat profit of $1,000 a week for himself after deducting expenses and taxes.

The tax problem itself is eased by the fact that the modern diner is prebuilt, fabricated in a factory, put on a trailer and towed to its site, from which it can just as easily be jacked up again, put back on wheels and towed to another spot if the owner desires.

Thus, the diner is "personal property," like the automobile, and can be written off at ten per cent a year for the first ten years for depreciation. And real-estate tax assessments are likely to be lower than those on a stationary restaurant.

Lack of experience seems to be no serious drawback. As one diner man put it recently, "Experience is a help but not a 'must' in this game. Any guy with a flair for business can make money." And the records bear him out—the failures are few.

SENTIMENTAL REASONS put one couple into the diner business. They met a few years ago when they accidentally locked bumpers in the parking space behind a diner on New York's Route 9. She was a cashier in the diner, he an Army mess-sergeant on leave.

After that, whenever he was home, he spent most of his time at the diner where he got bitten by the "diner bug" as well as the "love bug." Finally, when he got out of the Army, both bugs took, with the result that today this married couple own their own diner. Like most operators, they bought it on time—paying a quarter down and the rest in 36 monthly payments—and they are having little trouble meeting the installments.

Oddly enough, if you believe in statistics, they are more likely to be successful with their diner than they are with their marriage. Divorce rates are high, but the company that sold them their diner on time hasn't repossessed one since the Depression in the 30s! The manufacturers, Jerry O'Mahony, Inc., world's largest maker of diners, won't sell a diner until a thorough check of traffic and neighborhood needs at the proposed site has convinced them it will pay off.

What is the secret of the modern diner's success?

In the first place, the dog wagon is as strictly American an enterprise as the hot dog that made it famous. An enterprising young man in Worcester, Massachusetts—Sam Jones—is credited with putting the diner on its road to success in 1882. Sam's diner was a horse-drawn wagon with a window cut in its side, through which Sam peddled hot dogs, sandwiches and coffee to factory hands as he traveled from mill to mill in Worcester.

When Jones found that winter weather reduced business, he closed the window, cut in a door, and put up a small counter with stools so his customers could come in out of the cold. Sam built up a regular daytime route and his dog wagon business thrived.

By the turn of the century, diners—larger and more elaborate versions of Jones' horse-drawn wagon

—were being turned out in Worcester by Charlie Buckley, ardently supported by Prohibitionists who saw in his touring white and gold dog wagons a potential answer to the corner saloon—a place serving good, inexpensive food without offering the temptation of liquor.

When electric cars began replacing horsecars on city streets, sharp businessmen with eyes for quick profits bought up the outmoded horsecars and set them up in out-of-the-way neighborhoods as quick-lunch spots. Then, diner operators turned manufacturers began producing diners built just for that purpose.

Give
enough!
THROUGH YOUR
COMMUNITY CHEST

However, it wasn't until the mid-'20's that the diner people decided to push back their wooden counters to make room for booths. At that time, women—"flappers" in particular—began to patronize the dog wagons. But it wasn't until right before World War II that the modern restaurant-type diner began to make its appearance, first on the roadsides and then in the larger cities and towns.

The modern diner—"cars" they are called in the trade—is popular because it is flexible. Operating 24 hours a day, it is geared to cater to the tourist in a sports shirt, the family trade, as well as the party-goer in black tie. Its menu includes full-course dinners as well as the old dog wagon stand-bys. The customer who stops by for a fast cup of coffee feels as welcome as the man who wants a leisurely steak. It is everybody's place regardless of dress, time available or appetite.

The New Ideal Diner in Aberdeen, Maryland, located on Route 40, a broad four-lane highway that connects Baltimore with the New Jersey Turnpike, is a good example. Sparkling and clean, its counter and comfortable booths can accommodate 102. Its menu caters to a wide range of eating tastes.

On the average day, you will find chauffeured limousines sharing its parking space with jeeps, hot rods and station wagons. You might even bump into Maryland's Governor Theodore McKeldin, Jr. It is one of his favorite stopping-off places when he is traveling on the road.

The New Ideal's owners, Steve Karas, Jr., and his uncle, Pete Mikes, paid O'Mahony's $105,000 for it. They could have spent as little as $30,000 for a smaller unit, or as much as $150,000 for a larger one.

Each diner is more or less tailored to meet the purchaser's needs. They can be bought stripped down except for essentials, or complete even to juke boxes, cigarette machines and toothpicks. The cost, naturally, varies accordingly.

Diners generally are not kept "in stock" as some impatient would-be owners expect. One day a little old man entered the showroom of Jerry O'Mahony, Inc., located in Elizabeth, N. J. O'Mahony, together with the Kullman Dining Car Company, Silk City Diner, Inc., and a half dozen others, builds the greatest number of the modern dog wagons sold.

The man carried a black bag and announced to O'Mahony's president, L. F. Camardella, that he wanted to buy a diner. When Mr. Camardella began showing him typical plans, the old-timer became impatient, picked up his bag and dumped it on the desk. Bundles of tightly rolled bills tumbled out.

"There's $50,000 in cash," the customer announced. "Now show me a diner. I want it this week."

The money was the old fellow's life savings, and one of the saddest moments in his life was when it was explained that he would have to wait at least 15 weeks while a "car" was built to his specifications. A certain amount of custom building is necessary in order to give each owner just what he wants.

Within the space of a few weeks recently, the boys at Jerry O'Mahony's were confronted with these special design requests: one buyer wanted a mahogany paneled private office, complete with fold-away bed and built-in sun lamp and TV set; another ordered tropical fish tanks installed in the glass-brick walls of the dining area; a third specified six counter stools fitted up to look like hobby horses, as entertainment for small fry.

Not long ago a former member of the State Department found time hanging heavy on his hands so he began shopping around for something to do. A friend suggested the diner business. He checked the possibilities and now runs a profitable "plush" diner at a busy crossroads in New York's Westchester County.

He is having a grand time feeding hamburgers and table d'hôte lunches to women shoppers and dinners to families of the community. And at night he features an outsize menu that includes gastronomical delights such as lobster, steaks and baked Alaska!

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

New Treatments for High Blood Pressure, by John Springer

Nine million people in the U.S. suffer from high blood pressure, with an annual toll of deaths that almost equals that of cancer. This article tells the significant results of the latest drugs that may yet be to hypertension what insulin is to diabetes.

What's *Right* with Our Schools! by Zelda Popkin

Everywhere today, you can hear stories about the sad state of our contemporary American education. But are the stories true? Next month, Coronet gives you the latest facts about the amazing and inspiring accomplishments of our public-school system.

Wine, Women and Diamonds, by Laurence Greene

Who and what is the Aga Khan? Although his name is known to millions of people throughout the world, he is still a man of mystery. Here is an intimate story of the Indian potentate who is both the spiritual leader of the Moslems and a gay European sophisticate.

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Right Man for the Job

Nobody has to ask what Jane Pickens does—her name has become synonymous with singing. Born of a musical family, the hostess-star of "The Jane Pickens Show" (Monday-Friday, NBC-Radio, 2:45-3:00 P.M., EDT) made a logical choice of careers. Now Jane challenges you to pick the right men for the jobs listed, by deciding the type of experience needed. Answers are on page 145.

1. APICULTURIST
(a) I enjoy studying monkeys; (b) I used to produce and sell honey; (c) I read many books about birds.

2. BUSHELMAN
(a) I have worked with leading tailors; (b) I am a basket maker; (c) I'm employed in a vegetable market.

3. CANDLER
(a) I used to raise poultry and sell eggs; (b) I know all about preserving foods; (c) I have worked with wax.

4. CHECKER
(a) My last job was teller in a bank; (b) I am fond of games; (c) I know the restaurant business thoroughly.

5. DOPER
(a) My last job was with Ajax Aircraft; (b) I've been betting on horses; (c) I administer narcotics.

6. INKER INNER
(a) I know how to remove blots from linen; (b) I clean proof presses; (c) I've worked on comic strips.

7. JIGGER
(a) My last job was making wooden puzzles; (b) I'm a vaudeville actor; (c) I've studied the boiler industry.

8. JOINER
(a) I'm a member of the Elks and Lions; (b) I have my own saw and chisel; (c) I can make friends easily.

9. LAYOUT MAN
(a) I studied interior decoration; (b) I helped my uncle, an undertaker; (c) I worked in an ad agency.

10. LEG MAN
(a) I have reported hundreds of fires; (b) I can run 100 yards in 11 seconds; (c) I am a graduate masseur.

11. MANGLER
(a) I am now working for a butcher; (b) I was with the Star Laundry seven years; (c) I'm not afraid of the toughest bruisers.

12. OPTOMETRIST
(a) I have examined the eyes of many people; (b) I always look on the bright side of life; (c) I have helped many babies into the world.

13. PROCTOR
(a) I am a graduate physiotherapist; (b) I was assistant to a Yale professor; (c) I studied for the ministry.

14. PUDDLER
(a) I don't mind working in the rain; (b) I've done excavation work on many buildings; (c) I can turn out tons of steel in one day.

15. SKIP TRACER
(a) I'm now working for a collection agency; (b) I used to coach a school track team; (c) I have a set of drafting materials.

16. SPOTTER
(a) I have taken a course in detective work; (b) I own a dry cleaning shop; (c) I majored in art in college.

17. STOCK CHASER
(a) I work on a sheep ranch; (b) I study the Wall Street news; (c) I know every part of an auto trailer.

Edna Ferber's American Story

by **CAROL HUGHES**

A great woman novelist won her way to the top by hard work and ingenuity

SITTING in her New York apartment one sweltering August day in 1937, Edna Ferber turned to Lucius Beebe's society column in the *Herald Tribune*. Said Beebe, about to depart for cool Colorado: "New York is simply deserted. Nobody's in town."

Said hardworking Edna Ferber, "The hell they ain't!" Nobody in town, indeed! Only seven million people: all the people that made New York function—the trash collector, the policeman on his beat, the fireman on his truck.

So, while New York sweltered, Edna Ferber's typewriter sizzled as she pounded out what was to be her favorite novelette, *Nobody's in Town*, proving to millions of readers that New York City was quite well inhabited, even in August.

Such an incident is somewhat typical of how Miss Ferber has come to write such an imposing list of America's perennial best-sellers. An idea must hit her strongly, take root in her mind and refuse to go away. Then America is treated to another novel like *So Big*, *Show Boat*, *Cimarron*, *Great Son*, *Giant*—or another of her reams of short stories.

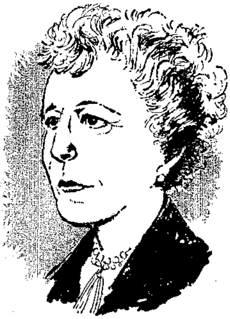
Sometimes shrewd, sometimes witty, often satirical, always character wise and original, for half a century Edna Ferber has chronicled changing America—and always it has been America.

Each of her novels, each of her stories, has the flavor of our national life. In *Cimarron*, she wrote of Oklahoma; in *Great Son*, it was four generations of a Seattle family; *American Beauty* was set in the Connecticut Valley; *Saratoga Trunk* told a story of New Orleans, high society and railroad rivalry, and in *Giant*, she unfolded the story of Texas today, yesterday and, she hopes, tomorrow.

Rudyard Kipling proved himself quite a literary forecaster when he wrote of Edna Ferber in 1931: "I don't think her own people realize her value as a historical painter—yet. They will later."

Sometimes, to her dismay, her readers' identification of themselves with everything she does makes her only too aware of how authentic are her settings and how true-to-life her characters. Never does she write a story that the mail doesn't bring a host of letters, either praising or protesting because she has used "Uncle John," "our house" or "Aunt Sue," and "how and when did she come to know about them?"

Meanwhile, she is herself as American as apple pie, and gloats in being just that. She loves her country unashamedly and boastfully, knows its strengths and its weaknesses, and, importantly for all of us, she can put it into words: "Lavish, sloppy, noisy, careless, friendly, unsuspicious, polyglot America. There was never such a nation for sheer wanton waste—and there was never such a nation!"



Edna Ferber not only writes like that, she talks like that. Volatile, intense, never casual, she is a woman who virtually explodes with pent-up energy, curiosity and talent.

A reporter's delight, she is willing to answer any question. On *writing,* she has said: "The ideal place to write is a hotel room facing a blank wall." On the *social hour:* "I think the ultimate horror is the cocktail party." On *marriage and why she is still single:* "I guess you could call it the same reason given in Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire: 'I've met the man I'd marry and the man who'd marry me, but he was never the same.'"

Another phase of the Ferber personality that delights her friends is what one of them calls "her great big streak of ham." She loves to act, loves to mimic, and in her own group she will act out any situation or anecdote.

Edna came by her love of acting naturally, since a passion for anything "theater" was a part of her family. Born in Kalamazoo in 1887, daughter of Jacob Charles Ferber and Julia Neumann Ferber, the first 20 years of Edna's life were spent in small Midwestern towns. But wherever the Ferbers lived, if there was any type of theater, any traveling group, the road show could always be assured of six tickets.

The Ferber home life was pleasant middle-class, and sometimes even better than that, depending upon the fluctuations of the moving Ferber clan. From Kalamazoo they pulled stakes seemingly without rhyme or reason and moved to Ottumwa, Iowa.

"Whatever the name meant in Indian," Edna says, "it meant only bad luck for the Ferber family."

Everything began to go wrong. There was little business for the family store, and it was here that Jacob Ferber's eyesight began to fail. It was here, too, that the stalwart mother, Julia, began to assume more and more responsibility for the family business.

Later, in Appleton, Wisconsin, Edna knew the happiest days of her childhood. Although the inevitable disaster of her father's blindness hung over the household, Edna was a brilliant high-school student, taking part in school theatricals and enjoying popularity with both boys and girls.

With the assurance of youth, she selected Northwestern University School of Elocution as her next step after high school. On the day she blithely announced to her family that she would be taking off, they looked at her with pity. There was no money. Her father's medical bills had drained the family purse.

In protest at this twist of fate, Edna promptly took off for the office of the Appleton *Daily Crescent*. When she returned, with a job at $3 a week, she drew herself up and announced to the family: "I have signed a three-year contract!"

Never was a cub so marked for greatness. For Edna was a reporter from the word go. She was given the toughest jobs, the dullest stories, the hardest-to-get-to assignments, but she was a good reporter, and she knew it. Soon she found herself covering local stories for the big Milwaukee *Journal*.

The next blow of fate came when a new city editor arrived at the *Crescent*. He took one week of the dramatic Ferber and fired her, contract notwithstanding.

Gloom descended upon the Ferber household. But Edna's martyrdom was short-lived, for the phone rang and she was given the much better job of feature writer for the Milwaukee *Journal* at the fabulous sum of $15 a week. In Milwaukee, she covered every kind of story, from murders to city hall, and soon became top staff reporter.

"I might have gone on the rest of my life as a reporter," she says enthusiastically, "if I hadn't been blessed with a nervous breakdown." But it was many years before Edna could call it a blessing. On the day she fainted from overwork and was carried home, her world caved in.

Back she went to Appleton, pale and listless, to sit on the front porch day after day. She was not physically ill, just numb with inertia.

Inevitably, there came a day when the Ferber mind could be bound no longer. She bought a secondhand typewriter and headed for a bleak, unoccupied room. From the first try at the typewriter, the career of Edna Ferber was to know little waste. Out of pain, frustration and despondency a career was born. From her first novel, *Dawn O'Hara* (begun that day), to her present long list of best-sellers, a rejection slip is probably the only facet of publishing that Edna Ferber knows nothing about.

Writing kept Edna busy during the most difficult period of her life. Her father died, and with no one to consult on business affairs, her mother decided to sell the store and move to Chicago. During all of these heart-sickening changes, Edna kept pounding away at her typewriter, finishing *Dawn O'Hara*, and selling her first short story for $50.

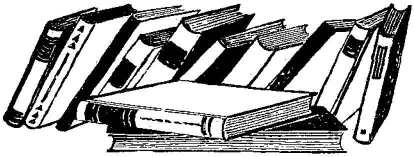
On the final day in Appleton, she picked up the *Dawn O'Hara* manuscript and started to throw it into the furnace. Her mother restrained her, so Edna mailed it off to an agent. Then the Ferbers moved to an apartment in Chicago.

Between job-seeking sessions, Edna kept pounding out short stories, selling every one she wrote. Then the Stokes Publishing Company announced that they wanted to publish her novel as *Dawn O'Hara, the Girl Who Laughed*. At last, a bubbling, jubilant Ferber was convinced of her talents.

The book sold over 10,000 copies, and is still selling. "But it makes me slightly ill in much of its content and all of its title," says the author.

After 1911, everything she wrote sold. The golden tide began to roll in. She was filled with a million ideas. But then she ran into a new kind of trouble.

It was her short story about Emma McChesney, the most successful thing she had ever done, that



almost sidetracked her forever. Within a few days after she had sent it to a magazine, the editors were so excited over the story—the first on an American businesswoman—that they wanted a series. How soon could they have the next one? And the fabulous price they offered was $600 a story.

Soon, every magazine was bidding for Emma McChesney. New York editors began to urge Edna to come to the Big Town. When she finally did go East in 1912, her passion for New York caught on and developed swiftly. Years later she wrote: "To a Midwesterner, it was a brilliant play in which the curtain never went down."

But her love for the biggest city in the world isn't a blind one, and she isn't above criticizing Manhattan when she feels it is slipping. Upon returning recently from Europe, she caused a furore with her charge that "New York is a scab on the face of our country . . . The streets of the city are covered with garbage—and I don't mean 'dirt'."

Those who countered that her statements were malicious didn't understand Edna, or chose to ignore that she also had said she still loved New York, which reminded her "of a once exquisitely beautiful woman who had declined into a dirty, degraded, blowzy person."

Throughout her early period in New York, the McChesney stories were Edna's chief source of income. But once again she was in for a jolt. One day, she received an unsigned contract from a magazine, asking for more McChesney stories. There was a blank space for the number of stories she would write and a blank space for the price she wanted for them.

Reveling in glory, she idly picked up a slick magazine and turned to the reviews. One of them said: "Edna Ferber seems to be keeping Emma McChesney alive by injections of black ink."

A shock went through Edna. Money was pouring in: she was famous all over the country . . . "and I was sliding to oblivion on a path greased by Emma!"

Miss Ferber stuck the contract in an envelope and sent it back to the editors, unsigned. Emma McChesney died an unceremonious death that day. From then on, there followed a series of Ferber novels—*So Big*, *Cimarron*, *American Beauty*—all best-sellers.

THE ONLY ambition Miss Ferber has not fulfilled to date is to write a play of her own. Although she has contributed to some of America's finest plays—*Dinner at Eight*, *Stage Door*, *The Land Is Bright*, *The Royal Family*—all were written in collaboration with George S. Kaufman. "It makes me mad when I think about it," she says, a gleam of promise in her eye.

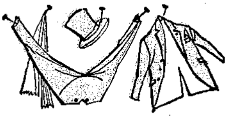
Oddly enough, *Show Boat*, that perennial favorite, was born out of the preview of a flop play. A post-mortem was being held in the home of producer Winthrop Ames, who told his dejected crew: "Never mind, next time we'll skip the preview and take a show boat. We'll just drift lazily down the river and never get off."

"What is a show boat?" asked Ferber.

Her eyes began to glow as Winthrop told her about the calliope tooting down the river and all the people in the little towns running to meet the floating theater. By the time the play opened for another tryout, Ferber was off to North Carolina, hot on the trail of a real show boat.

Edna Ferber today is an attractive woman: her appraising dark brown eyes, under well-cropped white hair, are her most expressive features. And behind those eyes lies a keen mind from which have sprung her books, the trophies of a lifetime. She hopes that something of her work will survive. But whether it survives or not, she is comforted in the knowledge that she always did her best.

"I am still vulgarly patriotic and terribly American," she says with sincerity. "For me, America is still the most vital, electric and colorful place in all the world!"



Dress Affairs

He didn't want to attend the reception, but Mrs. Edison talked him into going. To make it worse, as far as the inventor was concerned, it was a dress affair. Uncomfortable in his white tie and tails, he could find no one to whom he enjoyed talking, and after less than an hour informed his wife that he had had enough and was going home.

He stopped at his house just long enough to change to a loose-fitting suit, then, with the dress clothes under his arm, Edison headed for his laboratory.

On her return from the party Mrs. Edison, seeing lights there, dropped in. Her husband had completed a new experiment: with hammer and nails he had spread-eagled his dress suit into a mural for one wall.

And there it remained through the years, a constant reminder that Thomas Edison would have no part of any shindig which would require him to wear formal attire.

It was one of Lincoln's first cases and, to make matters worse, his experienced opponent had most of the points of law on his side. The heat in the little frontier courtroom was intense as Lincoln slouched lower and lower in his chair, listening dejectedly to the other lawyer's plea. Finally, the orator pulled off his coat and vest.

Abe sat up straight, a gleam in his eye. The man was wearing one of the new city-slicker shirts—with buttons up the back! Lincoln knew his jury; frontiersmen disliked pretense and affectation.

When it was his turn to address them, his plea was brief: "Gentlemen of the jury," he drawled, "because I have justice on my side, I am sure you will not be influenced by this gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law. Why, he doesn't even know which side of his shirt ought to be in front!"

When they had finished laughing, the 12 good men and true gave Lincoln the verdict. —Mary Alkus

AS THE YEARS GO BY

WOMAN IS CONSISTENT in one respect. When she is 15 she wants to be 21—and that goes on the rest of her life. —WILLIAM F. GAINES

SOME MEN DEFY old age—they still believe that they're as good as they never were. —*General Features Corp.*

MIDDLE AGE IS THE TIME of life when most men are in the market for a new pair of swimming trunks. —O. A. BATTISTA

IT'S ALL RIGHT to think you're as young as you used to be—but don't try to prove it. —*Wall Street Journal*

OH, TO BE 19 again—or even 50. —GROUCHO MARX

THERE IS A distinction between a man saying he knew a woman when she was a girl, and saying that he knew her when he was a boy.

SOME WOMEN carry their age very well because they have dropped a few birthdays. —FRANCES RODMAN

ONE THING WE LIKED about the old days was that big spenders spent their own money, not the people's. —MONEY (*Quote*)

IT'S SAD FOR A GIRL to reach the age where men consider her charmless. But it's far worse for a man to attain the age where girls consider him harmless. —*Rotaview*

AS SOON AS YOU feel too old to do a thing, do it. —MARGARET DELAND

THE PIONEERS WHO blazed the trails now have descendants who burn up the roads. —*The Postage Stamp*

THESE TRYING TIMES are the good old days that we'll be longing for a few years from now. —*Acid Fumes*

PLEASANT MEMORIES must always be arranged for in advance. —RAY D. EVERSON (*Indiana Farmers Guide*)

I AM AN OLD MAN and have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened. —MARK TWAIN

GROWING OLD isn't so terrible—when you consider the alternative! —DAVE GARROWAY

THERE IS a simple way to keep up with the Joneses—just slow down and in a few years you are bound to meet them coming back. —FRANCES BENSON (*Reading Railroad Magazine*)

THE MAN WHO can master his time can master nearly everything. —BERNARD M. BARUCH

IT NOW COSTS MORE to amuse a child than it once did to educate his father. —VAUGHAN MONROE

THIS TIME, like all times, is a very good one if we but know what to do with it. —RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The Amazing Oyster

by ANNE TERRY WHITE

Only man's protective hand has kept this sea-food delicacy from extinction

IT IS A LUCKY THING that Nature produces the oyster in numbers astronomical. For, though here and there an oyster has been known to live 25 years, the chances of one surviving to a ripe old age are exceedingly slim. Were it not, indeed, for man having taken a protective hand in the matter, the succulent mollusk would long ago have disappeared from our tables.

One might, to be sure, reasonably ask why an oyster should want to live at all. Taken on the physical side, no existence could be duller. On the emotional side, the constant effort to stay alive, to eat and not be eaten, is the sum total. Even the creature's rare achievement of beauty—its amazing product, the pearl—is only a pain in its side.

Fourteen to 18 days of freedom is all that an oyster ever experiences. Once this perilous swimming adventure is over, the infant oyster just "sets," opening its fortress gates to eat, and closing them to shut the enemy out.

Of living oysters there are more than 50 different species, though not all of them have commercial value. The kinds differ in size, shape, color. Some are as large as a dessert plate, others so small that a hundred or so make a portion.

They are spawned along almost every seacoast of the world where the temperature of the water reaches 68° to 70° F., and a single female may produce as many as 114,000,000 eggs at one spawning.

They are tiny larvae at birth, invisible to the naked eye. A bottle about the size of a man's little finger would hold a million day-old oysters. If all matured, that million would produce 4,000 bushels of marketable mollusks. But it never happens. Destruction begins at once.

Bobbing about on the waves, the tiny, transparent oysters move wherever the tides and currents carry them. Fish like menhaden consume myriads. Oysters, cannibals that they are, and other shellfish consume more myriads, as do jellyfish, barnacles and worms.

When, after a couple of weeks or so, the infant travelers are gripped by the instinct to settle down and build a home, more myriads perish. For a clean, smooth, hard surface to settle on—a shell, a rock, a pile—is a must. And often it isn't handy. Any mite that falls on sandy or muddy or slimy bottom is lost. It sinks in, is covered up, is smothered.

It is the lucky oyster, belonging to an exceedingly small percentage, that finds a suitable place to set. Almost instantly it cements itself to its perch and in two days has grown a complete double shell. By itself, it can never again change its position.

By means of its one large muscle, the "spat," as the baby oyster is called in its early sit-down life, opens its gates. The creature is still too small for the unaided eye to make out its complicated insides, but they are all there: mouth, gullet, stomach, digestive gland, intestine, vent; a heart; several knots of nervous tissue together with a few small nerves; reproductive organs; gills; and mantle in which the whole is suspended.

The microscopic hairlike structures that cover the gills are already lashing about to create a current of water over the gills and steer toward them any infinitesimal plants or animals that may be around. These the gills strain out of perhaps a hundred gallons of water a day. The mantle meantime is secreting shell. Very soon it will have repair work to do.

For man is only the last of a whole host of creatures that have found the oyster excellent eating. Snails provided with drills will soon make tiny holes in the oyster's shell and try to get at the soft parts through them. One type of sponge with a special enzyme can eat away the animal matter of the shell so that it will be a question of blocking the holes as fast as they are made if the oyster is to save itself.

If only it were all as easy as that! But no. There are the fish with powerful jaws that will go right through oyster shell. A school of Atlantic black drum may, in a single night, clean out an entire oyster bed.

And there are the starfish. With them it is a question of irresistible pressure. The starfish attaches itself to the oyster's lips and starts to pry them apart with its suckers. The oyster puts out all its might to resist.

But always it is an unequal struggle. The oyster's powerful muscle invariably gets tired in the end. The gates swing open. And the enemy proceeds to devour the victim at his leisure.

Let the oyster escape these enemies, let it live three to six years and reach marketable size, and man will descend on it with dredge and tongs. And like as not that man will be an American, for the U. S. leads in oyster production, with France, England, Holland, China, Japan, India, Ireland and Australia following.

The U. S. early took first place in the industry by virtue of the great area of its oyster beds. Along our Atlantic Coast the many bays and sounds create ideal conditions. Here the fresh water pouring in from rivers and streams lowers the salt content just enough to suit the mollusk. Consequently, oysters teem in every seaboard state from Massachusetts to Texas, the greatest oyster ground in the world being Chesapeake Bay.

On the West Coast, by the same token, the industry stays relatively small. There are too few inclosed bays and protected harbors such as the oyster likes.

Sexually there is a little difference between the oysters of the two coasts. Both kinds change their sex from time to time, although in the Western oyster this change occurs with astonishing rapidity.

On the Pacific Coast, one sex is always dormant. The oyster matures first as a male and, after it liberates its sperm, there is a rapid multiplication of egg cells, followed by spawning as a female. Within 15 minutes it will go back to producing more sperm and will continue this rhythmical process throughout its life.

THAT AMERICAN OYSTERS are special is knowledge that goes pretty far back. Taking a tip from the Indians, who smoked and dried and ate oysters raw, the Colonists began at once to deplete the beds. They dredged so hard, in fact, that Maine and New Hampshire today have no oysters in commercial quantities.

But fortunately the oyster came under the law's protection and soon afterward oyster farming began. Today, many of the barren areas have been restocked and large new grounds created in deep water beyond the oyster's natural range.

The underwater farmer has first of all to prepare the setting beds—clean the old ones and lay down "clutch" for the new—the clutch generally being clean oyster shell. The farmer's second step is to collect the baby oysters which attach themselves to the clutch, usually done by dredging up the oyster shells from the bottom of the spawning grounds.

From the collectors, the farmer transfers the spat to maturing beds. These, being farther out in saltier, more highly mineralized water, are conducive to making the oysters grow to marketable size. After the maturing bed comes one last move—to the fattening grounds, generally in bays or stream mouths.

The oyster is almost a perfect food. All it lacks are fats and, to an extent, starches. To compensate, it contains high quantities of iron, copper and manganese, needed for the blood; phosphorus and calcium for bones; iodine for the thyroid; and vitamins A, B, C, D, and G.

Are oysters "safe" eating? Yes, even in the months that have no "R" in them. Oysters are as pure a food as modern science can deliver to the consumer, for it is doubtful that any food product in America is subject to stricter sanitary regulations. Among cultivated water products, it is one of the most widely distributed shellfish in the world and is one of the most valuable of all water animals.

In this valuation, the pearl is not included, yet this amazing by-product cannot be neglected. Pearls start with a grain of sand or other foreign body that finds its way into the oyster and can't be ejected. The best pearls come from the Persian Gulf, from around India, and from the South Seas, since the oysters there have a special kind of precious fluid which hardens into the most lustrous nacre.

Layer on layer, the nacre is put around the foreign body, and within three to eight years a valuable pearl results. Perhaps only one oyster in a thousand will bear a pearl. But this, of course, only serves to add to the value.

To shorten the time of the pearl's growth and to increase the chances of its developing, pearl culture was conceived in 13th-century China, where one Ye-jin-yang inserted little leaden images of Buddha into river mussels. Soon the obedient shellfish deposited a pearly substance on the upper side.

The Japanese at first followed the same plan, using oysters instead of mussels. But experiments begun in 1890 under the guidance of Dr. Mitsukuri of the Imperial University of Japan changed everything.

The modern process is a quite delicate operation, and only the strongest three-year-old oysters are chosen for it. One shell is entirely removed from a pearl oyster. A bead is then placed on the fleshy mantle, which alone has the power of secreting nacre.

This piece of mantle is next cut off and doubled over the bead so as to form a sac. The whole is then placed inside a second oyster. And lo! a pearl develops about 60 per cent of the time.

Can the cultured pearl be told from a real one? Not by the five senses. Nevertheless, traders say they can always get a higher price for a natural pearl. It is the old question of the real as against the artificial.

And to that is added the "aura of danger and romance" surrounding the natural pearl, born in the strange beauty of the dangerous deeps where the diver faces the risk of burst lungs, of ravenous sharks, of swordfish, crocodiles, octopuses and the ever-present horror of the bends.

* * *

Right Man for the Job

(Answers to quiz on page 135)

1. (b) An apiculturist is a beekeeper.
2. (a) A bushelman repairs clothes.
3. (a) A candler inspects eggs.
4. (c) A checker checks food going out of a restaurant kitchen.
5. (a) A doper spreads "dope" on the wings of airplanes.
6. (c) An inker-inner is a cartoonist's assistant.
7. (a) A jigger operates a jig-saw.
8. (b) A joiner is a carpenter.
9. (c) A layout man prepares ads or pages of copy.
10. (a) A leg man is a newspaper reporter.
11. (b) A mangler operates a mangle, which smoothes out laundry.
12. (a) An optometrist tests eyes for glasses.
13. (b) A proctor helps keep order in classes.
14. (c) A puddler turns cast iron into wrought iron.
15. (a) A skip tracer tracks down installment buyers who leave no address.
16. (b) A spotter removes spots in a cleaning establishment.
17. (c) A stock chaser keeps material available on a trailer assembly line.

HURRICANE HUNTER

by BEN FUNK

Planes, radar and a calming voice are Grady Norton's weapons against killer storms

IN 1928, the savage winds of a hurricane pushed a 12-foot wall of water over the low south rim of Florida's Lake Okeechobee. Rolling without any advance warning across the flat farmlands, the great wave drowned 1,836 men, women and children.

Twenty-one years later, a hurricane of almost equal size and violence struck Lake Okeechobee a broadside blow. Then it raked the length of the Florida peninsula and slammed through Georgia before finally beating itself to death against the hills of South Carolina. This hurricane tore up $52,000,000 worth of property, but only two people were killed.

Much of the credit for this spectacular reduction in our hurricane death tolls can be given to one man—Grady Norton. This long, lean meteorologist, who sits in the hottest seat in the vast U. S. Weather Bureau system as Chief Storm Forecaster for the Southeastern Area, has devoted his life to robbing hurricanes of their victims.

In 1935, the Red Cross reported that major hurricanes were killing an average of 500 people each. Since then, by predicting 12 to 24 hours in advance when and where these great tropical cyclones will strike, Norton has cut the average death toll to five.

His long-range warnings have given people time to prepare and to evacuate dangerous areas. While they waited for hurricanes to hit, he has talked to them on the radio, preaching a simple set of safety rules. His record of 90 per cent accuracy has given people faith in the Weather Bureau.

Today, Norton says "there's no reason for anybody getting killed in a hurricane any more." But he despairs of making further progress in saving lives because of the "lunatic fringe" of the population.

"Two people were killed in the Miami hurricane of October, 1950," he says, tolling off the names as though he feels a personal responsibility. "One man went outdoors at the height of the storm to fix a loose shutter. A woman remained in her auto trailer instead of going to a safe shelter. We can't eliminate the deaths entirely, so long as people will take fool chances."

Norton's fabulous advances in hurricane forecasting actually began in wartime 1943. That year, he got a hurry-up summons from his boss in Washington, Dr. F. W. Reichelderfer.

"Grady," said Reichelderfer, "the Armed Forces are raising a rumpus about hurricane damage to their installations on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and in the Caribbean. They need more than just a few hours' advance notice to batten down properly. You've got to give it to them."

"You're asking me to do something that's never been done before," Norton said quietly. "But I think we can do it."

There was a supreme confidence in the slow, measured drawl of the weatherman, and a good reason for it. The wartime development of radar had just given him the means of testing a theory that he felt would put him on the track of the world's first sure-fire hurricane predictions.

For years, Norton had suspected that hurricanes were guided by upper air streams at 25,000 to 60,000 feet, rather than by surface influences. But there had been no way to compute the speed and direction of these lofty winds. Balloons were designed for the purpose, but weather men had to wave good-bye to them when they passed through the first cloud layer and out of sight Now, with radar, these balloons could be "seen" all the way up.

Back in Miami, Norton had to wait almost a year for a bad hurricane to come along and be his guinea pig. In October, 1944, a big one thrashed across Cuba and Florida, taking a $100,000,000 property toll. Norton gave Florida its first definite 24-hour hurricane warning. Only 18 people died and, Norton notes, "some of these were Cuban smugglers whose boats sank because they were afraid to put into port."

That bulls-eye forecast gave Norton greater confidence. In 1945, a fast-traveling hurricane swept across the Bahama Islands and bore down on Florida. While it still was 400 miles at sea, Norton struck out boldly with a prediction that the "eye" of the hurricane would cross Key Largo and that hurricane winds would blow from Fort Lauderdale south to Key West.

The "eye" passed within 25 miles of the spot he had pinpointed on the map, and winds of hurricane force (75 m.p.h. or stronger) lashed over 90 per cent of the area he had designated. Although the hurricane destroyed $60,000,000 worth of property, only four people died.

This performance won Norton his place in the hearts of the people of the hurricane region. They began to listen to him closely on the radio and to do what he advised them to do. His life-saving voice became the most respected in Florida.

Most of the "great" hurricanes that strike American shores develop around the hot, steamy Cape Verde Islands off the coast of Africa. Slashing westward, they come under Norton's watchful eye when they enter the Atlantic ship lanes and the first alarms are broadcast by vessels in the vicinity.

By day, when the storm is still 2,000 miles away, Navy airmen thrust shuddering planes into the wild and turbulent heart of the hurricane to gather vital information on its location, size, wind velocity and direction of forward movement. By night, radar-equipped planes take over and track the whirling monster through the darkness.

Norton dovetails his information with that of the Navy. They confer on a teletype network and agree on the wording of the advisories. Then Norton alerts the public and merchant shipping and Air Force. The Navy advises its own installations and ships at sea. The Air Force feeds information to its own and the Army establishments.

By now, Norton has made his study of the upper air currents and drawn his preliminary conclusions. On the basis of these, he gives tentative "advices" to coastal areas as long as two to three days in advance of the hurricane's arrival. When it's still a day and a night away, he states exactly where it will hit.

If it roars into Miami, Norton's penthouse Weather Bureau on top of the 14-story Vocational Education Building becomes what he calls "a well-organized madhouse." The windows, sealed against the storm, are black with rain, the interior hot and humid. Sometimes the building sways and it is necessary to shout to be heard above the furious howling of the wind.

In these wild hours, Norton bears a heavy load of responsibility, under conditions that would drive a less steady man to an asylum. He goes about his business with quiet efficiency and seems composed, but he admits "we sweat blood."

The telephones ring ceaselessly. Sometimes 3,000 calls are answered in a day. The majority of callers insist on talking to Norton.

The calls are not just from the storm area. One is from a radio station in Los Angeles, where Florida hurricane news is gleefully played up. Another call is from the head of a railroad whose properties are menaced. Another is from the London *Times*, which asks Norton about the safety of nearby British colonies.

Meanwhile, Norton goes on the air at frequent intervals with the latest news. He has direct wires to 16 Florida radio stations. Occasionally a few more stations will be connected. Underground cables into the Weather Bureau keep it on the air when power is turned off elsewhere in the city as a safety precaution. The people listen to Norton on battery sets. When the pressure is so great, he has gone as long as 72 hours without sleep.

In calling a hurricane striking point, Norton has a double-edged responsibility. If he failed to warn a community and it were hit, there would be many deaths on his conscience. On the other hand, if he said a storm would strike an area and it didn't, there would be furious criticism.

"It costs $2,000,000 to board up Greater Miami," Norton points out. "If the storm doesn't hit, that's $2,000,000 thrown away.

"I feel very humble forecasting a hurricane. And there's still no 2-

plus-2 formula. However, when we had enough information on the upper winds, we have never gone wrong. But an element of human judgment still has to go into it."

Norton's wife, Ruth, a vivacious brunette with a light-hearted, fun-loving manner, meets him at the door with words of praise when he comes home after a strenuous battle with a hurricane.

"When he was criticized, he used to be terribly upset," she says. "I just pat him on the back and say, 'Remember, dear, a doctor buries his mistakes, but they publish the weatherman's in the newspapers.' "

Mrs. Norton used to ride out hurricanes in their apartment. The telephone drove her into going to hotels. "The phone rang constantly," she says. "People thought I had later information than they had. They'd say, 'What does your husband tell you he thinks is *really* going to happen?'

"Sometimes they asked for Grady and when I said he wasn't at home, they'd say, 'Where is he, then?' I think they were just checking up to be sure he was on the job."

It's not possible for Norton to give 24-hour warnings every time. Hurricanes have been known to form close by and cross the Florida coast in less than 24 hours.

Once, when Mrs. Norton was downtown shopping, she suddenly became aware of an unusual amount of activity on Flagler Street. She spotted a friend in the crowds and asked what the excitement was.

"*Darling!*" her friend exclaimed. "You mean *you* don't *know?* There's a *hurricane* coming!"

"I felt so silly," Mrs. Norton recalls. "On the way home I thought, ha ha, it's just a rumor. But when I got in the apartment and turned on the radio, the first thing I heard was Grady's voice telling the people to get ready.

"I called him up and said, 'You heel, why didn't you tell *me?*' Grady laughed. The hurricane had jumped up just off the coast and he had to get his warnings out fast."

Norton didn't laugh when he got home and found that the hurricane had caved in a portion of his roof.

NORTON, son of an Alabama farmer, studied meteorology at Texas A. & M. College and joined the Weather Bureau in 1915 in Oklahoma City. Then he served in Little Rock, Macon, Louisville and New Orleans.

While forecasting such dull, routine weather as scattered showers and light frosts, Norton studied hurricanes. He was fascinated by the challenge to forecast these tropical terrors, which the Weather Bureau says may generate as much energy as a thousand atom bombs.

It was the horror at Lake Okeechobee in 1928 that gave him his real inspiration. While on vacation, he chanced to drive into West Palm Beach just in time to attend a mass funeral for the storm victims.

"I heard some mighty angry talk in that funeral crowd," Norton recalls. "The people were saying, and correctly, that something was terribly wrong with our hurricane forecasting system.

"I took what they said to heart. I decided that what I wanted to do was stop this senseless destruction of human life by hurricanes."

In 1935, Norton's big chance came. The Weather Bureau, heeding the clamor of an outraged public, set up a special Hurricane Warning System for the Southeastern Area in Jacksonville, with Norton as chief forecaster.

Six weeks after Norton landed in Jacksonville, he cut his hurricane forecasting teeth on the most violent storm in the records of the western world—the Florida Keys Labor Day hurricane.

Norton hoisted hurricane warnings 12 hours in advance, but his pleas for evacuation of the lower Keys went unheeded. The wild wind and waves killed 400.

In spite of the high death toll, Norton had done a good forecasting job. But still there was no systematic method of calling the shots on hurricane movements.

In 1943, the warning service was moved to Miami where it could work in close cooperation with the Navy and Air Force and Norton's introduction to radar gave him the key to near-perfect forecasts.

Norton's advice to the people in advance of a hurricane is simple. "Keep your radio turned on for the latest advisories," he says in slow, precise terms, "and pay close attention. Don't listen to rumors.

"Get away from the beaches. If your home is of storm-proof construction, stay in it. If it's not, go to a safe building designated by the Red Cross.

"Pick up all loose objects around your house. Flying objects might kill somebody. Close your storm shutters. Above all, be calm. Don't go out in the storm."

After the hurricane passes, Norton goes on the air with new instructions. "Beware of broken electric wires," he says. "If you must drive, be on the alert for broken trees and branches, and for roads and bridges that may be damaged."

All this, as much as the advance warnings, help to keep down the death toll. "We used to issue advisories only twice a day," Norton recalls, "and in the long hours between the people went crazy. Now we talk to them at least once an hour when a storm is near. It has helped to take the terror out of a storm situation."

No Subject He

SOMEONE has observed, with a certain degree of correctness, that it is possible to tell from a man's general demeanor whether he owns property or not, and to judge from his stride whether it is good property. At any rate, the landowner's characteristic pride of possession was exemplified in full bloom when an Englishman and an American, who were touring together, were presented to the potentate of an Eastern country.

On looking over the Englishman's passport, the monarch said, "I see, sir, that you are a British subject." The Englishman twirled his mustaches and admitted with obvious pride that he was.

Then, looking at the American, the potentate said, "And you, sir, are a subject of the United States?"

The American gazed at him in amazement. "Subject? Subject, hell!" he protested. "I *own* part of the United States!" —*Nuggets*

Office Politics Can Ruin You!

by LOUISE LEVITAS

The schemer and the plotter usually wind up looking around for a new job

EVERYBODY IS ENGAGED, one way or another, in the healthy struggle to get ahead in the world. What we call office politics, however, is the unhealthy perversion of this competition. Usually it means elbowing someone else out of the way, or perhaps just placing a banana peel in his path in the hope of getting ahead of him faster.

The office politician includes the fellow who keeps writing memos to the boss, calling attention to himself and grabbing the credit for others' bright ideas; the steno in the well-fitting sweater who wafts a trail of perfume in a certain direction and manages to escape the chores that other stenos are burdened with; the volunteer spy who reports that Mamie was 20 minutes late; the gossiping cliques doing their knifing jobs at lunch hour and in the rest room.

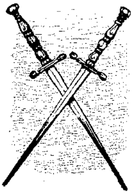
Walter Lowen, New York's eminent personnel specialist, considers office intrigue one of industry's costliest problems. "The back-stabber, the credit-grabber, the stiletto-thrower are the curse of American business," he declared recently. "More good people change jobs because of office politics—thus causing business untold loss—than from probably any other cause."

But this vicious type of internal politics is not confined to business offices. It is found in colleges, boiler rooms, social clubs, government bureaus, even institutions devoted to charity. Many a church bazaar or ladies' aid society has been disrupted by the tactics of small-scale Machiavellis.

In Rockford, Illinois, a few years ago, the board of education ordered an investigation into the Christmas gifts which local schoolchildren were bringing to their teachers. The superintendent of schools had discovered that some of the students with the highest marks had as many as five teachers on their gift lists. As one troubled youngster explained succinctly but tearfully: "The teachers always like the kids that bring them presents."

The childhood custom of presenting a favorite teacher with an apple or a bunch of daisies had thus been distorted into a widespread gift-giving competition which grew and grew. Finally, Rockford's superintendent put severe limitations on the whole practice.

If politicking of this sort can get started in the grade schools, it is no wonder some ambitious youngsters



grow up looking for "angles" to help them.

Being a relative is the first method they discover. There are offices where the family or fellow alumni of executives, the boss's in-laws or girl friends, are the ones who will get higher salaries and speedier promotions.

Observing the favors that these "nephews" receive is hard to take. It is even harder when the "nephew" is no relative but only an all-round apple-polisher, with just enough authority to give those under him a little push up or down the pay scale.

The shipping department of a medium-sized shoe factory in the South had such a man as its foreman. One day a new clerk appeared for work. Actually, he was an efficiency engineer assigned to discover the cause of excessive overtime pay in the shipping department.

The efficiency man soon noticed that certain work tables always held lighter loads than others. Some men could take time out now and then for a smoke and a chat. He began to ask questions.

"Sure, the foreman's got his favorites," one of the men told him. "It's a regular little political machine. Like when there's overtime work, with extra pay, it goes to *them*. If one of *them* comes late, it's never marked on the work report—because they're the guys who buy the raffle tickets he sells, run his errands—and he takes care of 'em."

The shipping department had a new foreman in short order.

One reason office politics has become so insidious in our economic life is that too many men who hold down jobs of minor authority try to act like big shots.

In Washington, among thousands of federal employees, the same type of power-hungry bureaucrat causes even greater damage. There is no calculating the harm done to America's welfare by the endless conniving that goes on in our government departments and agencies *despite* Civil Service.

FOR EXAMPLE, on just a small scale, take the case of the girl who ran the mimeograph department in one government agency. Perhaps that does not seem like a position of power, but she had even the executives intimidated.

Placed in her job by Civil Service, she was situated in a strategic spot, because everyone's office reports and directives had to be mimeographed. Aside from the top man himself, she could choose at will which ones would receive prompt service, and which would have to wait before being done.

Department heads found it so difficult to get their work mimeographed that a man who was *not* in this girl's favor would plead with a more favored colleague: "Look, would you mind asking her to do this for *you?*"

After several years of this tyranny, she quit the mimeograph machine when she decided to get married, and the bottleneck suddenly disappeared.

Perhaps the most annoying type of self-seeker, though, is the office vamp. In a certain division of a large government bureau, the director observed a new girl working in his outer office. She was a red-head with large blue eyes and a Southern accent, and she had landed her steno's job by impressing the personnel chief.

In a few weeks she was turning her sultry personality and its seeming promise toward the director—so effectively that, disregarding seniority and Civil Service, he made her his personal secretary.

Naturally, the other girls in the office resented this, but the director refused to tolerate any complaints. So four of the staff who had been by-passed by her extraordinary promotion resigned together—and the division work was stalled. Gossip spread, the bureau was investigated, and within a month both the director and his secretary found themselves out of work.

Although women outdo men in this kind of strategy, there are the charm boys who work on female executives, the boss's daughter or even the boss's wife. Take the science instructor who was angling for an assistant professorship in an Eastern college and became the ardent suitor of his department chairman's daughter. He got his appointment and salary raise—and then married someone else!

Then there is the "credit-grabber," the junior executive who steals credit for the good work of others and yet, no matter what his own mistakes, always escapes blame by shifting it on to someone else.

The "throne-nurser" manages to entrench himself with the boss so he can block out the ideas and suggestions of anyone else. And then there is the "out-of-channels" operator, who contrives to meet his business superiors socially, insinuates himself into their lunch clubs and golfing parties, in order to substitute social charm for what may be meager talent in his job.

Sometimes these politicians are lone operators, but in most offices they form cliques. There is more safety and power in numbers, and people choose sides not only out of mutual sympathies but also out of mutual hates.

A CAREER in office politics always entails a kind of *self*-destruction. The opportunist gives up his integrity and peace of mind to take part in a dangerous game. However willing he may be to do this, his own uneasiness may suddenly trip him up; because in this game the rules are never fair, the best man doesn't necessarily win, and even the most devious schemes do *not* always succeed.

There is an old proverb to the effect that he who digs a grave for the other fellow is liable to fall into it himself. This wisdom seems to be pointed directly at office politicians, who have so frequently been defeated by their own schemes.

For the man who has climbed to the top of his particular ladder by "playing it smart," who has to depend *not* on his ability to do the job but on the vagaries of other politicians, can never trust his political "friends," never turn his back for a moment because he is always vulnerable to the same treatment he has given others.

The bigger his salary, the harder he has to polish that apple. He devotes himself to it in and outside the office; he can never relax. Meantime he has lost, along with the habit of plain ordinary work, his independence. A sudden reversal, a new regime, can throw him to the bottom of the heap.

That happened last year to a very successful insurance man whose yearly income was close to six figures. He had started as a sales agent, a good one. But after he had sold insurance to several big-business clients, he decided to turn these accounts to his own profit. So he opened his own agency and took his employer's clients with him.

His agency expanded, and he gathered a large staff around him. After years of cementing good will, for profit, he relaxed and took a trip to Europe. That was when his top subordinates were inspired by the same idea their boss had once demonstrated. There he was, loafing in Europe and collecting all that money, while they were doing all the work, they said. No reason why they shouldn't be collecting it themselves.

Soon after his return, the vacationer found himself losing his staff and best customers. His agency rapidly disintegrated. The crash of his downfall is still echoing in insurance circles.

Pointing out the evils of office politics is like pointing out the evils of the common cold. It exists in most human society and is a reality that can't be avoided. Nevertheless, you can fight it. And if your boss wants an efficient staff, so can he. Here are some ways:

1. *By taking pride in your job.* The man who knows that his work is good and that the results will show, doesn't have to play politics. It is chiefly envy and fear which inspire such schemes. Prodded by doubts about his ability, the politician resorts to plots of special advantage to bolster his lack of confidence.

2. *By not taking sides in inter-office conflicts.* Be discreet; don't talk about your fellow-workers unless you have something good to say. That way, you can maintain pleasant relations with everyone in the office.

3. *If you have any authority, give the workers under you a view of what they are working for, a mutual pride in the results.* Make each feel he belongs to a group where his particular contribution is needed and important, and he will want to contribute his best.

The boss, whether he knows it or not, sets the example. If he plays politics, so will his workers—and in the end no one profits from these intrigues.

"There is nothing more damaging to a man in business than a reputation for being an office politician," advises Walter Lowen. "Regardless of what anybody may say, the best way to go up is to stay on the level."

Lest We Forget

TWO REPORTERS were on a tour of a new telephone building. As they viewed the maze of equipment, one of them noticed a small bowl in which a pair of goldfish swam.

"What's that for?" the newsman asked.

"That," answered his companion, "was probably put there as a reminder that some things were invented by God."

—*Illinois Bell Telephone News*

SANDWICH IDEAS...from the KRAFT Kitchen

ONE PINT
Miracle
Sandwich Spread
Made by Kraft

Old favorite goes modern!

TWO TONE CLUB

To give this most beloved of sandwiches a "new look"—make the middle slice of bread whole-wheat, the other two, white. All with crusts trimmed. To give it exciting, new flavor—spread all three with Miracle Sandwich Spread. Use sliced chicken and lettuce for the bottom layer; tomato slices and broiled bacon for the top.

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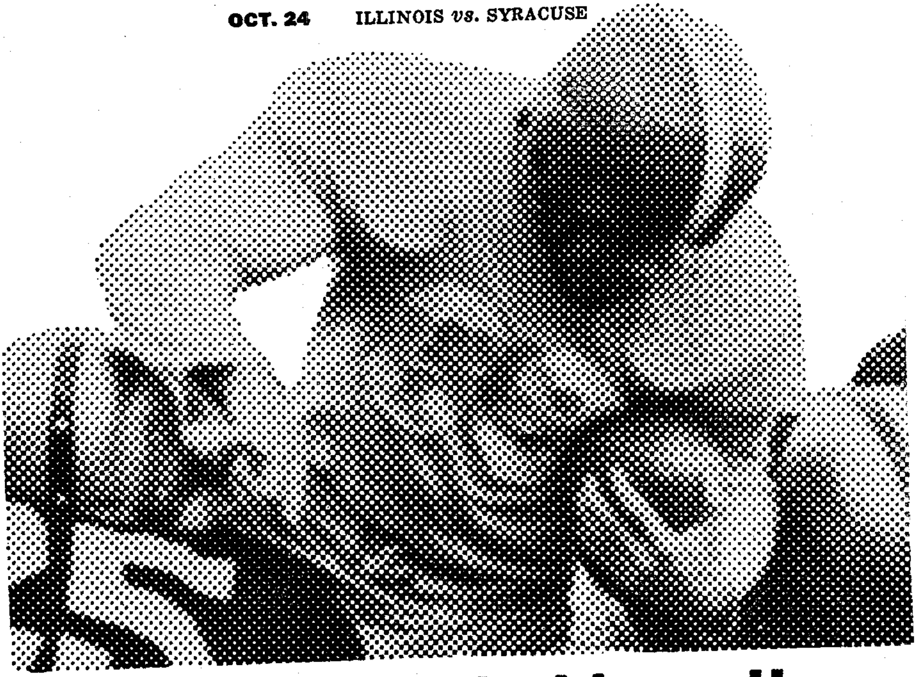
OCT. 10	TEXAS *vs.* OKLAHOMA
OCT. 17	ALABAMA *vs.* TENNESSEE
OCT. 24	PRINCETON *vs.* CORNELL
OCT. 24	MISSISSIPPI *vs.* ARKANSAS
OCT. 24	ILLINOIS *vs.* SYRACUSE



See ALL 1953's big college

OCT. 24	IOWA *vs.* INDIANA
OCT. 31	MINNESOTA *vs.* PITTSBURGH
NOV. 7	FLORIDA *vs.* GEORGIA
NOV. 7	S. CAROLINA *vs.* N. CAROLINA
NOV. 7	NORTHWESTERN *vs.* WISCONSIN
NOV. 7	KANSAS *vs.* KANSAS STATE
NOV. 14	MICHIGAN STATE *vs.* MICHIGAN
NOV. 21	U.S.C. *vs.* U.C.L.A.
NOV. 26	*(Thanksgiving Day)* UTAH *vs.* BRIGHAM YOUNG
NOV. 28	ARMY *vs.* NAVY
DEC. 5	NOTRE DAME *vs.* S.M.U.

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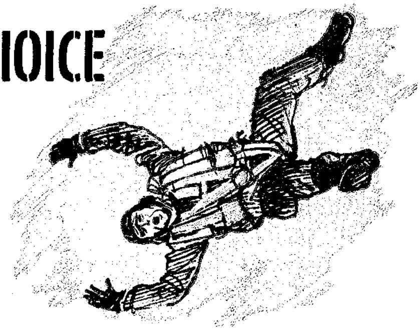
NBC TELEVISION

THE SERGEANT'S CHOICE

by **Robert Q. Lewis**



On a cold night in March, 1944, a Flight Sergeant named Alkemade was in the gun turret of a four-engined British Lancaster bomber, winging its way home to England from a night mission deep into Fortress Europe. Suddenly he heard a series of sharp explosions. At the same time he saw the ominous shape of an enemy nightfighter streak past. The next moment the Lancaster was afire.

Alkemade's turret quickly became a furnace, the flames eating at his clothing and oxygen mask. Over the intercom he heard the pilot order the crew to bail out. He reached for his parachute—but it was in flames. He was trapped!

Swiftly, Alkemade made his choice between two kinds of death. He flung himself through the escape hatch into the night air.

As he plummeted toward the earth, the Lancaster veered away from him, trailing ribbons of flame. Strangely he felt no fear. Before he passed out, he thought: "If this is death, it's not so strange."

Three hours later Alkemade opened his eyes. He was lying on a blanket of snow, and saw the waning stars through the branches of trees which stretched above him.

"My God," he muttered, "I'm alive!"

His head ached and he could feel a lump on his skull, but he was virtually unhurt. The trees had broken his fall and the snow, some four feet deep, had served as a further cushion for his body. He tried to rise, but discovered he had wrenched a knee and could not stand.

He was alive, yes, but new dangers threatened. His clothing was almost gone, burned in the fire and torn by the trees. He would freeze to death if he stayed in the woods.

Painfully, Alkemade dragged himself to the edge of the forest. He blew on his emergency whistle, hoping to attract a German patrol to capture and rescue him at the same time.

When the Germans found him and took him to a nearby prison camp, his captors demanded to know where he had hidden his parachute. He tried to explain, but they discounted his story.

A search party backtracked along the trail he had left in the snow. There was no chute canopy, no tracks off the path. All they found was his chute harness, its suspension straps still sealed and clipped.

At the prison camp, Nazi interrogators questioned Alkemade, noted his burns and singed hair, and examined the unused harness. At last, they realized that this story was true, that this amazing young RAF gunner had fallen *three miles to the earth—and lived to tell about it!*

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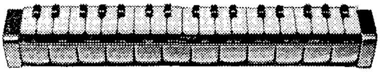

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"Give Him My Love"

by HERTHE STRIKER

ON AN EVENING in the wartime spring of 1778, a young lieutenant was riding back to camp with his men. He was tired and hungry, but triumphant. He was bringing back over 100 horses for General George Washington.

Washington had ordered the lieutenant to ride over the Virginia countryside and buy all he could find. Most of the farmers showed cooperation. Not only were they willing to part with the animals, but many even offered to let the Army have them for nothing.

Only one person—a stately, elderly woman—refused to give the lieutenant what he came for. "I need my horses for the spring plowing," she said.

"But the campaign is more important!" he replied.

"Tell your commander-in-chief that he cannot have my horses," she said sweetly. "But you can give him my love."

The lieutenant left in exasperation. When he came back to camp, Washington sent for him.

"I hear that you did very well," the chief commended him. "It looks as though we have every horse in the county."

"All except two, sir," the lieutenant said. "At one farm, two plow horses were grazing in the field, but the mistress of the house said they weren't for sale."

"Did you tell her it was an order?" Washington asked.

"I did, sir. But she said it's more important for her to grow food for the Army, than it is for the Army to use her horses in battle."

"Tell me more about this lady."

"She was very dignified," the lieutenant recalled, "and she lived in a big house on top of a hill."

"She was dignified?" the General nodded. "And she had a sweet voice—a musical voice? But she was very stern."

"Yes, sir," the lieutenant agreed. "That describes her exactly. And—and, sir—she sent you her love."

The General smiled suddenly. "She's probably the only woman in the world," he said softly, "who will never believe that an order from me is an order. I'm not at all surprised that you had trouble with that little lady. She is my mother."

*

You use it . . . but you don't see it!
You use it . . . but you don't feel it!
You use it . . . but you never know
it's there at all!
What is it? It's Meds . . . the *modern*
form of sanitary protection . . . the
tampon made for the modern woman.

Unfurled from the Show World

About Hollywood

Two starlets were overheard discussing men. Queried one, quite seriously: "Do you believe in sex at first sight?" —*Tales of Hoffman*

Jean Alexander observes: "Hollywood is full of beautiful girls chasing madly after talent scouts who are supposed to be trying to discover them." —Irving Hoffman

Tele-Tales

The competition of TV has caused radio to come up with the quiz show to end all quiz shows. On this program, they give the contestants both the questions and the answers, and let them guess who sent them in! —Hayden P. Wallace

When Joe E. Brown subbed for Arthur Godfrey during the latter's vacation, a female "talent scout" told him that she didn't like long skirts because they are "unsanitary and pick up germs."

Remarked the comedian: "Did you ever notice what short skirts pick up?" —Paul Steiner

Filmland Fables

A Hollywood agent, usually very chipper, sat despondently at the counter of Schwab's Pharmacy.

"Whassamatter, don't you feel well?" asked a friend anxiously.

"It's that new client I'm representing," groaned the agent. "Sings like Lanza, fights like Flynn and acts like Mature."

"So why do you worry?" laughed the friend. "You'll make a million out of this guy."

"Guy nothing, you dope," cried the agent. "It's a *girl*!"

—Bennett Cerf, *Good for a Laugh* (Hanover House)

According to a veracious report, Jack Benny planned to take out a life insurance policy, but the deal didn't go through. The company said he couldn't name himself as his own beneficiary. —Herbert Piker

Celebrity Sidelights

Theatrical manager Charles Frohman once cabled a French actress, asking what salary she wanted to appear in a play opening in New York. The actress demanded $1,000 a week.

"Accept thousand with pleasure," wired Frohman.

Promptly she cabled back: "Thousand for acting—pleasure extra." —Wesley Williams

Quick Quotes

One evening when her mother had guests, the small daughter of the house was heard shouting from upstairs: "There are nothing but clean towels in the bathroom—may I start one?" —Arthur Godfrey

John Reed King asked a man who appeared as a contestant on his

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show: "Are you in New York on your honeymoon?"

"No, sir," he replied. "This is merely a pleasure trip." —Nick Kenny

A woman told her psychiatrist: "My husband has a dual personality, and I don't like either one of them especially." —Arlene Francis (CBS)

It happened on a quiz program when a soldier took his place before the microphone.

"Here's your question," said the master of ceremonies. "How many successful jumps must a paratrooper make before he graduates?"

The soldier thought a moment. Then he gave the only answer possible: "All of them." —*Public Employees News*

Onstage

Tom Ewell's mother saw her son perform in the play, "The Seven Year Itch," and afterward went backstage to report: "Everybody in the audience tonight loved you."

"How do you know, Mom?" asked Tom.

"Everybody around me told me because they knew I was your mother," she explained.

"And how did they know?" asked Tom.

"Because," replied Mrs. Ewell, "I told them." —Paul Denis

Off Beat

Two bebop musicians paused in their stroll to look up at the sky. "What is that—the moon or the sun?" asked the first.

"I don't know," shrugged the other bebopper. "I don't live in this neighborhood." —Paul Denis

Columns Write

Marie Wilson's husband was going to have his portrait painted by a local artist, until Marie objected. "Darling," said Miss Wilson, "wait until we go abroad. Then you can have your portrait painted by one of the old masters." —Sidney Skolsky

When "Josephine," the new play by Sally Benson, opened in Washington, a Senator became smitten with Betsy von Furstenberg, who played the title role. The enamored Senator went backstage and loudly proclaimed her the typical American girl.

"But, Senator," he was told, "she was born Countess von Furstenberg-Herdringens, in Westphalia, Germany."

"Well?" he shrugged. "That's in the American Zone now, isn't it?" —Leonard Lyons

Chorus Call

Showgirls go for only one kind of man—the strong, solvent type. —Earl Wilson

Will Rogers once sagely remarked about producer Flo Ziegfeld's fabulous showgirl beauties: "They can't do a thing, but you should see 'em doing it." —Eddie Cantor (NBC)

Airlines

Early to bed and early to rise—and your girl goes out with other guys. —Phil Harris

What my neighborhood really needs these days is a good feud between two butchers. —Herb Shriner

HOW to be fitted comfortably in your brassiere

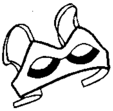
Measuring

It's worth a lot to get a comfortable brassiere—so be sure to get the right size. Your trained corsetiere will measure you around the diaphragm. Add 6″ and you have your brassiere size. Say you measure 28″—add 6″, and your size is 34. If you measure an odd size and you like your brassiere snug, try the next size smaller. If you like it loose, try the next size larger.

Most brassiere cups are sized A, B and C—"A" being the smallest. Your corsetiere can best tell you which of these sizes you need. The cup size is right when the bra rests close to the body at the breastbone. When you put your brassiere on, be sure that it is pulled down in back to follow the bra's natural cut. If you don't it may gap at the armpits. Adjust the shoulder straps comfortably. When you try on a "Perma·lift*" Bra the support comes from the base of the bra cups and not from tight shoulder straps. If you follow these simple steps, you'll get more bra comfort than you've ever had before.

Pull down in back

Tight straps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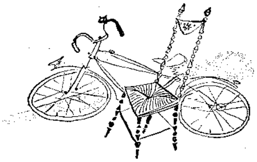


SIMPLY STATED

About the House

ANTIQUE: Furniture that's been to the attic *and back*. —*The Burning Question*

NEIGHBORS: People who wonder when that —— party next door is going to end. —DOROTHY SARNOFF

FATHER: An ambitious human being who works his son's way through college. —TONI YODELL

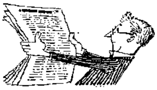
BICYCLE: A two-wheeled trap placed horizontally on the narrowest, darkest sidewalk.

GRANDPA: He remembers when a baby sitter was called "Mother."

—*Wall Street Journal*

COCKTAIL: An ice cube with an alcohol rub. —*Mueller Record*

Ads that Add



From a classified section in a Tennessee newspaper: "Wanted: A piano stool for a church school. Of course, if there were a piano attached to it, we wouldn't turn it down." —HAROLD HELFER

From the "Personal" column of a Massachusetts paper: "For Sale. One gallon peroxide. Reason: Going Brunette." —NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

Advertisement in a suburban store: "Extra large bath towels—just the thing to wear when answering the phone." —LAURA MULLINS

From a Los Angeles newspaper: "For Sale. Movie Star's Brother's Home."

—EDRIE HEINING

From a patent medicine testimonial: "Since taking your tablets regularly, I am another woman. Needless to say, my husband is just delighted."

—*Capper's Weekly*

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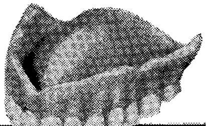

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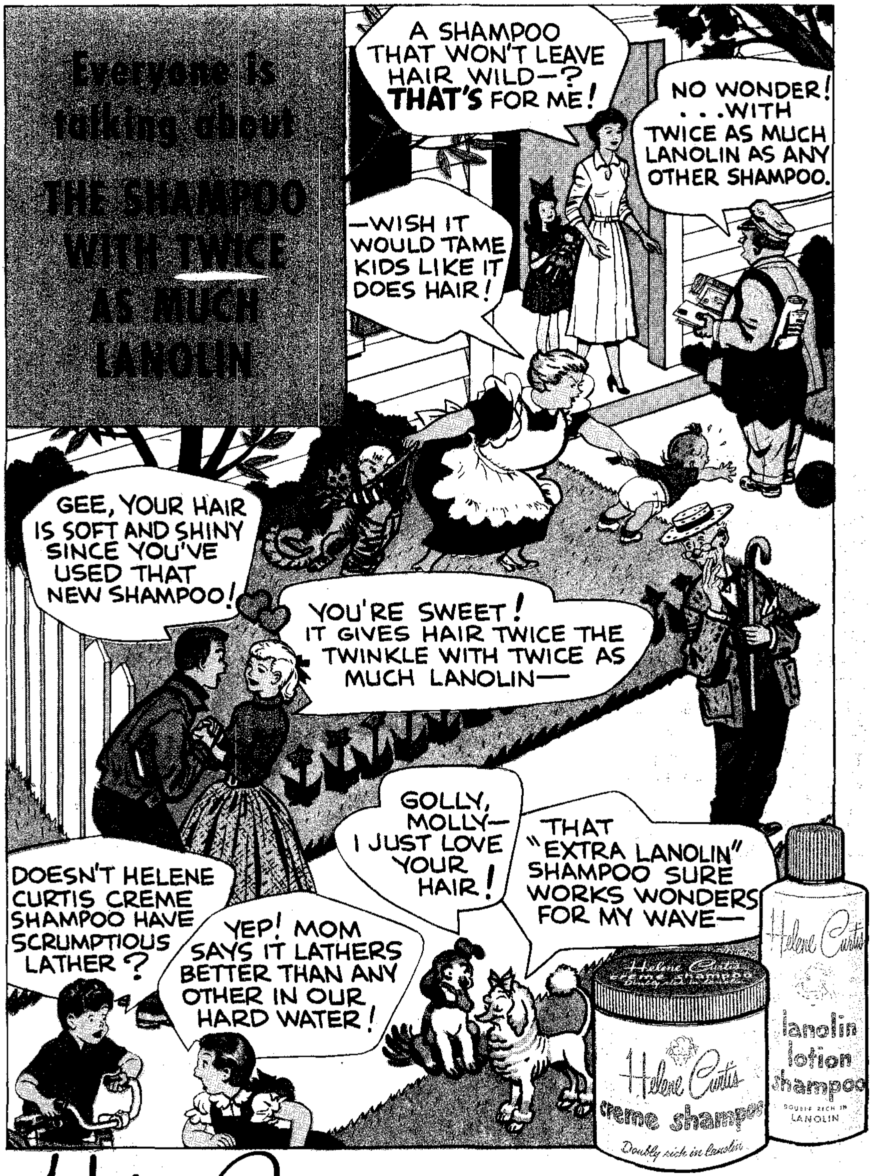
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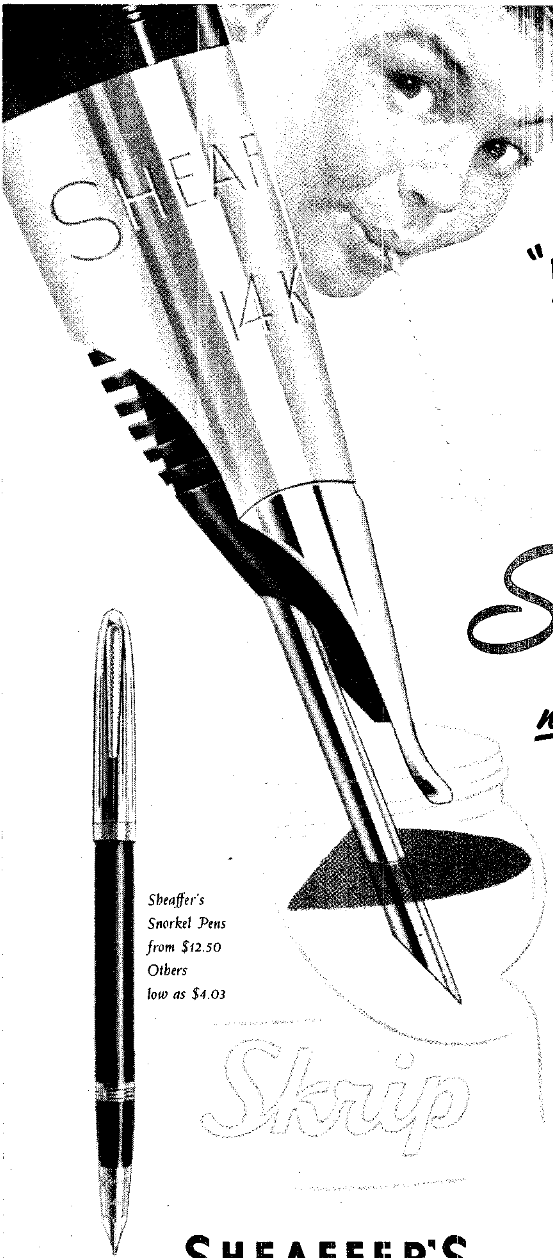

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